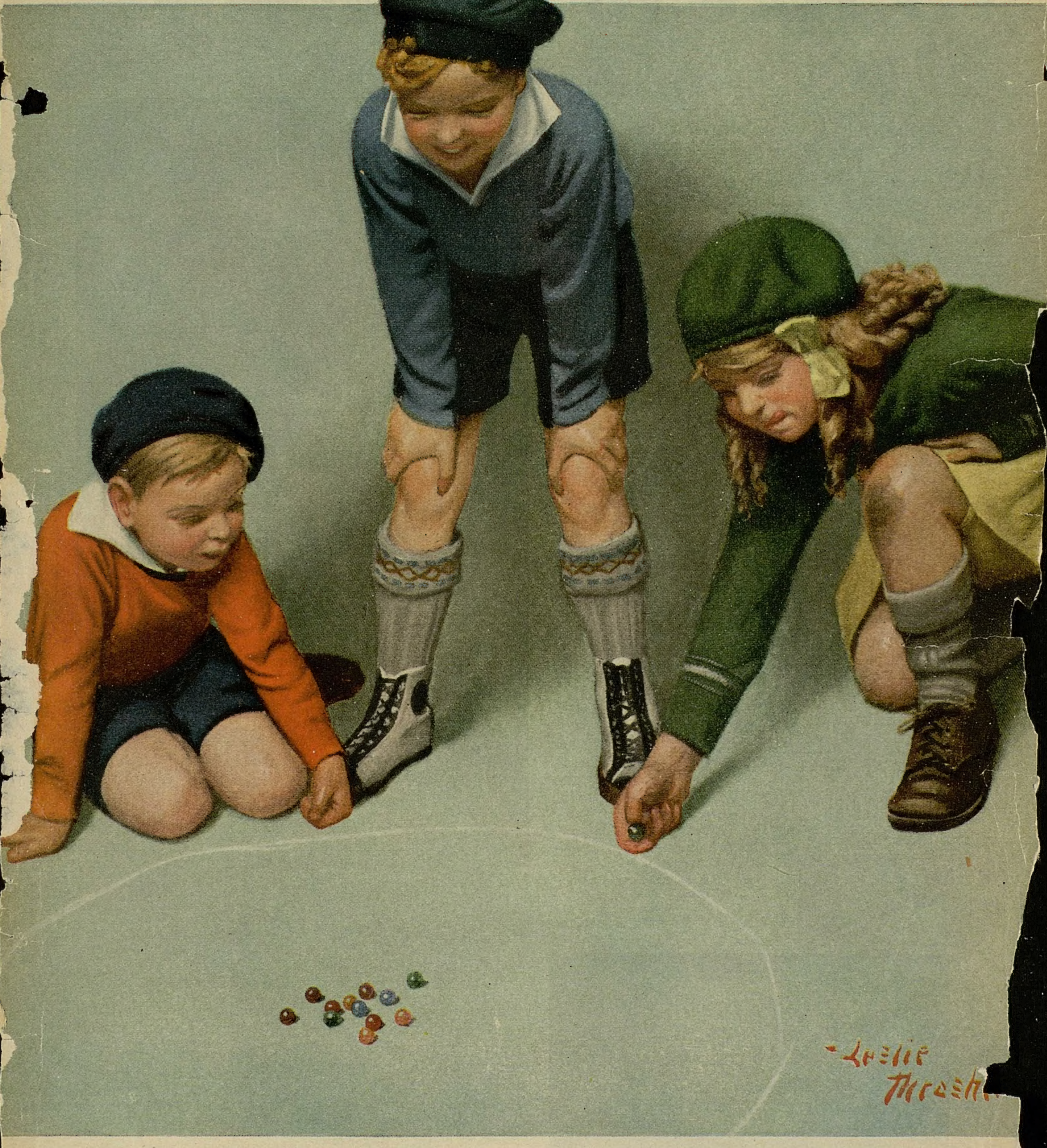
WEEK
ENDING
APRIL 18, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekl Everybody

OVER
2,500,000
AVERAGE
NET PAID



TRAVIS MASON ~ **HARPER LEECH** ~ **H. H. BASHFORD** ~ **FRANK CLARKE** ~ **ELLIOTT WHI SPRING**

"The GIRL I'd like to MARRY"

I've been doing a lot of talking lately. And very much to the point, too—with fifty of the most likely young bachelors I could find.

One was a popular young radio announcer, whose name you'd all recognize in a second if I hadn't promised not to give him away!

Another was a rising young architect who is considered a great "catch." And, among others, there was a banker; a lawyer; a doctor; an aviator—in fact, every profession and, incidentally, almost every type of man you could think of.

I asked all of them the one thing all of us want most to know—what qualities do men like most in women?

And I learned this—a girl's fresh natural charm is *most* important. Forty-eight out of these fifty young men definitely said they admired a girl "*who looked natural!*"

So, if you value men's opinion—and don't we all?—look to your complexion! Don't do things to it that will age it—things that will give it that hot-house look. Keep it fresh. Keep it natural.

I'm glad I can give you a suggestion for keeping your skin naturally healthy and lovely. There is a soap which has been approved by the only real authorities on skin care. These authorities are dermatologists—physicians specializing in the care and treatment of the skin.

73 Eminent Physicians approve Camay

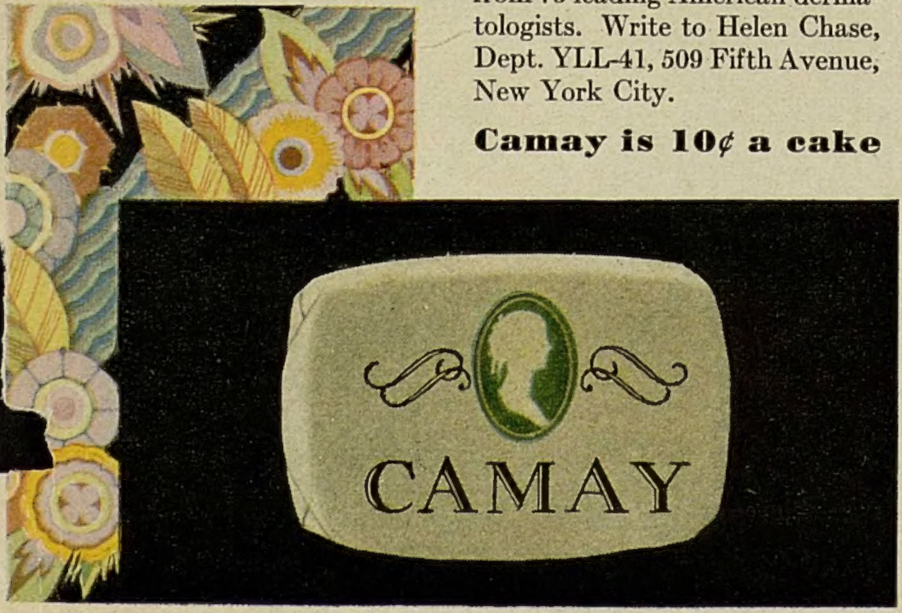
The name of the soap I just mentioned is Camay. 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists unanimously recommend soap and water as a necessary part of skin care—and give Camay *their highest approval as a proper soap* for even the most delicate complexions!

Try Camay cleansing twice a day for a week. You'll discover how gentle Camay is. And see whether your skin isn't fresher. See if you don't notice a clearer, more vital look—that "natural look" which men admire.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-41, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



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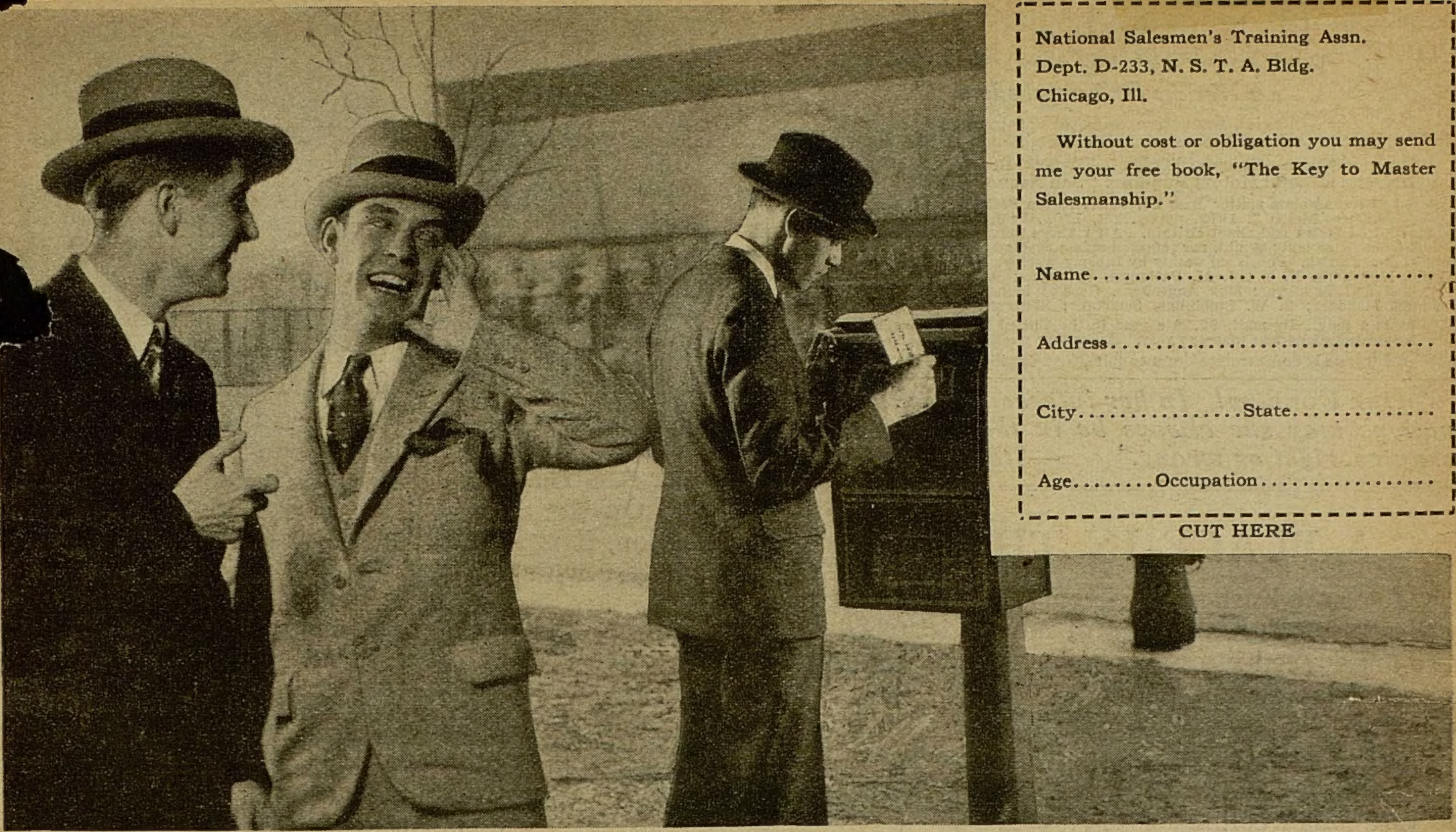
Approval Certified

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay [called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble Soap



National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. D-233, N. S. T. A. Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship."

Name....................................

Address....................................

City.................State.................

Age.........Occupation.....................

CUT HERE

They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make $10,000 a Year!

As I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered.

"Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal some time when you get out into big business and start making $10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it DID seem like a joke to them that a $30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. They never dreamed that their prophecies spoken in jest would ever come true. Yet stranger things happen in real life than in all the fiction ever written. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed, who is still at the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed"—I wrote. "Perhaps you remember the 'runaround' you and Joe Gibson gave me one day not so long ago. You asked me to send you a card when I 'got into big business and started making $10,000 a year.' Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of Assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. So laugh THAT off! If you are ever over this way, drop in and see me! I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. Between its covers are disclosed hundreds of surprising facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

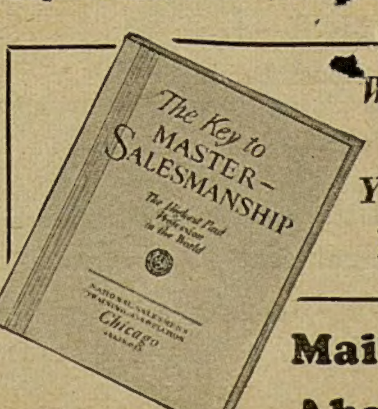
Right now an unusual demand for salesmen is reported. City and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. For years thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen.

Last year requests for over 50,000 trained men were received. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

Free To Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Key to Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making $10,000 a year. See how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco, Calif., for example, jumped from $8 a week as dishwasher to $150 as salesman. Find out how F. B. Englehardt of Chattanooga doubled his pay and commenced earning $7,000. Learn for yourself the REAL truth about the art of selling! If we were asking $2 or $3 a copy you might hesitate. But the book is now FREE. You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may alter your entire future, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the coupon at the top of this page. Why not do it now!

National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. D-233, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall We Send Your Copy...
FREE?

Mail Coupon Above Tod

April 18, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

A PLACE IN THE SUN

As these lines are written, certain of the chancelleries of Europe are still much disturbed over the announced intention of Germany and Austria to establish a customs union.

BERLIN
GERMANY
VIENNA
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Germany and Austria-Hungary before the war.

BERLIN
POLISH CORRIDOR
GERMANY
VIENNA
AUSTRIA

Germany and Austria now.
(Maps drawn to same scale.)

What the two nations propose, roughly, is to abolish commodity tariff barriers between them and adopt uniform import and export laws and tariffs. It is a good deal as if two farmers proposed to tear down the fence between their farms and build a uniform fence around the two. It wouldn't affect the ownership of the land, but the neighbors certainly might think it would make the two farms look more like one than they did before.

That is what some of the neighbors of Germany and Austria do think. There has been talk of violations of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, and France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia have warned Vienna specifically that the union would constitute a breach of the Geneva protocols of 1922, by the terms of which Austria is getting financial aid under the auspices of the League of Nations.

France, of course, fears the Germans are taking steps toward the German-Austrian political union which the Kaiser and Emperor Charles planned at Spa back in 1918. The French don't like such speeches as one the Austrian Foreign Minister made the other day, in which he pledged his country to help in regaining "a place in the sun" for the German people.

Italy doesn't want the influence of the German Reich brought down to its northern border, and Czecho-Slovakia, which used to be a part of Austria-Hungary, is suspicious of a new régime for Austria.

On the other hand, in behalf of the customs union, it is argued that it is purely an economic matter which violates no treaties, that other nations are invited to join it if they like, and that it fits perfectly into a French scheme—Aristide Briand's plan for a Pan-Europe.

Germany lost 27,275 square miles of territory, with 6,471,581 inhabitants, as a result of the war. Austria has shrunk to a territory of 32,369 square miles, with a population of about 7,000,000, which is a little less than the population of New York City.

Both nations have been through twelve years of hardships imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. They think they can "come back" to some extent by getting together on the matter of tariff. It seems reasonable to suppose they can. And we rather think they will.

The Germans are a great people and an old people. They were mighty in the time of the Roman emperors, and gave Varus, the Roman general, a first-class licking in 9 A. D.

Since then they have been licked at times, but never permanently crushed. The worst licking they ever got was from themselves—in the Thirty Years' War.

We don't believe they will be held down permanently this time, and we don't think they ought to be.

It is significant that, in the first protests about the proposed customs union, England stayed aloof. What may eventuate between the time this is written and the time it appears in print we cannot tell. But without England it does not seem likely that France and her allies can prevail against the wish of both Germany and Austria to throw down tariff barriers.

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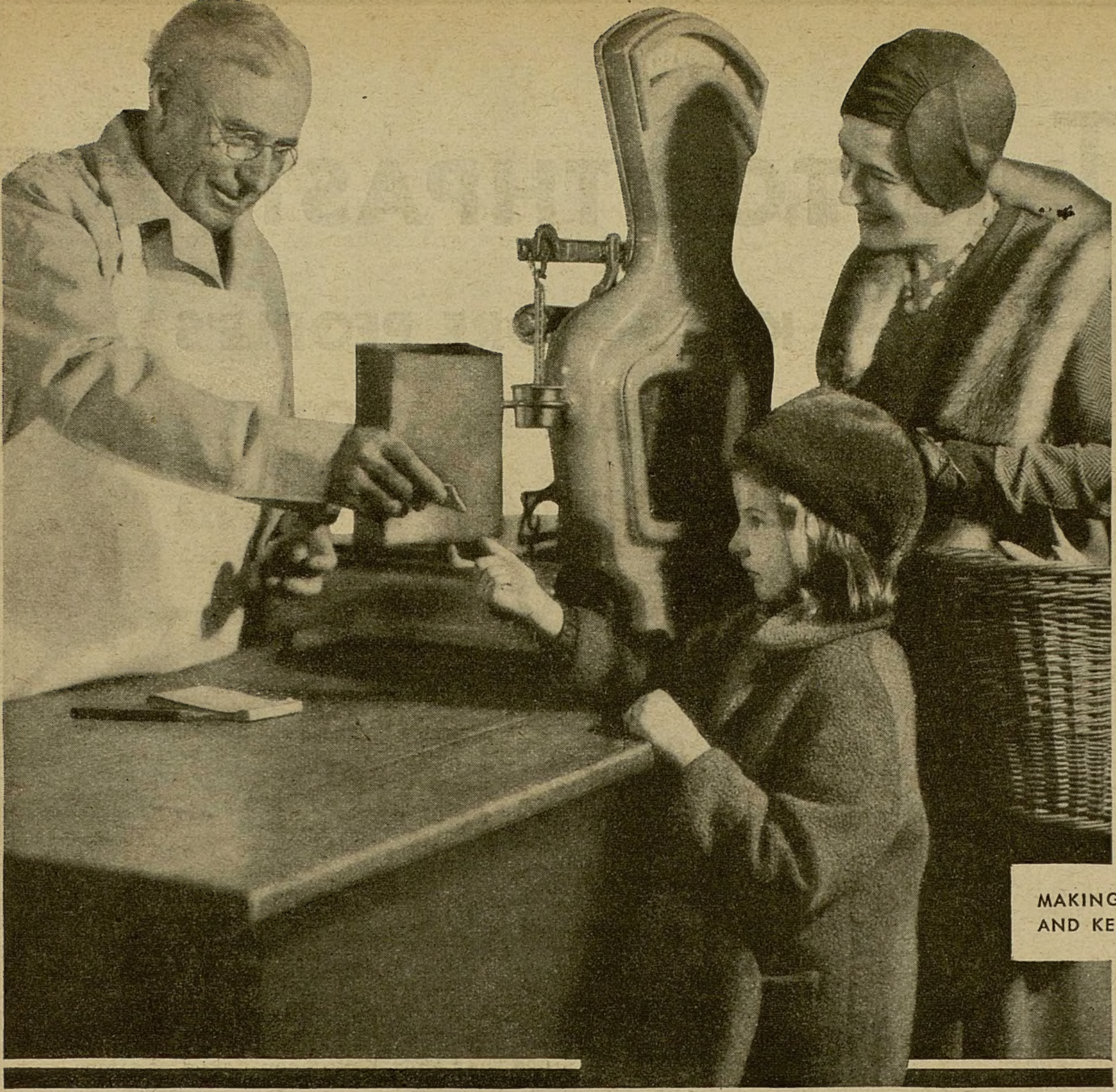
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH

It is more than likely that in your neighborhood there is some store at which you particularly like to deal. Something about it—perhaps a warmth and friendliness—a natural honesty—an unassuming generosity—seems to set it out from the rest.

It's the same way in buying automobiles. Of course the value that is built into the car must be your first consideration. But we feel that it is also important that when you meet an Oakland-Pontiac dealer you will feel kindly disposed toward him—and want to deal with him. And so we have surrounded ourselves with the kind of dealers who we know will not only be glad to see you when you come in to look at a car, but will treat you right after you have bought it.

We want you to like to drive our two fine cars, and we want you to like to do business with our dealers.

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6

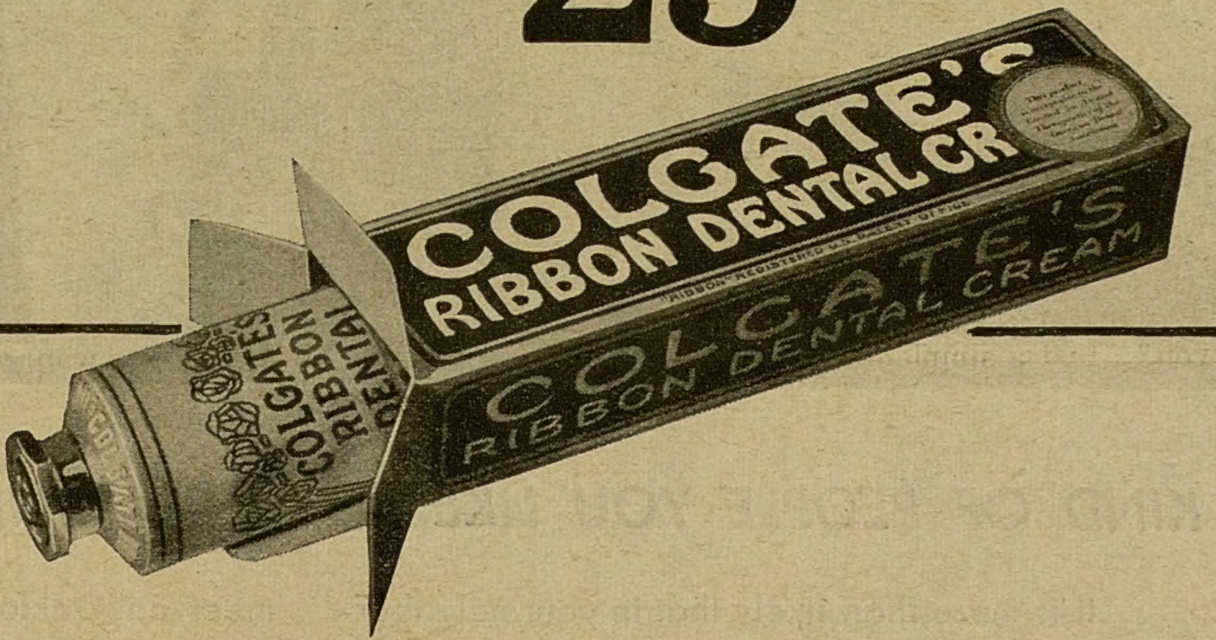
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

THIS TOOTHPASTE

KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS . . .

yet sells for 25c



ACCEPTED
AMERICAN
DENTAL
ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

COLGATE'S has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

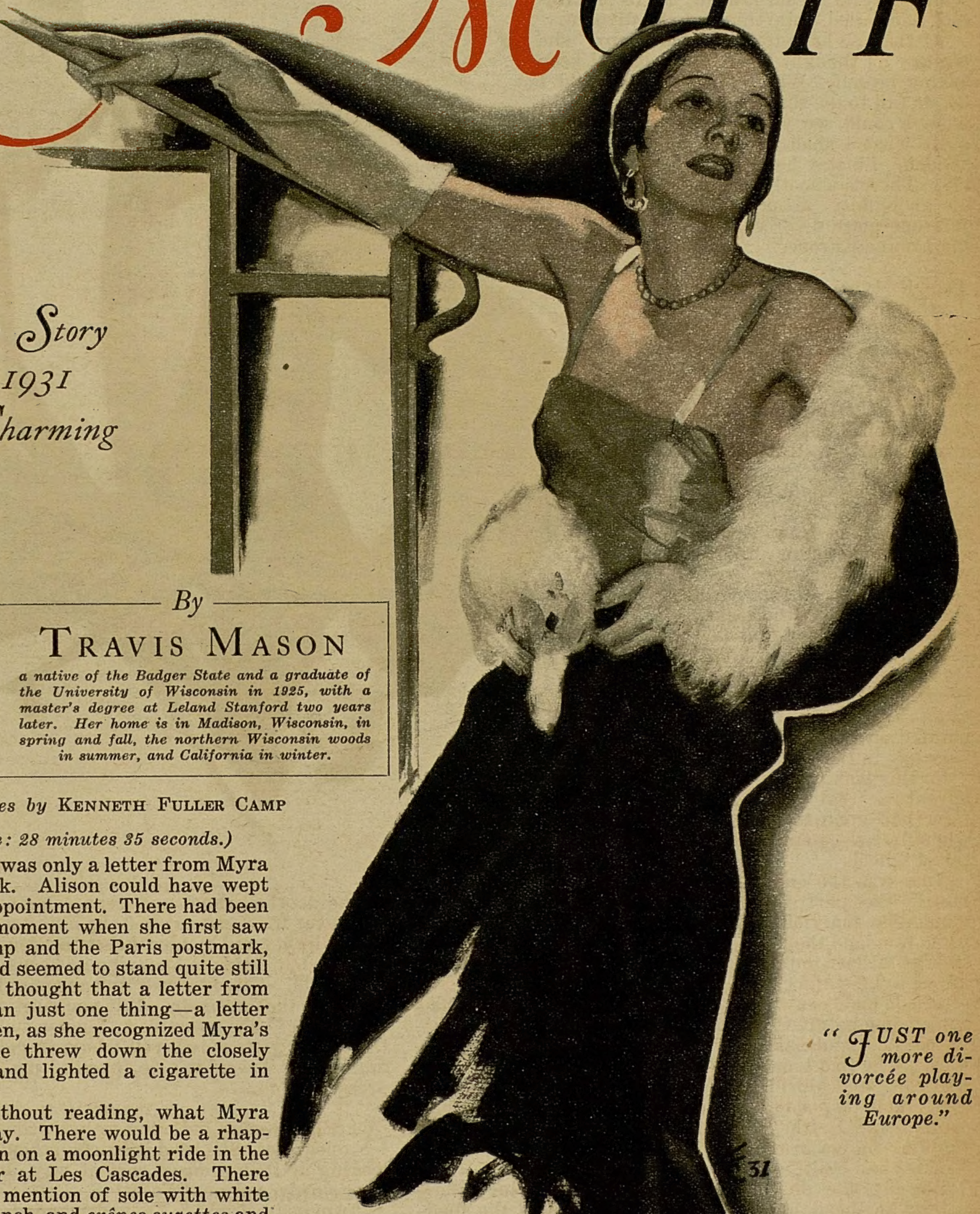
And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The Cinderella Motif

A Love Story with a 1931 Prince Charming



By

TRAVIS MASON

a native of the Badger State and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin in 1925, with a master's degree at Leland Stanford two years later. Her home is in Madison, Wisconsin, in spring and fall, the northern Wisconsin woods in summer, and California in winter.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

(Reading time: 28 minutes 35 seconds.)

AFTER all, it was only a letter from Myra McClintock. Alison could have wept with disappointment. There had been one breathless moment when she first saw the French stamp and the Paris postmark, and her heart had seemed to stand quite still because she had thought that a letter from Paris could mean just one thing—a letter from Tony. Then, as she recognized Myra's handwriting, she threw down the closely written pages and lighted a cigarette in disgust.

She knew, without reading, what Myra would have to say. There would be a rhapsodic dissertation on a moonlight ride in the Bois and dinner at Les Cascades. There would be casual mention of sole with white wine sauce for lunch, and *crêpes suzettes* and bacardis at the Ritz, because Myra had discovered, since her marriage, that it was smart to be a bit of a gourmet. There would be a detailed description of Paquin's collection. And, running through it all, the soft whispering obbligato, " We are so happy, Martin and I. You should see how happy we are. If you'd stayed here and married Tony d'Estrel, you might have been happy, too. We are so happy, so happy, so happy! . . ."

Alison had decided long ago that that constantly reiterated assertion of Myra's happiness was like whistling in the dark, like singing in the rain. The sight of what marriage had done to Myra McClintock had been the real

" JUST one more divorcée playing around Europe."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CINDERELLA MOTIF
Continued from page seven

reason for Alison's running away from Tony and coming home to the old house in Jackson City. "The Back-to-Main-Street Movement," Martin McClintock had called her hurried departure.

Resignedly, now, she settled herself on the davenport and stuck a blue pillow behind her head and began to read Myra's letter.

But there was no mention here of rides in the Bois, no mention of *crêpes suzettes.* This was the defeated, wearily frank kind of letter that an unhappy woman could write to an old friend. Myra McClintock had failed. Martin wanted a divorce.

"I tried so hard to make him happy," she wrote. "I thought I had succeeded. I keep asking myself, 'Why? Why? What did I do, or fail to do, that made me lose him?' I wish I could see you, Allie. I don't know quite what I shall do—this has all been so sudden. I'll stay here probably. There's a soothing kind of anonymity about being just one more divorcée playing around Europe."

POOR Myra! Her pride, of course, would keep her from coming home to Jackson City where her own people, who loved her, would sympathize and try to conceal from her the fact that they were old-fashioned enough still to attach a certain stigma to the word "divorce."

Her pride would keep her away from Martin's friends in Boston and New York.

"Just one more divorcée playing around Europe." Alison had seen them. Well groomed women who looked, somehow, bewildered at finding themselves suddenly thrust out on their own. Women with memory-ridden eyes and bright smiles painted on their faces, being very gay in the best hotels.

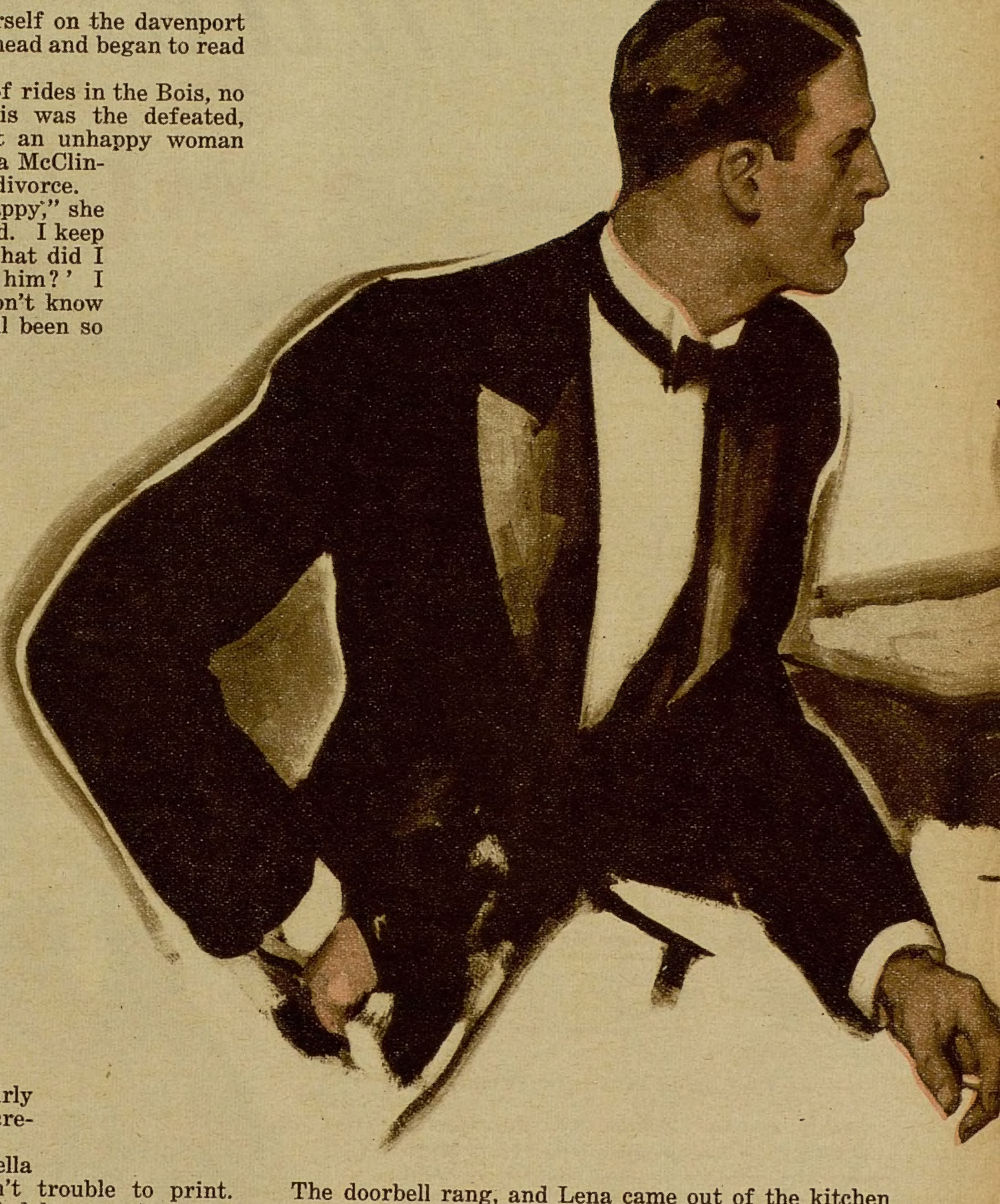
So this was the end of the adventure that little Myra Carr had gone to meet so debonairly when first she went to Boston to secretarial school.

This was the end of the Cinderella motif—the part fairy books didn't trouble to print. Cinderella, married to the prince, tried desperately to live up to him, and the prince grew bored with her efforts and rode off at last to find someone of his own sort who could afford to take him casually.

Alison had been wiser than Myra McClintock. She had come home before it was too late. Home to Jackson City in the Bad Lands, as Martin McClintock called the Middle West. The Bad Lands! Wide-flung green fields of wheat and corn, and hillsides shaded with oak and hickory and elm, and little placid lakes, and a quiet town. Alison had come home to the settled, comfortable shabbiness of familiar things in the red-brick house that Grandfather Frazier had built.

She lay now on the davenport, with the blue pillow behind her head, and looked contentedly about the shadowy room. She closed her eyes and listened to the cool, trickling sound of falling water, as somebody down the street sprinkled his lawn. She heard a car pass, and a girl's light laugh. She heard Mrs. Billings, who lived next door, calling her children to come home to supper.

She felt secure and peaceful. After a time she would forget Tony d'Estrel and be happy again. It was wiser this way.



The doorbell rang, and Lena came out of the kitchen to answer it. Lena entered the living room and switched on the lights and handed Alison a telegram.

"The boy wants to know should he wait for an answer," Lena said. She frowned disapprovingly at the slender figure on the davenport. "If you'd set up in a chair once in a while," she grumbled, "instead o' lyin' around on the end o' your spine, you wouldn't get your clothes so mussed an' I wouldn't be breakin' my back keepin' 'em pressed."

ALISON wasn't listening to her. She was reading the telegram. She read it quickly, then lay for a moment looking at it in a dazed sort of way, and read it again, very slowly, very carefully.

"Anybody dead?" Lena demanded. "You want to send an answer?"

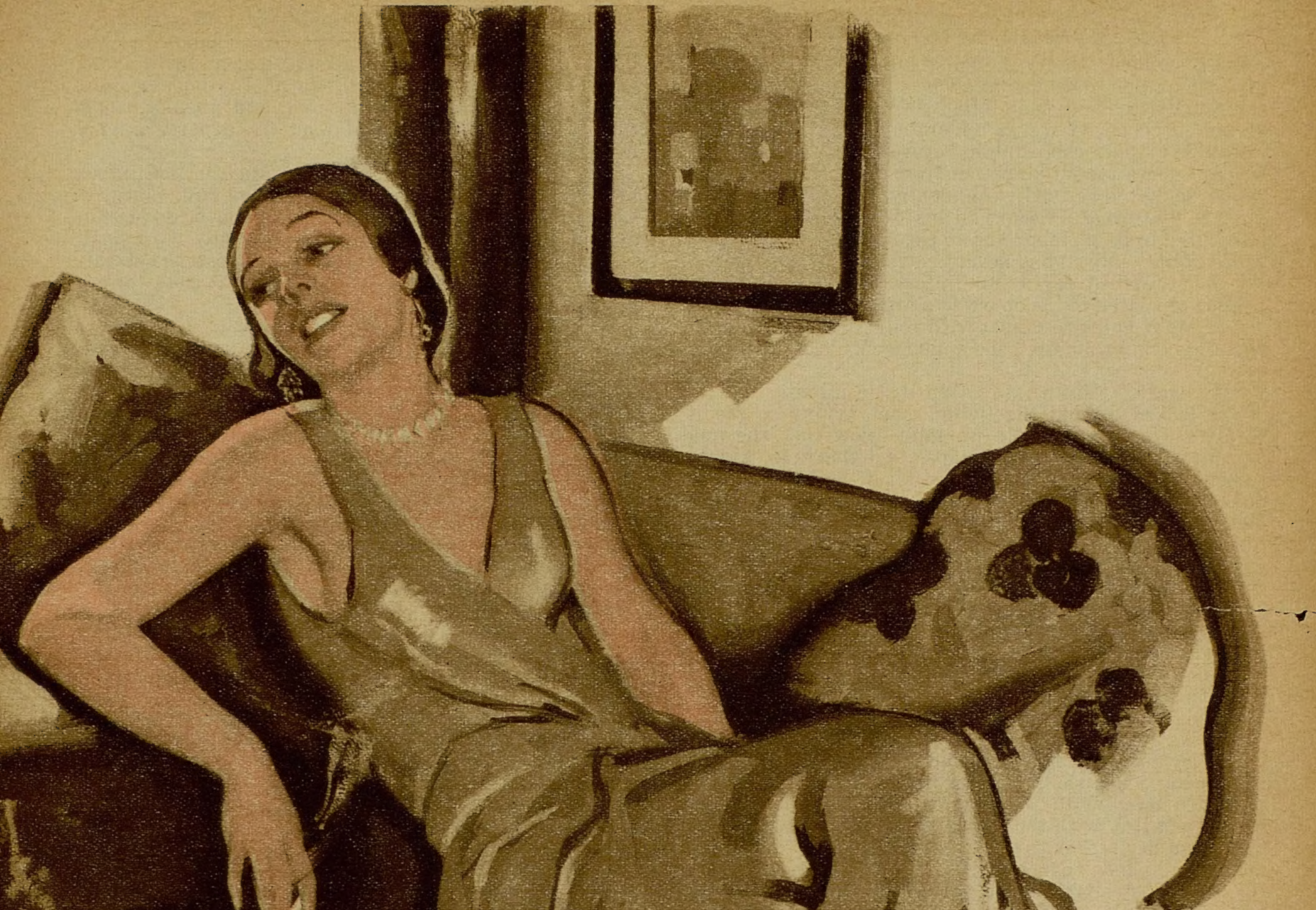
"No," Alison said. "No. There isn't any answer."

Lena departed to tell the messenger not to wait. She came back and planted herself aggressively in front of the davenport.

"Well?" she snapped. "You look like you just seen a ghost."

Alison laughed shakily.

"I have—almost," she said. "A man I thought was



"TONY," Alison said suddenly, "did you know that Myra and Martin McClintock are getting divorced?"

in Paris has come over here. He's in Chicago now. He'll be in Jackson City tomorrow."

Lena snorted. "Wash day!" she said. The swish of her starched apron was eloquent of disapproval as she went back to the kitchen.

Alison read the telegram once more. It was a long message. Tony was as prodigal of words as he was of everything else.

He hadn't understood the reasons for not marrying him that she had given in the hasty note she sent him before she left Paris. He had come over here to see for himself.

She had better not try to run away again. He would sit on her doorstep and wait as he had waited that morning in her hotel, after he had met her at the McClintock party.

She was going to see him again! Tony, with his hair that was like black lacquer combed straight back from the widow's peak on his forehead. Tony, with his dark eyes and his incredibly long lashes, and his sudden, white-flashing smile. Alison wanted to dance, to sing, to shout aloud with joy.

Her eyes fell on Myra McClintock's letter, and she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CINDERELLA MOTIF
Continued from page nine

wanted suddenly to cry. Seeing him again would only make it harder to send him away. Probably, this time, she wouldn't have to send him. He would go of his own accord, because he would understand what she hadn't been able to make clear to him before—that Jackson City was as remote as another planet from the enchanted world where he moved serenely, confidently, among the glittering and the great. Secure in his own position, he had been blind to its glamour and to the barriers around that world of his. Alison had never been blind to the barriers. She had watched Myra McClintock try to scale them.

Lena appeared in the doorway again.

"If you're going to supper with your Aunt Isabel, you'd better go and brush up," she announced. "It's after six now."

"All right," Alison said. "In just a minute."

She looked around the living room, trying to see it through Tony's eyes. He wouldn't know that she and her father had chosen the drapes and the rugs, a long time ago, because they were the color of blue shadows at dusk, or that the davenport and the twin chairs on either side of the black marble fireplace had been, in their youth, the deep, dull crimson shade of sunset clouds. Tony wouldn't understand that she kept the battered little upright piano because her mother had played nursery songs on it when Alison was a little girl. He wouldn't realize that, though she knew the pictures on the wall were only inexpensive prints of second-rate paintings, she liked them because she had grown up with them and had once thought them lovely.

Tony, who loved color, and harmony, and perfection, would see only that the drapes and the rugs were faded until they no longer matched, and that the davenport and the chairs looked shabby and worn. He would see a big room cluttered with meaningless odds and ends—the bronze ash tray with the figure of an Indian that Alison had given her father the year before he died, the parchment lamp shade that Aunt Isabel had painted for her, the little marble statue of a horse that stood on the mahogany table.

Martin McClintock had seen that room when Myra and he had come back to Jackson City to visit, three summers before. Martin had thought it was a terrible room. Tony would think so, too.

"Alison!" Lena called. "You better go an' dress."

"I'm going," Alison said.

She bathed listlessly and slipped into one of the simple dresses she had brought from Paris. Myra McClintock had superintended the purchase of those straight little frocks. The price of them had left a yawning gap in Alison's income for the year.

LOOKING at herself now in the mirror of her dressing table—how Tony's friends would have smiled at that bird's-eye maple dressing table!—she saw a small, pale face framed with loose waves of brown hair. Not an exceptionally pretty face. The brown eyes were wide, friendly eyes, the straight little nose was well shaped, the mouth looked generous and whimsical. But the world was so full of lovely faces that Tony might have fallen in love with!

Alison wondered humbly why he had picked her. Probably he had thought her naïve and rather charming, though Martin McClintock had said she was merely provincial. Probably Martin had thought Myra naïve and charming, until her naïveté began to pall.

Alison adjusted the yellow scarf of her dress, and put on a white coat, and went downstairs to say good night to Lena.

"You oughta be wearing a hat," Lena said. "You'll catch your death of cold."

Alison dropped a light kiss on the top of Lena's neat gray head. She wondered whether Tony would be amused at her being scolded and haggled constantly by her cook.

"I'll be all right, darling," she said.

"An' that coat ain't very heavy," Lena persisted. "You'll get chilled."

Alison laughed, and went on out to the car. The night was warm, for September. Moonlight lay in misty, pale patches on the lawn, between the dark shadows of the elms, and the street was very quiet except for a radio, somewhere, playing Estrelita. In all the houses along the way the windows were lighted, and, inside, people ate their suppers, or sat and read the papers, or only sat and talked.

It all looked very cozy to Alison. Martin McClintock had said it was smug and complacent and dull. Jackson City was unspeakably dull in its crude newness, Martin had said. He had compared it disparagingly with small towns in France, with their winding, cobblestoned streets and their dark old churches and picturesque clock towers and gates.

"But they're so *dirty!*" Myra had said.

Martin had raised his eyebrows slightly and drawled, "Well, if you want to make the bathtub the ultimate shrine of civilization, my dear—"

And Myra had relapsed into silence, wearing the hurt, rebuked look that Alison had seen on her face so many times since then. Poor Myra had worn herself out, three summers ago, trying to act as a buffer between Martin and the crudities—real or fancied—of the Middle West. She had been tremulous and apologetic.

Alison could still remember the little derogatory laugh with which Myra had said, "And this is Main Street, Martin dear. See our new hotel, and our skyscraper."

Martin had thrown back his head in imitation of a country boy just come to the metropolis, and stared open-mouthed at the new Gas and Electric Building—seven stories high—that towered above the shops on Main Street.

"Amazing, isn't it?" Martin had said afterward. "The heights of ugliness to which the American small-town mind can ascend?"

AND tomorrow Tony would be inspecting Main Street as Martin had inspected it. Tony, connoisseur of all the little useless, lovely things that civilization had devised to garnish the rough edges of life. Alison wished she could die before tomorrow came.

She stopped the car in front of the white house on Maple Street where Aunt Isabel lived.

Aunt Isabel was waiting for her on the porch.

"I thought you'd changed your mind, dear," she said. "When it got so late I telephoned Lena, but she said you'd left. Never mind—we'll be real citified and have a late dinner, and go to the second show at the Palace. Gary Cooper's there this week."

Aunt Isabel always went to see Gary Cooper. Though she had never given her reason, Alison knew it was because she fancied a resemblance between the tall young actor and a boy who had gone away from Jackson City years ago to join the Rough Riders, and died at San Juan Hill. It seemed queer that Aunt Isabel, this little birdlike woman with her bright, hennaed hair and too-young sports clothes, had once been really young and in love as Alison Frazier was now.

They had dinner at the new Spanish Tavern, and on the balcony a three-piece orchestra in toreadors' costumes played La Paloma and La Golondrina and the Dream Tango to which Alison had once danced with Tony, and Alison wanted to weep. Instead, she ate chicken patties and potato chips and listened to Aunt Isabel's account of a bridge party at the country club.

They went to see Gary Cooper, and rode home at eleven o'clock along Main Street.

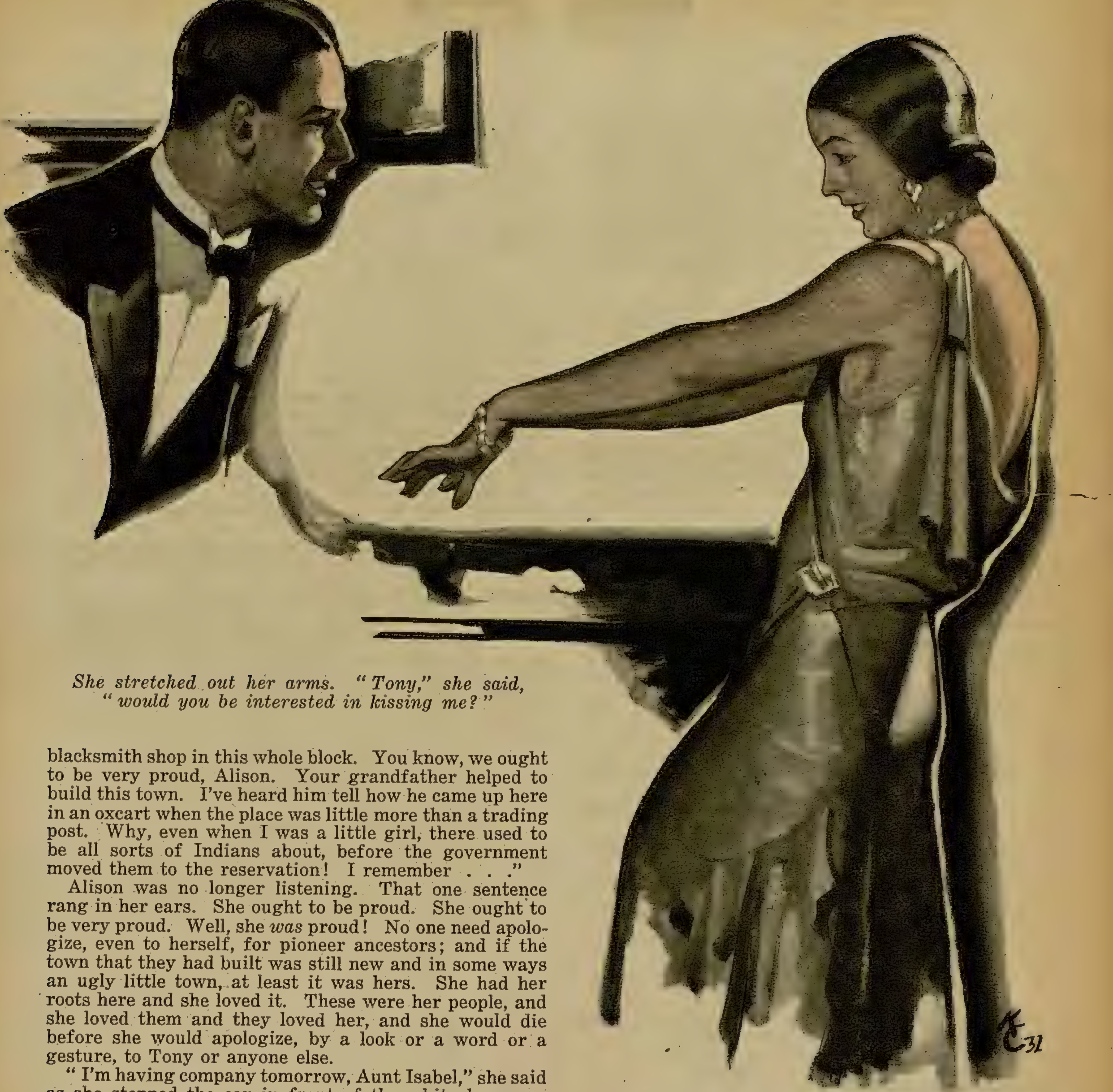
"It's been a real red-letter evening," Aunt Isabel said. "We must have these little sprees often, Alison dear. We don't want you to be bored with Jackson City, after gay Paree."

Alison reached across impulsively and squeezed her hand.

"You're a darling!" she said.

"Thank you, my dear." Aunt Isabel's voice sounded muffled and soft. She looked up at the lighted façade of the Gas and Electric Building as they passed.

"Jackson City has grown so!" she said. "Goodness! It seems only yesterday that there was nothing but a



She stretched out her arms. "Tony," she said, "would you be interested in kissing me?"

blacksmith shop in this whole block. You know, we ought to be very proud, Alison. Your grandfather helped to build this town. I've heard him tell how he came up here in an oxcart when the place was little more than a trading post. Why, even when I was a little girl, there used to be all sorts of Indians about, before the government moved them to the reservation! I remember . . ."

Alison was no longer listening. That one sentence rang in her ears. She ought to be proud. She ought to be very proud. Well, she *was* proud! No one need apologize, even to herself, for pioneer ancestors; and if the town that they had built was still new and in some ways an ugly little town, at least it was hers. She had her roots here and she loved it. These were her people, and she loved them and they loved her, and she would die before she would apologize, by a look or a word or a gesture, to Tony or anyone else.

"I'm having company tomorrow, Aunt Isabel," she said as she stopped the car in front of the white house on Maple Street. "A man I met in Paris through Myra McClintock. I wonder if you'd come over and stay with me while he's here? I'd hate to start a scandal in town."

"Why, of course. I'd love to come. Oh, Alison, I'm so happy for you!" Aunt Isabel's romantic imagination was already leaping ahead to a wedding in the Grace Episcopal Church, with Marion Carter playing the Wedding March, and Alison in orange blossoms and a white satin dress.

"AND I think I'll give a little dinner party tomorrow night," Alison said. "Just the family and one or two of the girls."

Her chin was set defiantly as she drove home. She put the car in the garage and went in through the kitchen to find Lena and break the news of the dinner party. It took a half hour's arguing to persuade Lena that she ought to postpone wash day for the purpose of entertaining "a dirty furriner."

Alison went wearily to bed, and lay awake thinking about the night in Paris that had been the beginning of the adventure of which tomorrow would be the end. She could remember every detail of that night. The green, fox-trimmed wrap that Myra had loaned her for the party; the black pearl that Tony wore for a stud; the slow, hesitant rhythm of a tango that had been their first dance together.

And afterward Tony, very tall and black and white in evening clothes, helped Alison into a taxi—such a high, ridiculous old cab, with a white crocheted scarf pinned neatly across the back of the seat and, plumped in the corner, a red satin pillow with the words *Je t'aime* embroidered in white beads.

Tony took off his hat and laid it on the floor and smoothed his hair behind his ears with that careful little gesture of his. He took Alison in his arms. And they rode around Montmartre. Up tortuous little streets, around small squares where statues of dead heroes were like gray ghosts in the pale light. Past street markets that were being opened for the coming day. Other taxis passed, sounding their querulous horns. Trucks went by, with bells jingling and the horses' hoofs clopping on the cobblestones.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CINDERELLA MOTIF
Continued from page eleven

And Tony said, "You are my dee-urr." Tony kissed her. Tony loved her. But tomorrow . . . Alison fell asleep.

She was very busy in the morning. There were invitations to be issued, and late fall flowers to be cut for the vases in the living room, and ordering and cleaning to be done. Aunt Hannah called to know whether Uncle Ed should wear his tuxedo. It had been packed in moth balls for the last two years, but she could easily get it out. Helen Dean telephoned that she was afraid she and Tom wouldn't be able to come to dinner because she couldn't find anyone to stay with the children, and Alison told her to bring them and put them to sleep in one of the spare rooms.

Aunt Isabel ran in to say that she would paint the place cards. She had worked out a design of cupids and lovers' knots. When Alison pointed out, as tactfully as she could, that cupids and lovers' knots might be a bit premature, Aunt Isabel agreed resignedly to do a conventionalized pattern of flowers.

Alison was dusting the living room at eleven thirty, when the doorbell rang. She went to answer it. And there on the porch was Tony, in a dark suit, with a tan topcoat thrown over his arm, and behind him Jed Wiedholz, the taxi driver, bowed under the weight of two pigskin bags.

Alison said, "Oh—Tony!"

Even to her own ears, her voice sounded dismayed. She hadn't expected him until two o'clock. She had forgotten that there was a train leaving Chicago for Jackson City at seven or some such hour in the morning. Now here she was, in a pink-checked house dress, with a smudge across her nose—she had seen it in the hall mirror as she passed—and a soiled dust cloth clutched in her hand. And here was Tony looking as though he had just stepped down from the Blue Train.

He didn't say a word—that was the terrible part of it. Tony, the suave, the polished, who could be relied on always to say the graceful and appropriate thing. Tony simply stood and stared, and it seemed to her that his eyes were as dismayed as her own.

Jed Wiedholz asked, "Where you want these here bags, Alison?"

And she told him, "Oh, just put them here in the hall, Jed. I'll have Lena take them upstairs."

Tony said, "You have not expected me, perhaps? You have not received my telegram?"

"Of course I did," she assured him. "Only—I thought you'd come on a later train. You must think I'm a very inhospitable person, and I'm really *so* glad to see you, Tony. Come in."

HE paid Jed. He laid his hat and coat on a chair in the hall, and she ushered him into the living room. Sunlight streamed through the faded blue drapes on to the faded blue rug.

Alison sat in one of the crimson chairs. Tony sat in the other. He looked around the room—at the ash tray with the bronze Indian, at the lamp shade that Aunt Isabel had painted, at the picture of Sir Galahad that hung on the wall.

"You must have gotten up early, to catch the seven o'clock train," Alison observed politely. There was a little muscle in her upper lip that always twitched when she was nervous. She could feel it twitching now.

Tony shrugged. But of course he had gotten up early.

They talked to each other across miles of polite distance.

It was a slow, tiresome trip from Chicago, wasn't it?

Yes, he had found it so.

Did he have a fine crossing?

Not too bad. Three days out of Cherbourg they had run into rough weather, but he hadn't minded it. Maria Stanislas and her husband had been on the boat. They were interesting people. Did Alison remember meeting them, that day at Voisin's?

Yes, Alison remembered. Maria Stanislas was a singer of international fame. Alison had thought her the cleverest and most beautiful woman in the world.

Tony asked if he might smoke. He passed her the cigarette case, and when she put out her hand she discovered that she was still clutching the dust cloth.

"I must go and dress," she said. "And you must be dusty after your trip, Tony. Shall we go upstairs?"

She took him to the yellow room, where Lena had already placed his bags. She went back to her own room and lay on the bed and dug her nails into her hands to keep from crying. It had all been even worse than she had expected.

She had imagined Tony, upon his arrival, beaming down on her, catching her in his arms and kissing her, and saying, "Oh, my dee-urr, my dee-urr!" She had thought that they would be happy for a little while at least. But Tony, evidently, had realized from the very first moment that it had been a mistake, his coming here.

Wearily Alison got up to bathe and dress in the dull blue suit that Myra McClintock had helped her to buy. She could hear her heart pounding. It was probably broken by this time, she thought. It would be queer if, when she went downstairs, Tony should see a dull red stain spreading over the delicate tucking of her blouse, and she should say nonchalantly, "It's nothing. My heart's just broken—that's all."

Tony was waiting for her in the living room.

"I thought we'd go out to lunch," she said.

He looked around him as they left. "It's very nice, this room," he said. "It has the air as if people had been happy here."

At least, Alison reflected, he was more polite, though certainly less frank, than Martin McClintock had been.

SHE led the way to the car, and they went to the Spanish Tavern for lunch. On the balcony the three musicians in their flamboyant toreadors' costumes were playing La Golondrina again. Alison hadn't noticed, the night before, how the violin flatted the high notes. She ordered chicken salad and English muffins. She looked across the candle-lit table at Tony. Usually so garrulous and gay, he sat now staring at her morosely, as he took out his cigarette case and passed it to her again.

"No, thank you. Not here," she said. He might as well know that women didn't smoke in public—not in Jackson City.

She racked her brains for things to say to Tony, with whom she had always talked delightful nonsense. Myra McClintock had said she always tried to talk to Martin about the things in which he was interested. Myra had plowed laboriously and uncomprehendingly through Proust and de Gourmont, had stood for hours looking at pictures about which she knew nothing and cared less, in order that she might be able to talk to Martin.

Well, Alison wouldn't be like Myra McClintock.

"The most interesting woman runs this place," she said brightly. "She was born here, and then she married a teacher and they went to Mexico City to live. Now he's dead and she's come back here to live. She tells the most fascinating stories about Mexico. I'd like to go there some time."

"Ah, yes, it is like a woman I have met a few weeks ago—" Clutching eagerly at the conversation, Tony began to relate a long and utterly irrelevant story about a movie star and her husband "doing" Paris.

Alison talked and talked, after that. She had the feeling that silence, the awkward, strained silence of strangers, was like a black beast at her elbow, and the words she spoke were futile pebbles thrown to scare the beast away. Looking back afterward, she couldn't remember anything that she had said.

The ghastly afternoon wore on. There were errands to be done. Salted nuts to be bought at the Candy Shoppe. Parsley that Lena had forgotten to order from the grocer's. Green candles from Ye Book Nook for the candlesticks in the dining room.

Alison drove around the lake and stopped the car on Beacon Heights to show Tony the view—the long hillside, gold and scarlet now with autumn foliage, sloping down to the silver-blue lake, and, as far as the eye could see in the hazy distance, tan fields of neatly stacked corn, and green fields of tobacco and alfalfa, and dark brown patches where the fall plowing had been done. She drove out to the Ridge and showed Tony the Indian burial mounds. She wished she were an Indian who had been buried there for the last two hundred years.

Alison talked, and the tall, dark stranger, Tony, talked politely, stiffly, and the weight of things unsaid hung like a steel curtain between them. Three or four centuries passed—and it was time to go home and dress for dinner.

The dinner party was terrible enough, but the presence of other people was a relief to Alison. She could smile and be quiet, and no one need know that under the golden dress that shimmered in the candlelight Alison Frazier's heart was broken in two.

She was so very tired. She didn't even care very greatly that the smell of moth balls from Uncle Ed's tuxedo drowned out the odor of the flowers on the table, or that Aunt Isabel had been coy and simpering when Tony bowed over her hand, or that Mary Anderlie, who had come in to serve, had spilled cream soup on Tom Dean's trousers and Uncle Ed had attempted to soothe the girl's embarrassment by saying heartily, " Never mind, Mary. If Tom hates these blame stiff shirts the way I do, he probably hopes you've ruined the suit, so his wife won't ever make him wear it again."

Alison looked at Tony, impeccably groomed, deep in conversation with Kate Ware, and she thought that green chiffon made Kate look more sallow and dowdy than usual. Not that it made any difference to Alison—Kate was her best friend. But Tony, of course, wouldn't understand.

Upstairs, Thomas Dean, Junior, began to cry, and Helen left the table to comfort him.

Lena stuck her head in the door and asked in a whisper, " Everything all right? " and Alison nodded reassuringly. Everything was all right. Everything was wonderful!

" And when he found out that the girl had really loved him all the time—" That was Aunt Isabel, telling Uncle Ed about Gary Cooper.

". . . don't believe in pampering children. Cultivate initiative and self-reliance." Aunt Hannah, regal in plum-colored satin and garnets, was telling Thomas Dean, Senior, how to raise his son.

" And then I take the whites of three eggs and beat them very stiff—" Marion Carter was discussing recipes.

Alison thought of Tony's circle of intimates, where dullness seemed to be the only unforgivable sin.

Kate played the piano for them after dinner, and Alison strained her ears trying to listen to Tom Dean and, at the same time, hear what Uncle Ed and Aunt Hannah were saying to Tony, over on the davenport, and Aunt Isabel called her niece into the hall on some pretext and hugged her and told her that Tony was the handsomest thing she'd ever seen.

EVENTUALLY it was ended. The last guest had left. Aunt Isabel had gone upstairs to bed. Alison settled back on the davenport and lighted a cigarette. In just a minute, when she got over being so tired, she was going to talk to Tony.

Perhaps she would be sarcastic. She might say, " Well, now you've had a new experience to talk about when you get back to Paris. You and Martin McClintock can get together and compare notes on life as it's lived in rural America."

Perhaps, seeing that she was still Tony's hostess, it might be better just to talk sweetly and sensibly.

" You see, my dear, it's all been a mistake," she might say. " So don't let's embarrass each other any more. You go your way and I'll go mine—you take the high road and I'll take the low road! " She couldn't quite decide how to phrase that thought without being trite and melodramatic, but she would think of the words in just a minute, when she stopped being so tired.

Tony sat in one of the crimson chairs. His black hair shone in the lamplight.

" She is so very like my grandmother," he said in a thoughtful voice.

" Who is? " Alison asked wearily.

" But the Aunt Hannah, of course! " Tony said. " *Toujours la grande dame.* A bit pompous, perhaps, but good."

Alison sat up straight and opened her eyes very wide.

" The little Kate—I like her," Tony said. " Do you not find there the resemblance to Elise Dupré? Not in the looks—that goes without saying—but in the mind. The same keenness, the same *esprit.*"

Aunt Hannah of Jackson City, and Yvonne, Countess d'Estrel! Kate Ware, in her black satin slippers and dull green chiffon, and Elise Dupré, the best dressed woman in Paris! Was it true, then, that under all their trimmings people were cut from the same pattern, wherever you found them? And if that was true, what about the Cinderella motif?

" Tony," Alison said suddenly, " did you know that Myra and Martin McClintock are getting divorced? "

TONY'S straight black brows met in a scowl. " Martin McClintock! Martin McClintock! " he said impatiently. " Since I have known you, always you are saying Martin McClintock this and Martin McClintock that. Now I am going to ask you, do you like him so much, this man, that you should—how do you say?—set him up in the mind like one of the minor prophets? "

" Why, no," Alison said, " I don't like him so much. But his wife is one of my best friends. We grew up together and then she went to Boston to a secretarial school. She was secretary to Martin's father before she was married. I saw a great deal of them in Paris this summer."

" But you do not like him? "

" No-o-o," Alison said thoughtfully. " I think I stand in awe of him. I think you would say he's my *bête noire.* But I don't think I like him at all."

" That," Tony said, " is good. Now I am going to tell you what he is, this Martin McClintock. He is a codfish, that man."

" A *codfish?* "

Tony nodded solemnly.

" A codfish. Cold, stupid, conceited. He moves always with a school of other fish. He is a bore—*bon Dieu,* how he is a bore! Do you know why I am gone to that party where I have met you? Because Raoul, my cousin, has insisted. He is in love a little, I think, with *la petite* Myra. But Martin McClintock—bah! "

So the McClintocks' marriage had failed, not because Cinderella had been unable to live up to the prince, but because the prince himself was a bore.

Alison threw back her head and laughed aloud. She stood up, a slender, shining figure in a gold-cloth dress. She stretched out her arms.

" Tony," she said, " would you be interested in kissing me? "

" My dee-urr! " Tony said.

He crossed the floor in two strides. He took her in his arms and kissed her, on her lips, on her eyes, on the little curl that fell against her cheek. He picked her up and carried her back to the davenport and sat down with her in his arms. He looked at her severely.

" How you have been a trouble to me! " he said. " You run away from me in Paris. I learn your address at the American Express. I follow you here. And then, on that so long ride from Chicago to Jackson City, I begin to be afraid. I say to myself, ' Fool! You have been so sure of yourself. What if she does not love you? It is impossible—this situation in which you have placed yourself.' And then I arrive, and I want to take you in my arms and kiss you, like this—and this "—Tony illustrated with gestures—" and what do you say? You say, ' Oh, Tony! ' It is as if you would say, ' Oh, why are you come? I am not happy to see you.' And you have talked, and I have talked. *Diable!* What a day! "

He looked very young and hurt as he recited the list of his grievances.

" But you love me? " he demanded. " Say it! "

" I love you," Alison told him. " Always. And you? "

" Always! " Tony assured her. " We of the house d'Estrel are—how do you say?—notorious for our fidelity."

THE END

How BEER Can Boost

A Plan for Putting Wayward Dollars to Honest Work

(*Reading time: 16 min. 7 sec.*)

By

HARPER LEECH

economist and newspaper man, who launched his career in Memphis, Tennessee (where he took one year to rise from reporter to managing editor of the Press at the age of twenty-seven) and became Washington correspondent, war cable censor, and editor again, this time of the Denver Express. Since 1921 he has been in Chicago, specializing in economic and industrial topics.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

CAN we boost business with beer—bring back prosperity on a beer truck?

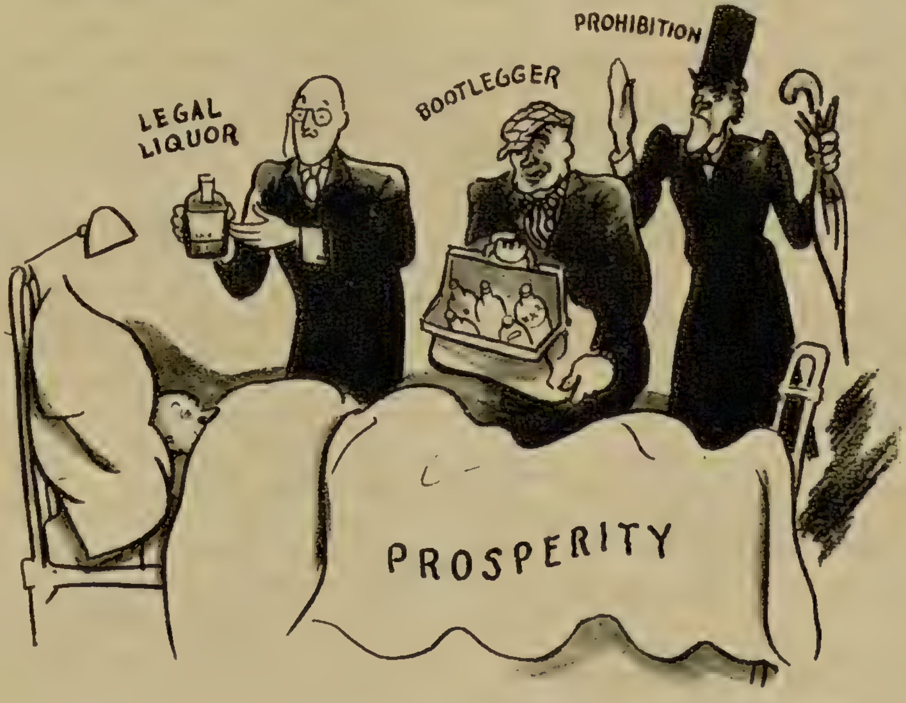
The belief that we can do so has gained ground remarkably since the last elections. In many parts of the country proposals to create more jobs and more buying by giving some sort of governmental recognition to the trade in beer and light wines have been publicly advanced and given more or less respectful attention.

The carefully cultivated dogma that Prohibition was an important contributing cause of postwar prosperity in America appears to have been pretty well exploded since the stock-market crash of 1929.

The books, speeches, and editorials which tried to rationalize that wishful theory make amusing reading today. Some of them came off the press just as prosperity was taking wings.

When their claims and predictions are compared to business events and conditions since, we find that the doctrine that Prohibition is a cause of prosperity has no more validity than the claim that liquor was the principal cause of crime and poverty.

The pre-Prohibition Year Books of the Anti-Saloon League now gathering dust in the public libraries demonstrated most plausibly, and with a wealth of statistics, that the enactment of national Prohibition would empty jails and poorhouses—and also fill dinner pails and pay envelopes.



Neither the legal liquor trade, bootlegging, nor Prohibition actually enforced could have much effect on the prosperity of America.

With respect to one industry—the manufacture of jail equipment—the predictions of better business came true.

However, the overthrow of the doctrine that Prohibition is a cause of prosperity does not prove the proposition that the mere restoration of beer, wine, or liquor would insure the return of prosperity. Prosperity is not now evident abroad, where there is no Prohibition.

We had good times and hard times before Prohibition, just as we have had them since.

Beer can be used to boost business and maintain prosperity, but that will require a more carefully thought out program than mere lid tilting. In a way, the fallacy in oversimplified optimism with respect to beer as a business booster is closely akin to the mistaken belief that Prohibition was a creator of prosperity.

Both theories overestimate the past importance in our economic life of the legal liquor traffic. Both underestimate the economic importance of the present illegal traffic. The idea that the money saved from the saloon caused the rise in living standards after 1920 came from the fallacy that wealth under modern industrial conditions results from doing without things.

It was exactly the same sort of reasoning which led so many bankers to predict that the country would be ruined because people spent their money on automobiles.

Today few deny that the rise of the automobile industry, the spending it promoted, and the stimulation of other industries thereby were among the most important causes of our recent years of prosperity.

The American people have been spending billions upon billions of dollars more per year than they used to spend—and many times as much more as they ever spent in all the saloons.

They did not spend this additional money because they had ceased to spend in saloons.

Nor was the money they formerly spent in saloons a mere waste. The people who spent it there, of course, couldn't spend it anywhere else, but the money promptly circulated from the saloons into other lines of trade.

There is no intrinsic difference, so far as trade volume is concerned, between a dollar spent for beer and a dollar spent for clothes. There may be a very great moral difference—a man may get more from one dollar than from another, but so far as general trade is concerned, the dollar spent for beer, like the dollar spent for a suit of clothes, goes marching on in commerce.

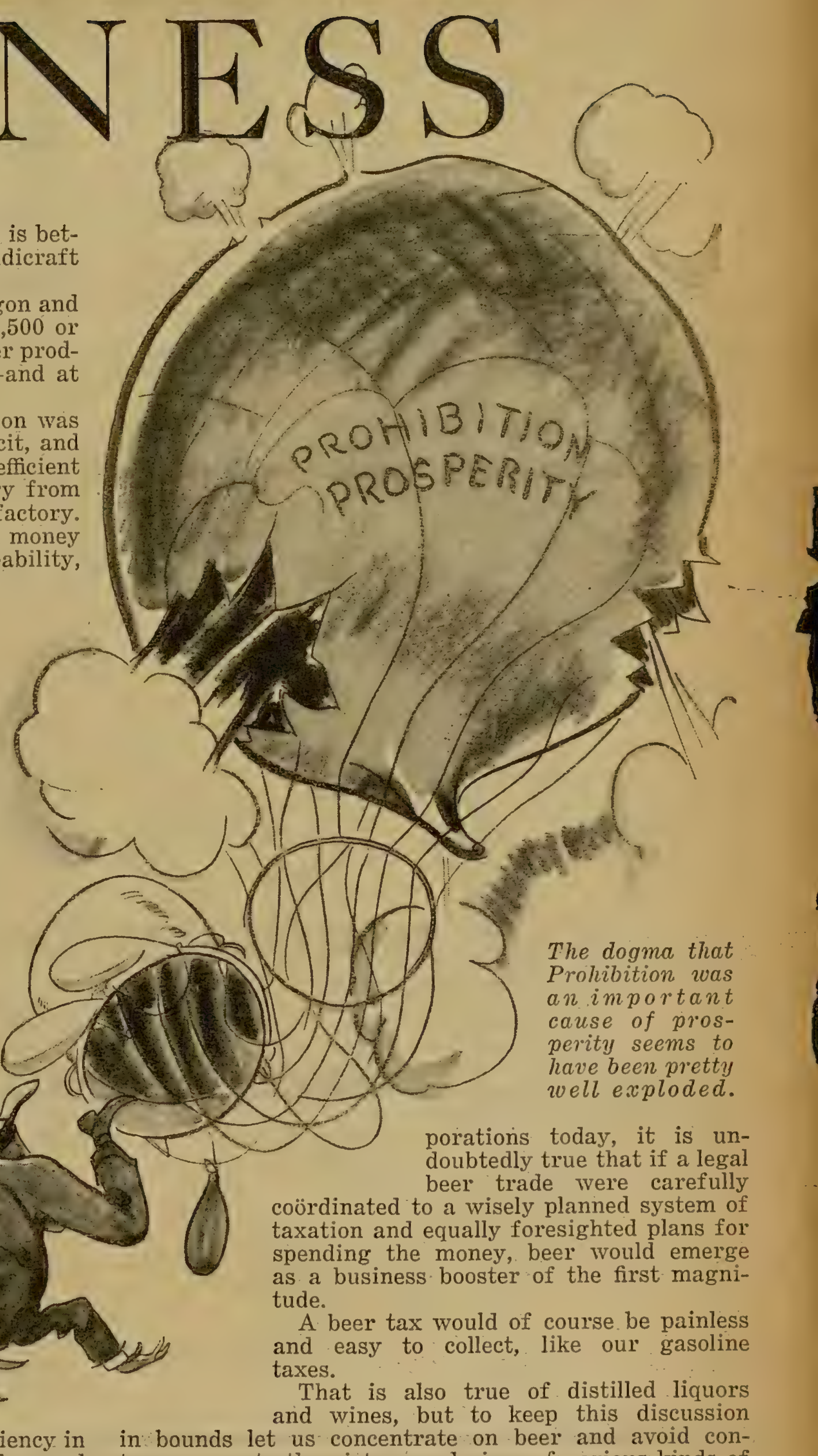
NOR did an excessive amount of the consumer's dollar spent in saloons go to anybody's profit. Few great fortunes were ever made out of liquor—some brewers got rich, but their fortunes did not compare with railway, oil, or automobile fortunes. The labor cost of beer and whisky manufacture was low in proportion to sales value, but the cost of materials was relatively high—and the cost of materials represented labor cost on the farm or in transportation. The drinker also paid enormous taxes—which went to pay government employees.

The idea that the old liquor traffic represented mere commercial waste will not bear examination. The same thing applies to the present illegal liquor traffic.

Therefore, if we are to substitute a legal traffic for the bootlegging business, we will not make a net gain of a new industry—we will only gain the difference between the commercial value of the new industry and the old one which it displaces.

Of course there will be some gain. We Americans be-

BUSINESS



The dogma that Prohibition was an important cause of prosperity seems to have been pretty well exploded.

lieve that a modern, efficient, large-scale industry is better for the general good than an old-fashioned handicraft business.

We prefer big automobile factories to little wagon and blacksmith shops. There is no doubt that the 1,500 or more breweries we used to have turned out a better product than that of our millions of home brewers—and at less cost if taxation be taken into account.

From a strictly economic standpoint Prohibition was a step backward. It substituted a scattered, illicit, and inefficient business for a highly organized, efficient one; it reversed the general progress of industry from handicraft to machine, from home and shop to big factory.

However, the new illegal business causes much money to be spent and also provides more jobs, in all probability, than the old legal liquor traffic did. The old business was not efficient, but it required fewer bartenders to serve 100,000 population than the number of bootleggers kept up by 100,000 people today.

And if we assume that business would be helped much, because people would get their liquor cheaper from a legal business than from bootleggers, we are skirting the edges of the Prohibitionist fallacy that prosperity resulted from the money saved by closing up the saloons.

IT looks very complicated? In fact it's simple. Neither the legal liquor trade, the bootlegging business, nor Prohibition actually enforced could have much effect upon the prosperity of America.

The prosperity of a people depends upon the amount of the energy of men, animals, and power-driven machines at their command and their intelligence in the use of that energy.

If they are smart enough to arrange their business in such a manner that more and more energy is used for the creation of wealth, they will grow richer year after year. If they are so dumb that they cannot distribute the wealth they create, and plunge into hard times because their price-and-credit system gets out of gear with productive effort, their progress will often be interrupted by panics and depressions.

Liquor or no liquor can have but little to do with that.

It is hardly worth while to talk about the effect of booze on the worker's efficiency in an age when there is a chronic oversupply of labor and automatic machinery is eliminating skill and minimizing the importance of personal efficiency. Our labor was highly productive before Prohibition—our progress was as rapid then as now, all things considered.

But because beer is an ideal source of public revenue it can be made of good use in adapting our business system to more continuous prosperity.

1929
STOCK EXCHANGE

Although the entire capital employed in legal brewing was much less than that of any one of our twelve largest corporations today, it is undoubtedly true that if a legal beer trade were carefully coördinated to a wisely planned system of taxation and equally foresighted plans for spending the money, beer would emerge as a business booster of the first magnitude.

A beer tax would of course be painless and easy to collect, like our gasoline taxes.

That is also true of distilled liquors and wines, but to keep this discussion in bounds let us concentrate on beer and avoid controversy as to the virtues and vices of various kinds of drink.

That taxation of beer and the use of the tax money to provide jobs is the key to the question of whether and how prosperity can be helped by beer is plain if we take a bird's-eye view of the past and present liquor traffic.

We all more or less realize that to have prosperity we must provide more jobs.

Merely to start up a legal beer business and do nothing else about it would provide few new jobs.

In the old liquor business, which included distilled liquors and wines, the occupational census of 1910 and the census of manufactures indicate that about 250,000 men were employed, 70,000 in manufacture and delivery, 68,000 saloonkeepers, and 101,000 bartenders.

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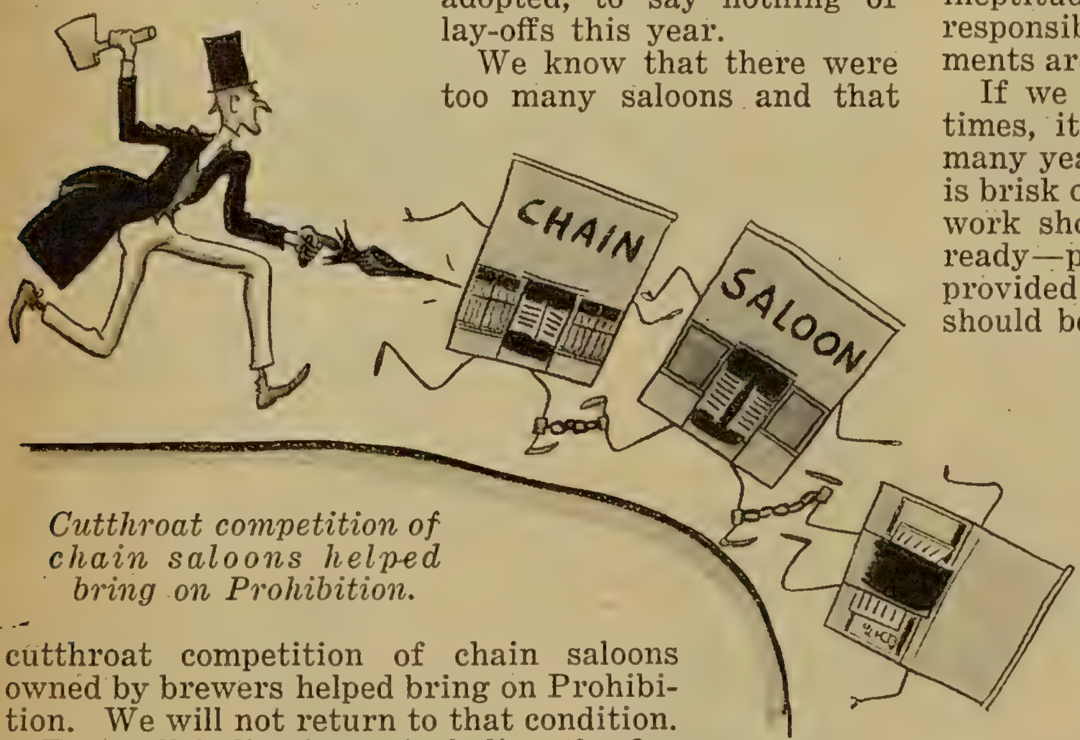
That was probably too low. A Department of Labor survey many years before showed 242,000 wage earners and 191,000 owners or 433,000 men.

The last total is little more than what we now call the normal shrinkage in the number of either railroad or factory employees since national Prohibition was adopted, to say nothing of lay-offs this year.

We know that there were too many saloons and that cutthroat competition of chain saloons owned by brewers helped bring on Prohibition. We will not return to that condition.



Cutthroat competition of chain saloons helped bring on Prohibition.

From all indications—including the figures on arrests and seizure of stills—there must be nearly 500,000 people today engaged principally in the illegal liquor business.

If home brewers, druggists peddling a little gin, and farmers making a bit of moon or applejack be included, what would the figure be? All get some income in some form from their activities—and any income which would be diverted from them to a legal beer business must be considered when we try to measure the net capacity of beer to boost business as a whole.

Several years ago Reuben Kahn, then with the Illinois Labor Department, declared in the official state bulletin that the number of persons engaged in the illicit liquor business seriously impaired the value of employment statistics, dealing with legal trades, as a guide to actual conditions of employment or its lack.

It is evident then that legalizing the traffic in beer will cause a shift of jobs rather than an actual increase. It is of course much better from a moral point of view for men to work as legal brewers than as bootleggers, but this is not a moral essay. From the standpoint of trade an employed bootlegger is just as much employed as the driver of a legalized brewery truck.

IT is evident that what is said here about the creation of new jobs by legalizing the sale of beer also applies to new markets for farm products.

Directly or indirectly, farmers are supplying most of the raw materials for the whisky, wine, and beer now being made surreptitiously. The percentage of grain used in the pre-Prohibition liquor industries was quite small. One bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky and our annual use of corn for both distilling and brewing accounted for less than two per cent of the crop.

Today much illicit booze is made from corn sugar—but the farmer profits by that. Moonshine whisky from beet sugar, corn, rye, and domestic cane sugar or molasses is, of course, made from products supplied by farmers.

Barley growers have been hard hit—but only a third of their crop ever went to brewers. The persistence today in the markets of higher prices for "malting types" of barley and our great hops crop is an indication of the market for farm products among home brewers. A legalized beer trade would help barley growers a bit and corn growers some, but the effect would be small in the sum of the nation's business.

As a job multiplier beer does not promise so much. But as a tax producer beer looks good, and taxes wisely spent can make jobs—and also prevent employed men from losing jobs.

For nearly half a century students of the causes of hard times have seen that the best hope of averting or mitigating business depressions lies in the planning and execution of great public works, so that government may create more jobs whenever private enterprise is forced to lay off men.

Nothing much has ever been done about it. Political ineptitude and bureaucratic red tape have been partly responsible, but the principal reason has been that governments are usually strapped for money.

If we have learned any lesson at all from these hard times, it is that government works should be planned many years in advance—and that when private business is brisk only the routine and most immediately necessary work should be done. But big jobs should always be ready—planned and blue-printed with financing already provided for. On the approach of slack trade these jobs should be started. A general staff could put them into execution exactly as a European army is mobilized in a few days. It would be perfectly feasible to vote bond issues in advance—the bonds, however, to be sold only when the need for such extraordinary works arises.

WE have been unable to do this, and the principal reason is that the bonding powers of many of our governmental units have either been exhausted or have been required to finance ordinary improvements which cannot be delayed or held in suspense with the view of aiding general business in slack times.

To some extent our gasoline taxes remedied this situation by giving the states improvement money regardless of bond limits, but the demand for highways has been so pressing that this revenue has usually been absorbed even before it was received.

If money now being absorbed by the illegal liquor traffic, and by the crime and political corruption attendant upon it, could be converted into federal and state revenue to be devoted to ordinary public improvements, government would have the opportunity of reserving its debt-incurring power for public works undertaken in times of business distress to provide employment and stimulate trade.

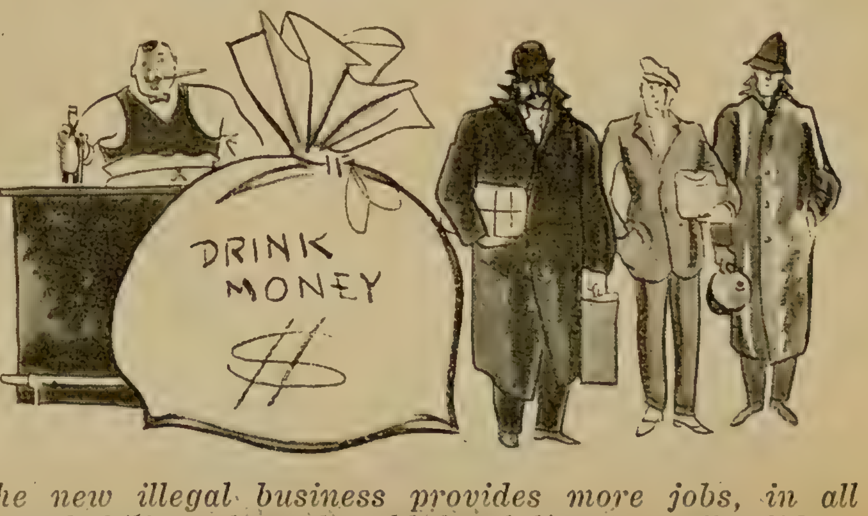
To get some idea of what beer can do as a revenue producer, let us take a look backward. According to the figures of the Internal Revenue Bureau our people in 1914 drank more beer than in any year before or since. They consumed 2,056,407,108 gallons of beer in that year. The beer tax was then $1 a barrel, or a little over three cents a gallon.

In 1916 nearly half of our people were living under Prohibition or local option. Most of the states which would now want to be exempted from a legally revived beer trade were then dry. In that year our people drank 1,818,275,042 gallons of beer, according to the figures of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The beer tax was $1.50 a barrel, or a little under five cents a gallon.

In 1918, with more dry territory and 5,000,000 men in the army and navy, we drank 1,556,378,953 gallons of beer and paid a tax of $3 a barrel, or about nine cents a gallon.

Allowing for population increase and higher wages, we

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]



The new illegal business provides more jobs, in all probability, than the old legal liquor traffic did.

Baby Teeth are *important*...Mother

Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.

MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.

ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.

EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.

Do these three things...to have strong, healthy teeth

1. At the left are some suggestions of what is good for you. 2. *Use Pepsodent twice a day.* 3. *See your dentist twice a year* (children oftener).

NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, *if neglected,* may cause in later years.

To be safe is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months—*immediately* should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning—without fail.

Pepsodent—especially for children

Pepsodent tooth paste is especially recommended for children. The cleansing agent in Pepsodent was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. It is *twice* as soft as the polishing agent commonly used in tooth pastes. *Pepsodent is supremely safe,* as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

NEWLY DISCOVERED
Pepsodent
Antiseptic Mouth Wash
***NOW* at your nearest druggist's**

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

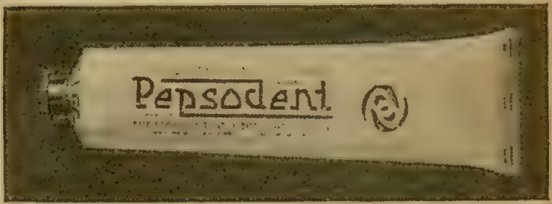
Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. To remove germs you must remove this dangerous germ-laden film.

Film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film makes teeth gleam and sparkle.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth through life.

▼ ▼ ▼

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.



Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

LISTEN MEN

EVERY man who smokes a pipe has at least one thing that the women can't take away from him. Ladies don't smoke pipes. It's not the style. A pipe is distinctly a man's smoke.

Let the women drive their cars, fly their planes, smoke their cigarettes, and act as much like men as possible.

But you can be sure of this: Here's one thing that still belongs to the men—the pleasure and privilege of smoking a pipe.

If you've never smoked a pipe, by all means get one today. Fill it with Edgeworth and settle down to the most satisfying smoking you have ever known. Let the women go their way. And you go yours.

The women's smoke

The smoke for men

Edgeworth's blend of fine mellow burleys gives a flavor that simply can't be duplicated. Many men who have tried Edgeworth have written us that no other tobacco will ever do for them. Their loyalty is proof of the merit which they have found in this fine old tobacco.

You can get Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or clip the coupon below for special sample packet, free.

• • •

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO.
100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

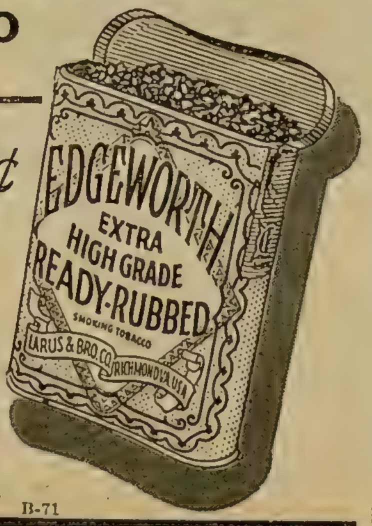
Send me the Edgeworth sample.
I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

Name __________

Address __________

City and State __________

15¢



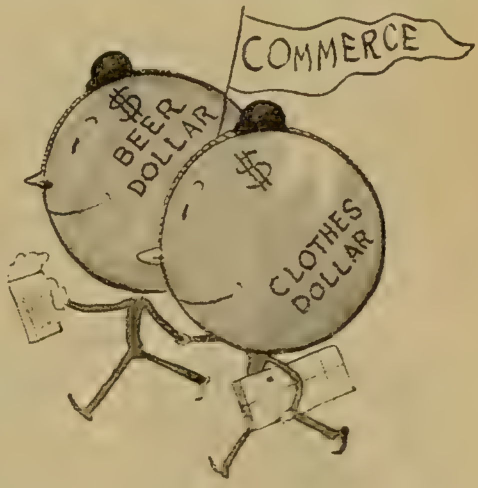
B-71

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

may be sure today that if the American people in naturally wet territory can get good beer they will drink at least 2,000,000,000 gallons a year. What would they be willing to pay for it? They used to pay fifteen cents for a pint bottle, but most of them paid five cents for glasses ranging from a pint up to a quart.

But the big quart schooner and the can or bucket contained much foam and also weak, cheap beer, not much stronger than the 4.4-per-cent-by-volume kickless beer which can be bought like soda pop everywhere in Ontario.

Under present conditions, judging from the sale of malt and hops, our people appear to be drinking less than half as much beer as under the wet régime, or about 800,000,000 gallons. They have switched to hard liquor, which appears to have held its own, with a pre-Volstead or better output and use. Wines have made great gains under Prohibition. They are made at home at a cost of from eighty cents to a dollar a gallon.



The dollar spent for beer, like the dollar spent for clothes, goes marching on in commerce.

Home brew can be made for thirty cents a gallon, cheaper if materials are bought in large quantities. Most of the beer drunk today is home brew. It is probably as cheap to the consumer as most pre-Prohibition beer—although little of it is really good. However, it is important to bear in mind the cheapness of home brew, because if the price of legal beer be placed too high, hopes of beer as a revenue producer and business booster will be blasted. Home brewers will simply carry on.

IT is altogether fallacious to consider speakeasy prices. It is true that the old saloonkeeper paid $5.50 wholesale or thereabouts a barrel for beer, while the speakeasy lays $50 or $60 on the line. The speakeasy patron pays from twenty to twenty-five cents a glass, according to locality and the graft the traffic will bear, and the glass is usually less than half a pint.

The old-time saloonkeeper catering to workingmen and the can trade was content to get at retail from $7.85 to $9.45 a barrel. Speakeasy patrons pay $100 and up a barrel—a difference of $90 or more a barrel retail.

But such a spread is no real indication of the tax our government could lay if revenue and prosperity boosting, rather than restriction, were the object of the tax.

Perhaps good beer at fifteen cents a pint glass would displace most home brew. Maybe the public would pay twenty cents a pint, in these days of higher wage rates.

Beer would then retail at $1.20 or $1.60 a gallon, where formerly it retailed at from twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon when sold by the glass.

We may safely assume that we could raise the tax in proportion to the retail price and maintain quality. A tax of forty-five or fifty cents a gallon ought, therefore, to be practicable.

The fifty-cent-a-gallon tax would amount to slightly more than six cents a pint glass of beer—just a trifle more than the present tax on every package of cigarettes.

The revenue on 2,000,000,000 gallons would amount to $1,000,000,000. As a fund to help maintain prosperity by providing jobs on public works, $1,000,000,000 a year would prove a most powerful aid in preventing hard times.

A billion dollars' worth of fresh buying power, or even the mere knowledge that it was available, would be enough to turn the business tide from ebb to flow if brought into play at the right moment.

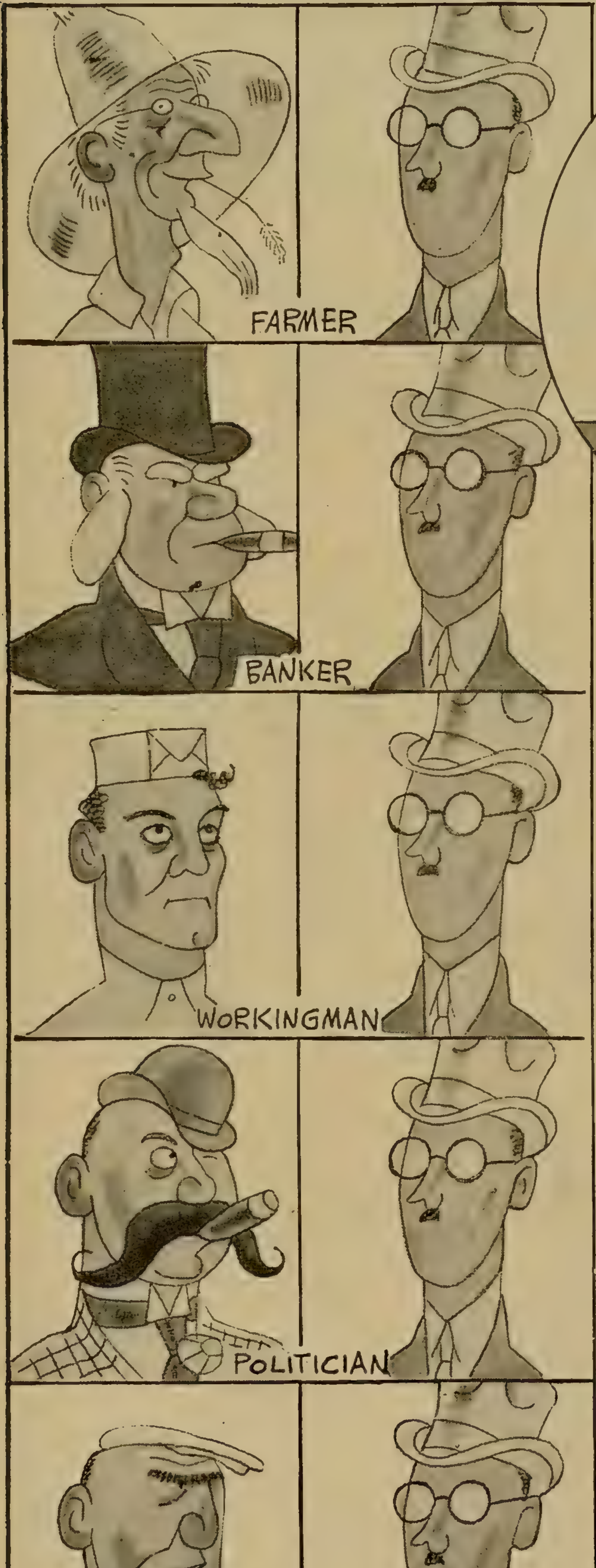
Shall we legalize beer and have that protection, or shall we turn the billion over to bootleggers to spend without plan or purpose?

THE END

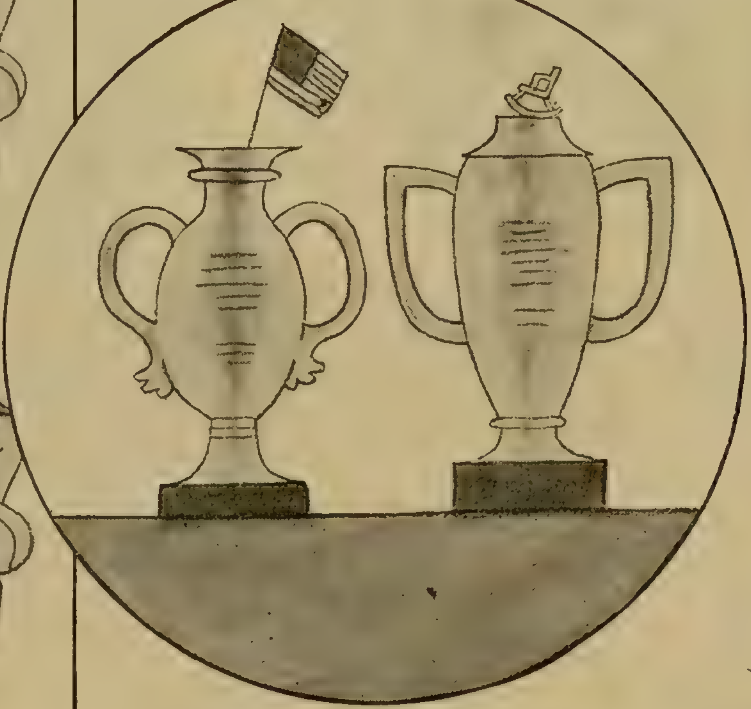
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

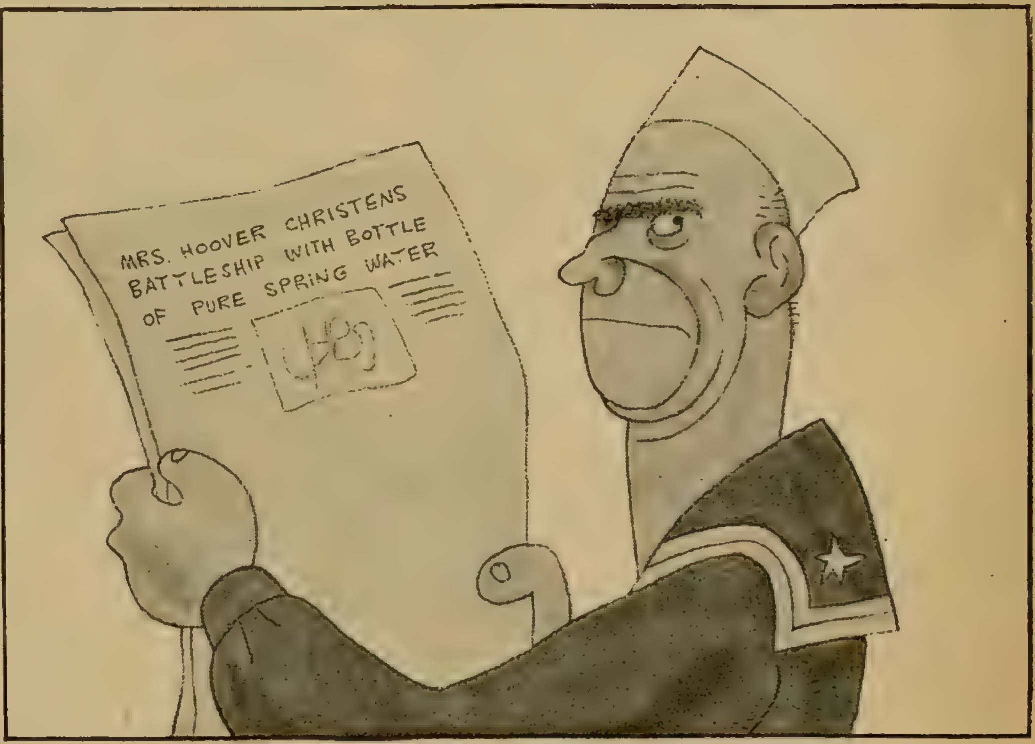
By RALPH BARTON


FARMER
BANKER
WORKINGMAN
POLITICIAN
CROOK

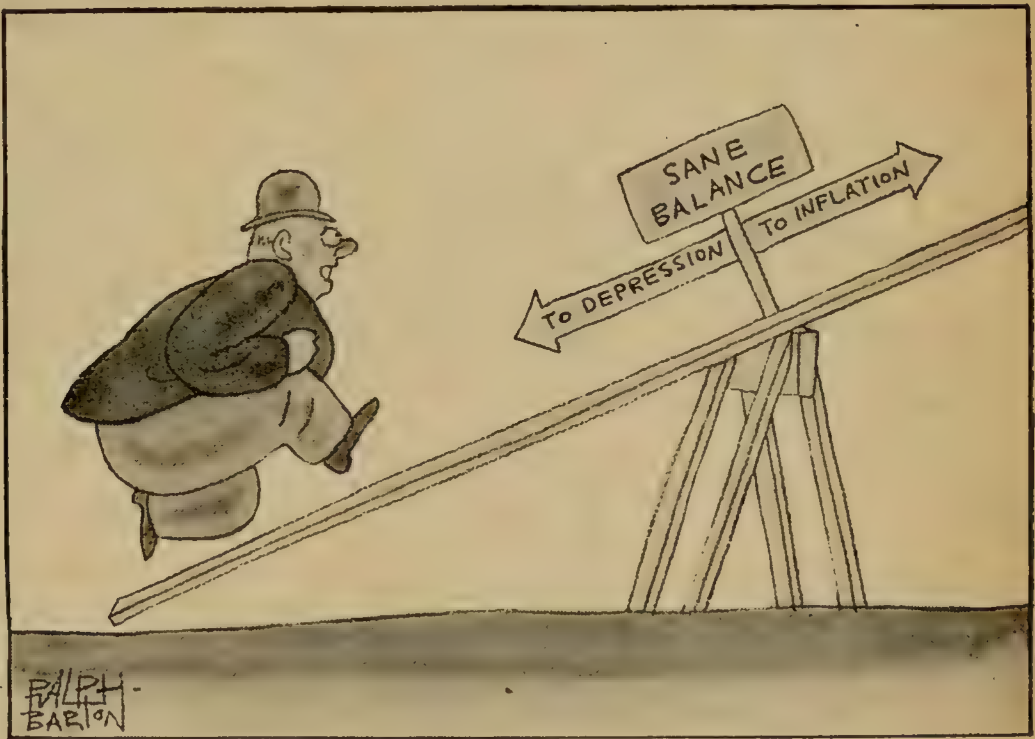
THE CARTOONISTS' PRIVATE DEPRESSION. The way (left column) certain types used to look in the good old days, and the way (right column) they look today.



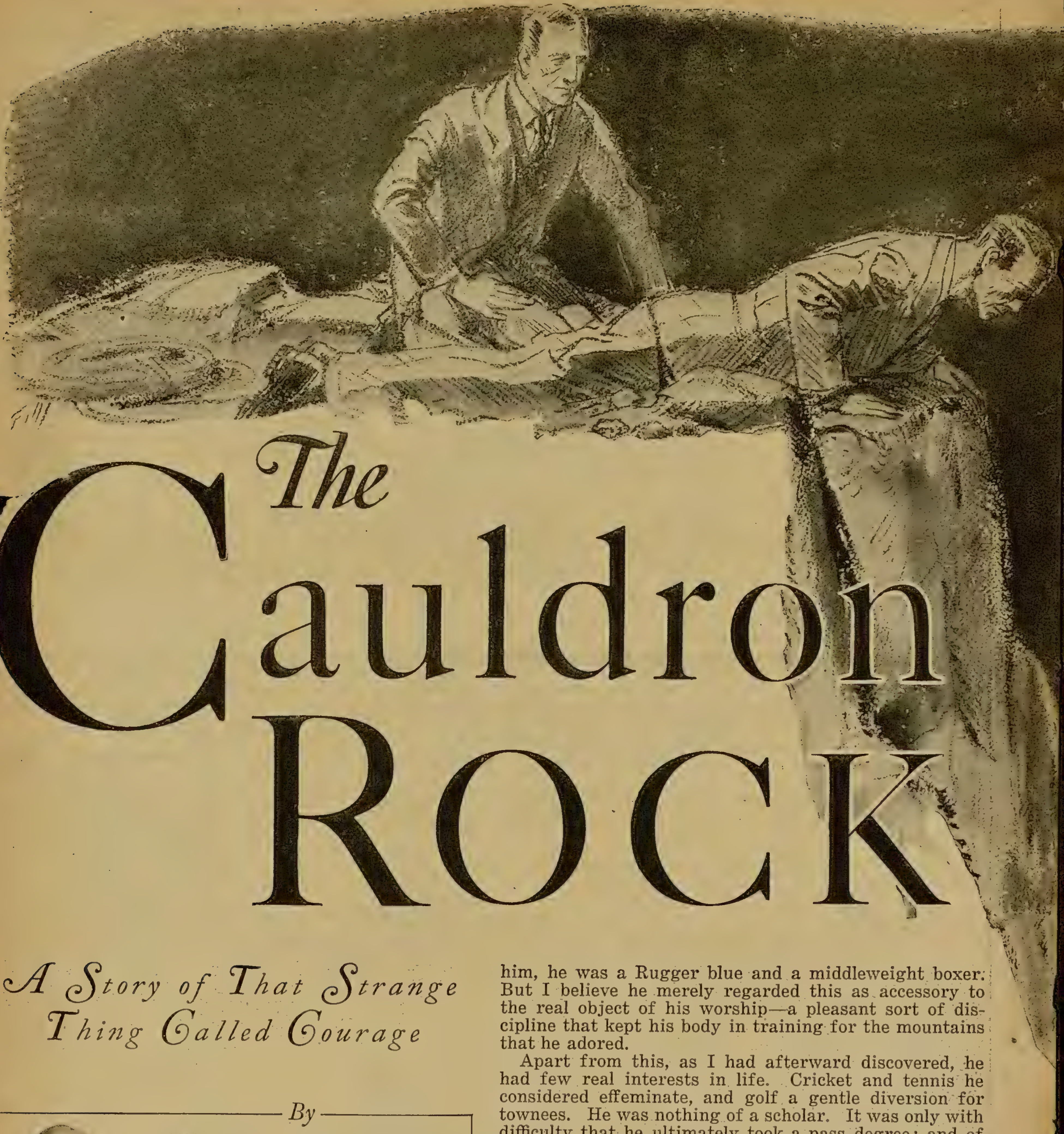
MAN'S CONQUEST OF SPACE AND TIME. The English may hold the motor-car, airplane and speed-boat records for the world, but the flagpole-sitting and chair-rocking cups belong to us.


MRS. HOOVER CHRISTENS BATTLESHIP WITH BOTTLE OF PURE SPRING WATER

WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTION.


SANE BALANCE
To DEPRESSION
To INFLATION
RALPH BARTON

WELL, it looks as though Business were about to rush to the other extreme again.



The Cauldron ROCK

A Story of That Strange Thing Called Courage

By

H. H. BASHFORD

a London physician who writes in his spare time and is widely known in England as the author of a book called The Corner of Harley Street. Officially, he is a medical officer on the staff of the British General Post Office.

Pictures by CHARLES B. FALLS

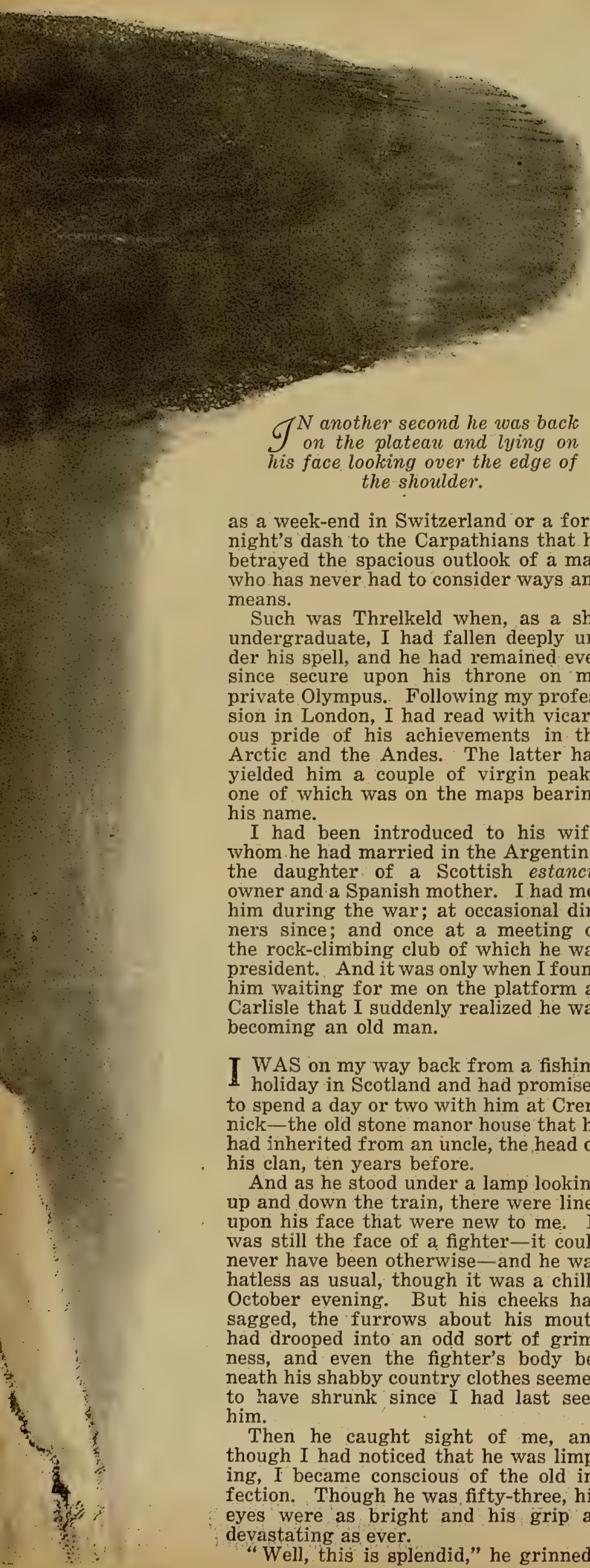
(Reading time: 29 minutes 40 seconds.)

PERSONALLY I am a lowlander, a lover of downs and chalk streams, though I have climbed a few mountains and enjoyed the experience. But Maurice Threlkeld was a hillman born, and climbing was the great passion of his life.

It was true that at Oxford, where I had first met him, he was a Rugger blue and a middleweight boxer. But I believe he merely regarded this as accessory to the real object of his worship—a pleasant sort of discipline that kept his body in training for the mountains that he adored.

Apart from this, as I had afterward discovered, he had few real interests in life. Cricket and tennis he considered effeminate, and golf a gentle diversion for townees. He was nothing of a scholar. It was only with difficulty that he ultimately took a pass degree; and of literature, art, and music he was entirely and a little irreverently ignorant. He was not even interested, except for strictly utilitarian reasons, in hunting, shooting, or fishing, though he was descended from a long line of Cumberland squires who had lived for very little else.

But I had never before, and I have seldom seen since, anyone so glowingly and almost contemptuously fit. I have used that word deliberately, and yet it is perhaps hardly the right one, since he was the soul of good temper. Though his wide-set blue eyes, broad-nostriled nose, and firmly shut mouth were those of a typical fighter, he had the readiest of smiles, a simple sort of humor, and a characteristic deep-chested laugh. In his own fashion, too, as a strict Roman Catholic, he was sincerely religious. And though, even at Oxford, he had a considerable income, it was only in such proposals



IN another second he was back on the plateau and lying on his face looking over the edge of the shoulder.

as a week-end in Switzerland or a fortnight's dash to the Carpathians that he betrayed the spacious outlook of a man who has never had to consider ways and means.

Such was Threlkeld when, as a shy undergraduate, I had fallen deeply under his spell, and he had remained ever since secure upon his throne on my private Olympus. Following my profession in London, I had read with vicarious pride of his achievements in the Arctic and the Andes. The latter had yielded him a couple of virgin peaks, one of which was on the maps bearing his name.

I had been introduced to his wife, whom he had married in the Argentine, the daughter of a Scottish *estancia* owner and a Spanish mother. I had met him during the war; at occasional dinners since; and once at a meeting of the rock-climbing club of which he was president. And it was only when I found him waiting for me on the platform at Carlisle that I suddenly realized he was becoming an old man.

I WAS on my way back from a fishing holiday in Scotland and had promised to spend a day or two with him at Crennick—the old stone manor house that he had inherited from an uncle, the head of his clan, ten years before.

And as he stood under a lamp looking up and down the train, there were lines upon his face that were new to me. It was still the face of a fighter—it could never have been otherwise—and he was hatless as usual, though it was a chilly October evening. But his cheeks had sagged, the furrows about his mouth had drooped into an odd sort of grimness, and even the fighter's body beneath his shabby country clothes seemed to have shrunk since I had last seen him.

Then he caught sight of me, and though I had noticed that he was limping, I became conscious of the old infection. Though he was fifty-three, his eyes were as bright and his grip as devastating as ever.

"Well, this is splendid," he grinned; "splendid"—and in the faintly amused glance that he threw at my fishing rods, I could see him on tiptoe with one of his gibes about a pastime for maiden aunts. Then he clutched my kit bag from a reluctant porter. It was a point of honor with him never to allow his guests' luggage to be carried by anybody else while his own hands were free. And five minutes later we were in an ancient and battered touring car heading through Carlisle for the open country.

"Well, and how are you?" I said.

"Fine. Bit of rheumatism about me, that's all."

"And Mrs. Threlkeld?"

He took a headlong corner.

"Oh, fine," he said, "thanks."

"And the boy?" There was a son of twenty—an only child—whom I hadn't seen since he was fourteen.

"Oh, pretty fair," he grunted. "Not feeling cold, are you?"

Though it was a twenty-mile drive from Crennick Hall, he had apparently jumped into the car just as he was; and as far as I could see, his question was merely academic, since there were no signs of a rug. Luckily my coat was a thick one, however, and half an hour later, after one of the most perilous bits of driving that I have endured, we were turning into the graveled drive, shadowed by yews and rhododendrons, that led to the front door of Crennick Hall.

By then it was pretty dark, though there was a moon behind the clouds, and I could only gather a general idea of the house. But it was obvious at a glance that, magnificent as was its setting, it made no pretense of architectural beauty. After the haphazard fashion, too, of an earlier day, it faced east over a comparatively level stretch of country, with its shoulders to the mountain ranges on either side and its back to a spur of the Lowthwaite woods.

It was rather what I had expected, in fact, from what I had heard—a solid and uncompromising structure—and the large hall into which Threlkeld pushed me was thoroughly in accordance with the exterior.

FACING me, between two doors, was a great fireplace, with a coal fire laid but not lit, and a portrait above it, hanging a little askew, of some Threlkeld ancestor.

Threlkeld himself had forgotten the painter's name, but his wife told me later that it was Sir Joshua Reynolds; and it was flanked by a colored photograph of the Matterhorn and an ancient fox mask beginning to molt. For the rest, the hall contained a row of pegs laden with overcoats, oilskins, rucksacks, and coils of climbing rope, and a wooden chest—a really fine old piece—filled with gaiters, puttees, snowshoes, and string. Threlkeld looked at his watch. It was seven o'clock.

"I'll try and find the missis," he said. "Sonia!"

The sound of a piano stopped at his shout, and two people emerged from the door at the left of the fireplace.

"We feed at half past," said Threlkeld. "The missis'll look after you. I'll just run the car round to the stables."

Mrs. Threlkeld came forward and shook hands with me. It was six years since I had last met her and her hair had become gray. But she was still a tall and beautiful woman, with the clear olive complexion and dark eyes of her Latin mother.

"And you remember Dick," she smiled. The boy was standing shyly behind her, taller than his mother but ridiculously like her—a delicate-looking lad, with long white hands and curiously guarded, somber eyes. He smiled faintly, however, in response to my greeting and some trite remarks as to how he had grown, and I apologized to Mrs. Threlkeld for not having brought any evening clothes.

"Oh, we never dress," she said, "except on special occasions. Maurice—"

Our eyes met, and I felt that hers ought to have twinkled. I was conscious that the boy was examining me carefully under his dark eyelashes.

"Maurice doesn't approve," I smiled, "of boiled shirts."

Both the boy and his mother smiled again faintly.

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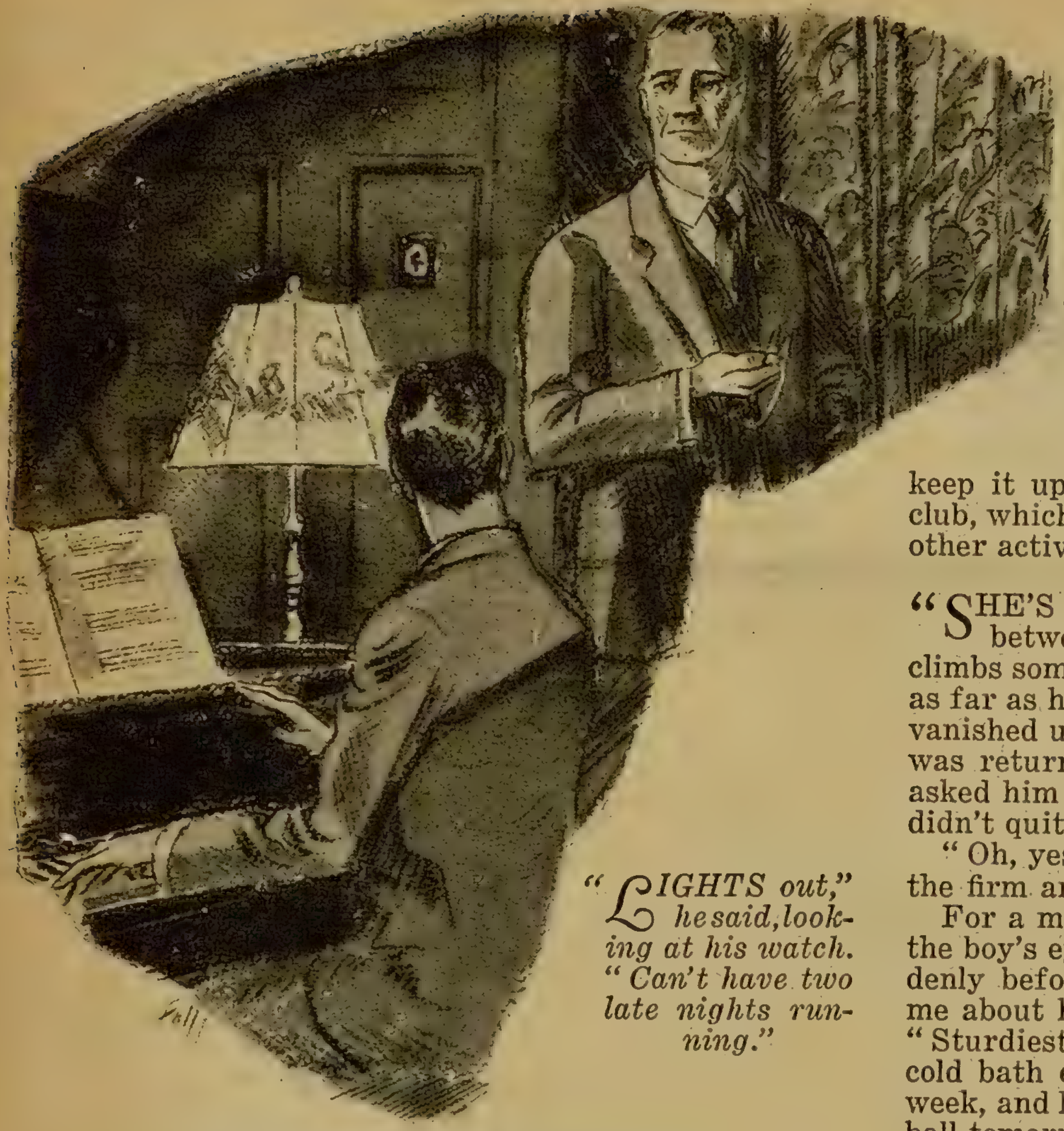


"LIGHTS out," he said, looking at his watch. "Can't have two late nights running."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Then a country damsel in the garb of a parlor maid clattered into the hall and was instructed to show me upstairs; and a couple of minutes later I was standing alone in a large and sparsely furnished bedroom. For a few minutes I waited, unpacking a suitcase and wondering if the maid would return with some hot water, and then Threlkeld himself burst into the room in his old boisterous manner.

"Well, this is splendid," he repeated. "Come and I'll show you the bathroom. You'll find plenty of hot water there if you want it. Personally I loathe the stuff unless I've been climbing," and he limped ahead of me down the corridor.

"Have you been climbing a lot?" I inquired.

IT was an innocent question. But he suddenly turned and stared at me almost suspiciously.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I was in Switzerland in August. Weather wasn't very good, of course. But I climbed a good bit."

"And does Dick climb?"

He was hunting about for towels.

"Not very much. Hasn't got the head for it."

He looked at his watch again.

"By Jove, we haven't much time. See you downstairs in five minutes."

Dinner was served, if that is the right word—I gathered that it was difficult to get servants to stay at Crennick—in the large room to the right of the fireplace; and I found it a rather curious experience. The center of the room was occupied by a huge table, of which we only occupied one end, and the walls were covered with a haphazard collection of portraits in oils and photographic enlargements. Next to a Mrs. Threlkeld in evening dress hung the faded likenesses of a school football fifteen, and below a Threlkeld in hunting kit was a photograph of Threlkeld himself with the Carey-Maitland expedition to Greenland.

But the food was plentiful if plain—a large joint, not very skillfully carved by Threlkeld, a chipped modern dish piled with boiled potatoes, and a lovely old bowl containing two enormous cauliflowers. There was no wine. But the beer was good. The maid I had seen before clumped about with the accessories; and it became apparent that Threlkeld did not regard mealtimes as appropriate occasions for conversation.

As for his wife, who had changed into a rather pretty frock, she asked the usual countrywoman's questions: Had I seen such and such a play, or read such and such a book, or been to such and such a gallery?

She had once, I knew, been an enthusiastic painter, but had been too busy, she said, to keep it up, although she had started a local sketching club, which seemed to be a success in spite of her various other activities.

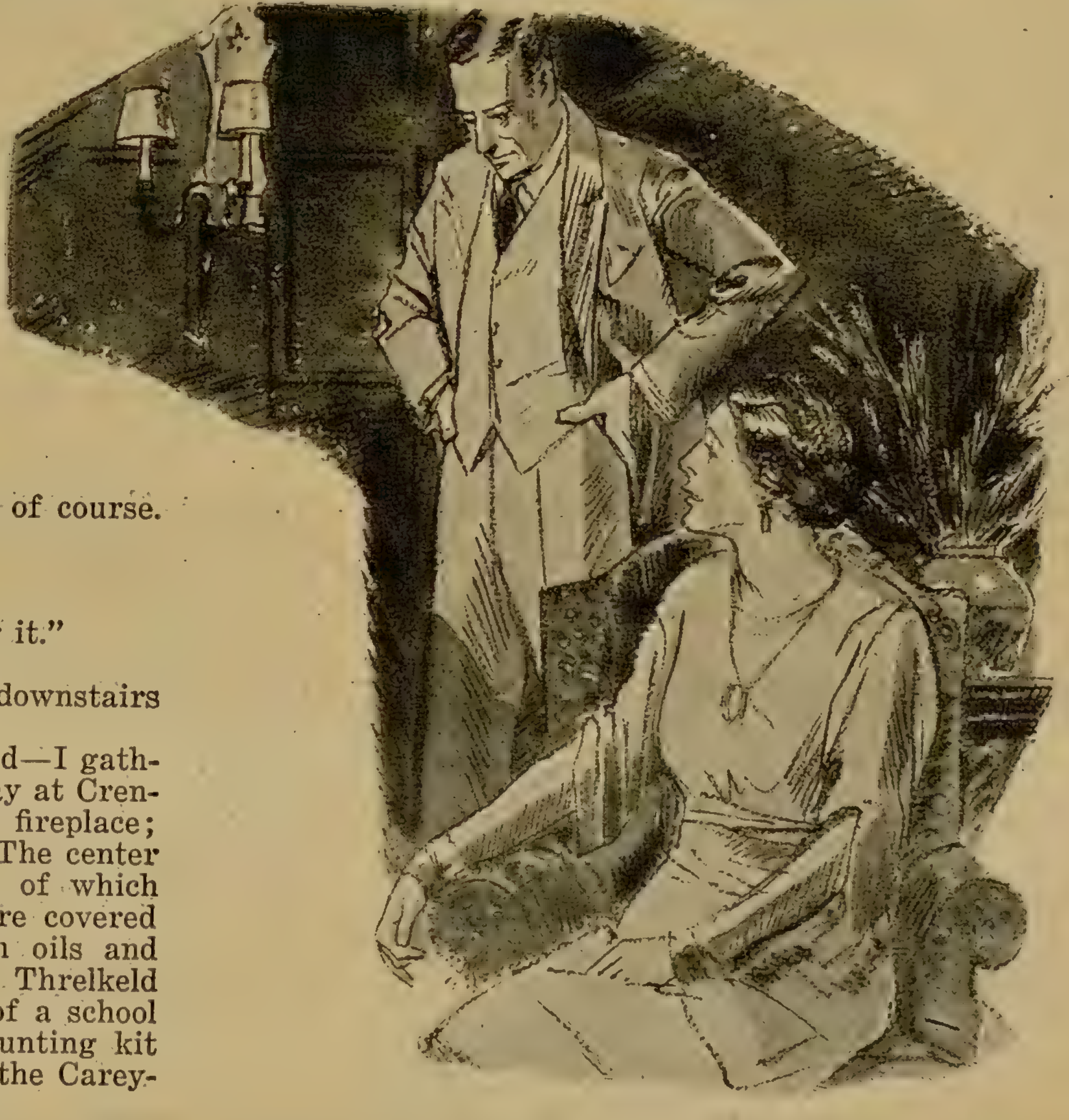
"SHE'S chairwoman of everything," grinned Threlkeld between mouthfuls, "and she still takes me for climbs sometimes; don't you, dear?" and I deduced that, as far as he was concerned, the days of her painting had vanished unwept. Meanwhile the boy said nothing. He was returning to Oxford in a day or two, and when I asked him what he was going to do, he muttered that he didn't quite know.

"Oh, yes, he does," said Threlkeld. "He's going into the firm and play the piano in his spare time."

For a moment I saw them look at one another. Then the boy's eyes fell, and an incident of the past stood suddenly before me—Threlkeld at a college dinner telling me about his little son and doing his best not to boast: "Sturdiest little chap you ever saw. I give him his cold bath every morning. Took him up Sedgedale last week, and he went like a good 'un. Buying him a Rugger ball tomorrow morning."

Threlkeld went on eating. His remark had been entirely good-humored. But the conquest of virgin peaks implies certain other qualities, and it seemed advisable to change the subject to that of his own interest in the business.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



"But Dick's playing his sonata to us. I should like him to finish it, if you don't mind."

THE
BEFORE-BREAKFAST SMOKER*
INSISTED...

"Sure, it's the Clean Taste!"

"It's more than Spud's cooler smoke," he argued. "It's Spud's cleaner taste. Spud isn't just another layer of morning-mouth. And I go on through 2 packs a day . . . yet the old mouth is always moist-cool and comfortably clean. That's why I smoke Spuds, if you really want to know."

Just another proof that Spud is the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Sun-up till sunset . . . puff after puff of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . yet you're always mouth-happy! Try Spuds for their continual clean taste!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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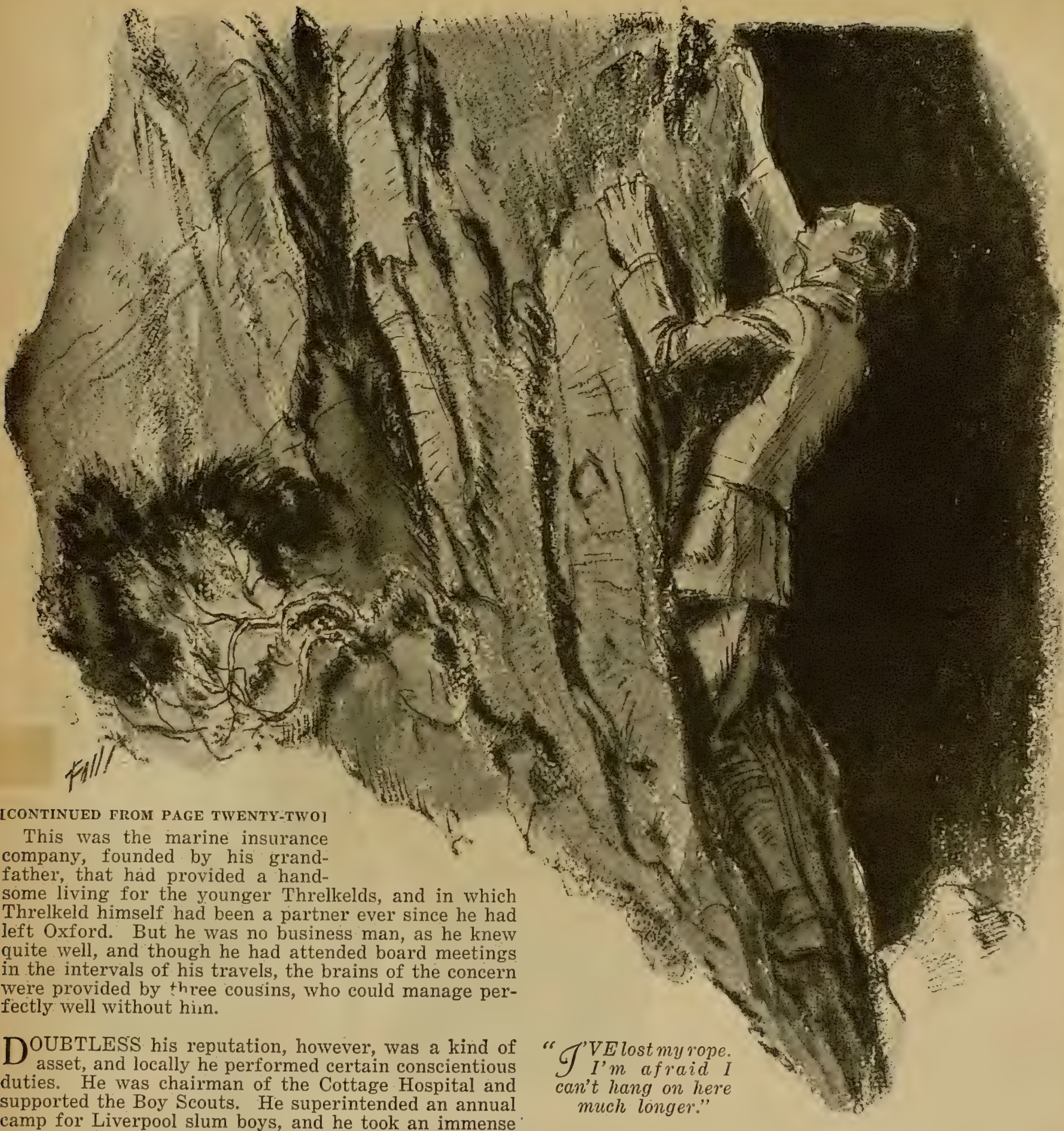

"I'VE lost my rope. I'm afraid I can't hang on here much longer."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

This was the marine insurance company, founded by his grandfather, that had provided a handsome living for the younger Threlkelds, and in which Threlkeld himself had been a partner ever since he had left Oxford. But he was no business man, as he knew quite well, and though he had attended board meetings in the intervals of his travels, the brains of the concern were provided by three cousins, who could manage perfectly well without him.

DOUBTLESS his reputation, however, was a kind of asset, and locally he performed certain conscientious duties. He was chairman of the Cottage Hospital and supported the Boy Scouts. He superintended an annual camp for Liverpool slum boys, and he took an immense amount of trouble over the affairs of the rock-climbing club, of which he was the revered and popular president. Indeed, when we retreated to his sanctum after dinner, I noticed that his desk was littered with laborious correspondence; and when at last I rose and suggested a move to the drawing-room, he told me to go along in while he finished a letter or two.

It was alone, therefore, that I received the shock that awaited me. For here was a room that almost took my breath away. It was so utterly different from anything that the house had seemed likely to offer. Not that it was very remarkable in itself. But wall paper, curtains, carpet, and furniture were delightfully blended into an attractive whole, and there were some delicate water colors on the wall.

They drew me at once, and Mrs. Threlkeld, who was knitting by the fire, reluctantly admitted that they were hers.

"And you've given up painting?" I exclaimed.

There was a moment's pause.

"You see, I'm a wife," she said at last.

I dropped into a chair. The boy, who had been sitting at the piano, was moving aimlessly about the room; and it was not until I had been rather insistent that he returned and began playing the piece before him. It was a fugue of Bach's, one of my favorites; and I realized at once that he was a born musician; not a perfect executant, but clearly an artist and an interpreter of a high order. It was charming to listen to him and watch his face; and he was playing a brilliant little sonatina of Ravel's when Threlkeld appeared, smoking his pipe, and stood fidgeting at the door until the boy ceased abruptly.

"Half past ten," said Threlkeld. "Time for bed."

The boy had almost jumped from his seat.

Mrs. Threlkeld smiled.

"It's so important to keep fit," she said.

Threlkeld was already switching out the lights.

II

PERHAPS it was because I was unaccustomed to retiring so early. Possibly it was due to something in the atmosphere of the house. But it was a long time before I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

"You can keep YOUTH!"

LEW AYRES assures you

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

Learn the Complexion Secret 98% of the important Screen Actresses know

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"The lovely screen stars know how vital youth is, and how to keep it! And hundreds of other women seem to know their complexion secret! Everywhere you go you meet them—twenty-five—thirty—forty!—still fascinatingly young.

"Indeed the stage and screen stars seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how long their list of successes."

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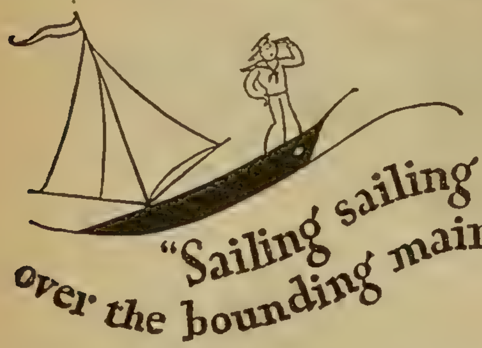
LEW AYRES, popular young Universal star, says: "The lovely stage and screen stars know how vital to their charm—their success—youth is, and how to keep it." Do *you* know how the fascinating stars guard youthful charm—keep their complexions softly fresh and aglow?

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

Singing Shave

Posed by Will Mahoney ©A. S. R. C., 1931



but nothing compares with the smooth sailing of an Ever-Ready Blade over a tender skin. It fairly floats through your beard—nary a scrape, nary a tug. Bathroom ballads come naturally to your lips.

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Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

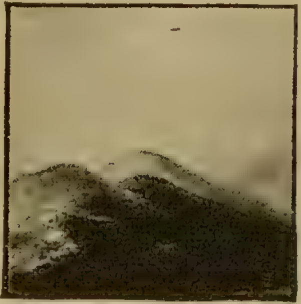
Ever-Ready
BLADES

Ever-Ready
Safety Razor
BLADES
Guaranteed

THE CAULDRON ROCK
Continued from page twenty-four

went to sleep, and just as I was dozing off I was awakened by a footstep. It was evidently Threlkeld limping down the corridor. I saw by my watch that it was half past one, and presently I heard a sound of splashing from the bathroom.

It was nothing very extraordinary, of course. But it seemed to emphasize the sense of discomfort that had been growing in my mind; and for at least an hour after he had returned to his bedroom, I could see its light glowing upon the yews in the drive. Then it snapped out, and I wondered what he had been facing—was still facing, perhaps, there in the dark—with those curious, obstinate, essentially decent, but totally unimaginative, viking blue eyes.



I found myself picturing his wife, too, as I had first met her, dazzled by his achievements and the splendor of his young manhood; and that dark-eyed boy, who had no head for climbing, starting like a shot rabbit away from the piano.

But it was no business of mine. I was old enough to have learned the folly of trying to mold other people's lives; and when I awoke it was to find Threlkeld in his pyjamas sitting upon my feet at the end of the bed. In spite of his white hair he looked extraordinarily boyish—or at any rate with the morning sun behind him—and it occurred to me suddenly that in everything but his body he was still very little more than an undergraduate.

"Well, what about it?" he said. "It's a perfect day. Feel fit for a stroll along the Hartgills?"

"Anything you like," I said, "as long as you don't kill me. I suppose we may have some breakfast first?"

He grinned.

"Breakfast in half an hour," he said; and by half past nine we were on our way, skirting the Lowthwaite woods on the seven-mile walk that would bring us to the foot of the range.

IN spite of the short night that he must have had, but to which he made no reference, he appeared cheerful enough, and swung along, a little ahead of me, at a pace that I found quite sufficient. And it was not until we were halfway up the first of the three hills—there is no real climbing on the Hartgills—that he drew a sharp breath, turned rather gray, and suggested that we should "take an easy." For a few seconds, however, he was unable to sit down, and then he lowered himself with obvious care.

"Twisted a muscle?" I said.

"No, it's this confounded arthritis. If it gets much worse—" he stopped abruptly.

I asked him if he had had any treatment, and it appeared that he had—every kind of massage and mud bath.

"But exercise is the thing," he said. "It'll be all right in a minute. I had a bit of a dose of it during the night."

He lit a pipe and we sat there in silence, staring over the valley at the mountains to the east—Haythaw, the Redlyns, and, a little to our left, Sedgedale Pike and Church Fell.

The day was warm, and in the soft October sunshine they might have been some meek tapestry of the autumn sky. But Threlkeld had grappled with them in every mood and there was not a precipice among them that he had left unchallenged.

"I'm getting an old man," he said presently.

"Nonsense," I said. "What's a touch of rheumatism?"

But if Threlkeld could never climb mountains again—if his body began to fail—what was left to him? The answer was in his eyes. But only for a second. He twisted himself to his feet, and I remembered the punishment that he had taken in the ring.

"Come along," he said. "We'll lunch on the top and then we can do the lot of them before dark."

THERE are three crests on the Hartgill range, with dips between of some five to six hundred feet; and by the time we descended the last, we should be ten miles from home—a twenty-three-mile day, exclusive of climbing. But at the foot of the second crest Threlkeld had become so lame that I suggested a descent into the valley; and as it was three o'clock, I proposed that we should have tea at the Lowthwaite Inn on the way back. Threlkeld called me a slacker, of course, but made no vigorous objection.

Cheerfully as he talked, I was certain that he was in considerable pain, and it was pleasant to drop down into the green track along the western shore of Lostwater. But the consequence was that we arrived home a couple of hours before we were expected, and there followed an incident that, trivial as it was, I would have given a good deal not to have witnessed.

It was six o'clock and the house was in semidarkness, though there was a full moon rising somewhere behind the mountains, and the only light shone from under the drawing-room door, where Dick was letting himself go at the piano. Fortunately Mrs. Threlkeld was out, though I fancy that, in the end, this would have made no difference, and Dick was alone, when we entered the room, surrounded by script of his own composition.

He stopped playing at once, with an uncertain smile, half cowed and half sullen, and Threlkeld, who was still probably in pain after his own exertions, asked him if he had been playing all the afternoon. Dick admitted that he had.

"Did you go out this morning?"

"Not very much," he said.

"Did you go out at all?"

Dick was silent.

"Well, can't you speak?" said Threlkeld. "Did you, or didn't you?"

"I was busy," Dick mumbled.

"Writing this muck?"

The boy began to gather his script together.

"Well, you'd better get out at once," said Threlkeld. "No wonder you're half a girl!"

The boy slid past us, avoiding our eyes.

"He plays rather well, you know," I ventured when he had gone.

"Well, for goodness' sake," said Threlkeld, "don't tell the missis that. He's soft enough already."

He turned away toward his own study, and it was this, I suppose, that precipitated the evening's climax. Not that the boy had mentioned the incident to his mother, or so I gathered from subsequent events. But the reflection of it upon his face, when he came in to dinner, would have been apparent to anybody but Threlkeld.

Indeed, though I did my best to keep the conversation going and Threlkeld himself seemed to have recovered his good humor, it was about the unhappiest meal that I had ever experienced, and I was profoundly glad when it came to an end. Threlkeld was the first to rise.

"See you presently," he said. "There's a fellow from the hospital coming up to do accounts"; and feeling more than ever that I was an intruder, I accompanied Mrs. Threlkeld and Dick into the drawing-room. Apparently the room had not been entered since Dick went for his walk, and a sheet or two of his script still lay on the floor. On the way to the fireplace Mrs. Threlkeld stooped and picked them up.

"This is Dick's sonata," she said with a smile.

REDDENING to the eyes, he tried to take them away from her.

"He's been working at it all the summer," his mother continued. "I wish you'd play it over to us, Dick; won't you?"

"I'd rather not," he said.

"But Mr. Hallam would like to hear it."

"He's heard it already," said Dick, "or some of it."

"But I should like to hear some more," I smiled, "if it's permitted."

Mrs. Threlkeld turned to me sharply.

"Of course it's permitted. Why shouldn't it be?"

"I mean," I said, "if Dick doesn't mind. If it's got to the stage where strangers may butt in."

He stood hesitating. But the piano was too much for him, and presently he had lost himself in his first movement. From her seat by the fire, Mrs. Threlkeld leaned over and whispered to me. "Do you think it's good?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid I'm not a judge," I replied, "but I should say that it was extremely promising."

"He wants to make it his profes-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Viva, Senores!
the 2 INGRAM barbers
[JERRY JAR AND TERRY TUBE]
make me grateful on the chin!

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
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INGRAM'S
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SHAVING CREAM
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"VIVA! I'm a warm-blooded rebel in the middle of a hot revolution, but I like a cool shave just the same!

"And the 2 Ingram Barbers (Senor Jerry Jar and Senor Terry Tube) keep my cheek cool even in the tropics!

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It's cool, It's Cool, It's COOL

"Senores, this Ingram's Shaving Cream is so cool and comfortable that I suspect it came down from the Polar ice fields rather than the United States!"

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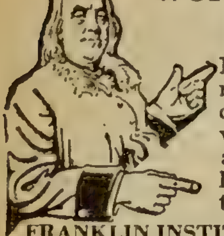

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[THE CAULDRON ROCK
Continued from page twenty-seven]

sion," she said, "to be a composer. He wants to leave Oxford and study in Germany."

It seemed wiser to smile and say nothing, and anyway the boy had begun to talk.

"That was how it first came to me," he said. "But I think it's a bit too sentimental."

He had lost every trace of self-consciousness.

"I think it's better like this."

He swung round to the piano again. He looked extraordinarily young and ardent.

"Yes, I think it is," said his mother. "Give us some more. I love that slow bit that comes next."

He played this twice, and was embarking on the last movement—it was only roughed out, he said, in his mind—when Threlkeld appeared at the door and the ritual of last night began to repeat itself.

"Lights out," he said, looking at his watch. "Can't have two late nights running."

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Threlkeld, "but Dick's playing his sonata to us. I should like him to finish it, if you don't mind."

"Sorry," said Threlkeld, "but he's been playing it all day. And we've got to tackle Haythaw tomorrow morning."

He switched off a light or two and stood waiting. Dick had risen and was standing beside the piano. But Mrs. Threlkeld had risen too, and I saw that her face was white to the lips.

"Look here, Maurice," she said, "we've had enough of this. This isn't a jail and you're not the governor."

Maurice was staring at her, not exactly stunned, but as if a stranger had hit him across the mouth; and there were not many people who had ventured to do that since he was a small boy at school.

"And you might remember," said Mrs. Threlkeld, "if you can get it into your head, that we're not all of us slaves to our beastly bodies. We occasionally have moments, strange as it may seem to you, when we think about something else."

SHE was so white that I thought she was going to faint. Dick was looking at her with miserable eyes.

"And I'm sick of it all—this everlasting tyranny. And I'm sick of you, and you know it. So's Dick. Do you understand? So perhaps you'll kindly turn those lights on."

There was a moment's pause, and in Threlkeld's blue eyes I saw the same look that I had surprised there in the morning. He had lost something else, it seemed, besides his mountains.

He tilted his head a little and began to grin. I had seen him do it in the ring in the old days, when he had taken a blow that would have put most people out.

"Right you are," he said. He switched on the lights. "Carry on." Then he looked at me.

"Like a turn outside?" he asked. "It's a heavenly night."

The full moon burned in the stillness. He glanced at my slippers.

"Stick on your boots," he said. "I'll get out the car and we'll slip up the Cauldron."

III

IT was a ten minutes' drive to the foot of the Cauldron Rock, the last half mile being along a rough grass track, and but for a line or two about his eyes I should have said that Threlkeld was in the highest spirits.

As for the rock itself, it was a great granite buttress projecting from the foot of Sedgedale Pike, and facing across the valley, into which we had turned, toward the northern slope of the Lowthwaite woods. It consisted of a western shoulder of soft and overhanging stone, far too treacherous to climb, a precipice or face, four hundred feet high, up which Threlkeld had been the first to find a way, and an eastern cleft concealing the waterfall from which the rock had taken its name.

It was up this cleft that it was usually climbed. For anybody who could scramble, it was not a difficult ascent, and if only I could have forgotten the scene I had just left, I might have found the prospect exhilarating. Even as it was, there was something in the beauty of the night and our utter isolation that could not be denied—with the valley so bright that each blade of its grass seemed to have been touched by some ghostly frost, and, dwarfing the whole and our tiny car, the dark precipice towering above us.

Threlkeld shut off the engine and tossed out a coil of rope.

"You're not going up the face," I said, "are you?"

The haunted look crept into his eyes again.

"You mean you wouldn't trust me to take you up?"

"I wouldn't trust myself."

He climbed out of the car.

"All right," he grinned; "you needn't worry."

He slipped his head and arm through the coil of rope.

"We'll walk up the stairs like two elderly gentlemen."

Going back a little, we pushed through some bushes and into the darkness of the ravine. In front of us loomed the great mass of the flank of Sedgedale, with the Cauldron Pool at our feet. The fall was hidden from us by a belt of firs, but its roar filled our ears and made speech impossible, and it was not until we had been climbing for a quarter of an hour that its dark liquor became faintly visible. By then we were at its head, and what we were looking at was the smooth emptying of its upper basin.

Threlkeld had paused, and for a moment we stood looking down at it, our eyes grown accustomed to the darkness. Then he turned left for the steepest part of the climb, and with my eyes on his boots I followed him up.

I was beginning to be conscious of my years and had twice bruised one of my shins. There had crept into my mind, too, since we left the fall, a faint but growing uneasiness. Was this meant, I wondered, to be only a climb, an hour in the fresh air before we went to bed?

I looked up. Threlkeld had disappeared, and I was conscious that my heart had missed a beat. But a minute or two later I saw him waiting for me, and before I had realized it, we were upon the top of the buttress. It was as though we had suddenly been translated to another world, somewhere halfway between heaven and earth. His eyes were dancing.

"Well," he said; "well?"

THIS was what he had lived for and which was now slipping from him. Drenched in the moonlight, we stood on a plateau looking across at the Lowthwaite woods, and beyond them at the flake of silver that he told me was Lostwater and the soft phantoms of the Hartgills. We crept to the edge and, far below us, saw the car like a miniature toy. Threlkeld filled his pipe and felt for a match.

"I'm going down the face," he said. "I'll race you to the bottom."

"You're not," I said.

"I am."

He was looking at me steadily over the glow of his match.

"But it's madness," I said. "You'll kill yourself."

"It's a legitimate risk," he said, "and I'm going to take it."

The match flickered up for a second and his eyes told me the rest.

"I'll give you a start," he smiled, "of a couple of minutes."

"But I'm not taking it."

"Then we'll start square. Or you can see me off. But I'm not going to be stopped."

He was already upon the brink and feeling for his first foothold.

"Mustn't rag about here," he said, "or you'll send me over."

And that was true, of course. I could do nothing. Nobody could have done anything. Better to treat it as a nightmare.

"Well, good luck," I said.

Our eyes met again. The drone of the fall was the only sound on earth. And then, by the mercy of God, there came another, and a second and a third. They were the diminishing thuds of a falling stone, followed by a rattle and slither of scree—followed

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

IF YOUR BABY IS A BOTTLE BABY

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BOTTLE babies sometimes have a pretty hard time of it. They gain slowly—nothing seems to "agree" perfectly. Mothers can't help worrying.

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Your baby—is he thriving on his present food? If not, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby"—a beautiful little book, illustrated in color for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

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After-Shaving Talcum 50c
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Shaving Cream 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

THE CAULDRON ROCK
Continued from page twenty-nine

at last by a faint full stop as the original stone hit the grass below. Threlkeld swung out and peered round the corner of the precipice.

“Good God!” he said. “There's a fool climbing the shoulder.”

In another second he was back on the plateau and lying on his face looking over the edge of the shoulder.

“Hoi!” he shouted. “You can't get up there!”

But the climber was invisible and there was no reply. Threlkeld rose to his knees and then to his feet.

“The damned fool,” he said. “He'll do himself in.” And presently there came a little sound—the click of a bootnail upon the granite somewhere below us, out of sight.

“He's working to his left,” said Threlkeld. “He hasn't an earthly. The stone's as rotten as muck.”

We were both on our knees when a rope rose out of the void and curled over a rock thirty feet down. We saw it tighten and begin to test and to grow tense, biting into the fissures. Then the rock nodded, vanished like a bit of cheese, carrying the rope with it and an avalanche of shale.

“Fellow too,” said Threlkeld, “as likely as not.”

BUT an arm and a shoulder had come into sight, and a little more—enough to make Threlkeld half turn and tell me quietly that it was Dick. What was in his mind I could not guess, and the tone of his voice did not betray it. He supposed that the boy must have followed us on his bicycle.

“Hullo, Dick!” he said. “Is that you?”

We heard a faint gasp from the rock face below:

“Yes. I'm sorry, but I've lost my rope. I'm afraid I can't hang on here much longer.”

Threlkeld was already measuring the only possible foothold, but did not disclose his private opinion of it.

“All right,” he said. “I'm just coming down. If I can get to that ledge,” he added, “I think I can reach him.”

There was nothing at hand round which we could belay the rope. But there was a socket that would take a boot heel.

“YOU can hold me from here,” he said, “can't you?”

“Hold an ox,” I said, and prayed that I was right.

He slipped over the edge and I felt his weight on the rope.

“Right you are!” he called. “Chuck it down.”

Stooping over, I saw him at the root of the overhang, close to the fissure made by Dick. It was down this that he was paying out the rope. If there was an outcrop of granite under him, it might hold them. I would have preferred not to look, but after a couple of eternities I saw Dick's hand feeling for the rope.

All depended now upon what was beneath Threlkeld's feet, but at last he was calling to me again. The rope soared back to me and I caught it. Dick was the first to stumble upon the plateau. He was as white as his mother had been less than an hour ago, and a second or two later he was sick. But he was sitting up and smiling rather shakily by the time that Threlkeld had joined us.

“Sorry,” he said, “I'm no good at climbing. And I t-tell you straight that's my last effort.”

He gave me his hand and I helped him up.

“But, anyway, nobody else has climbed that before.”

Threlkeld was staring at him without a word, and then a rather astonishing thing happened. I was discovering a boot lace that had come undone, and Dick was a little boy again, tight in his father's arms.

THE END

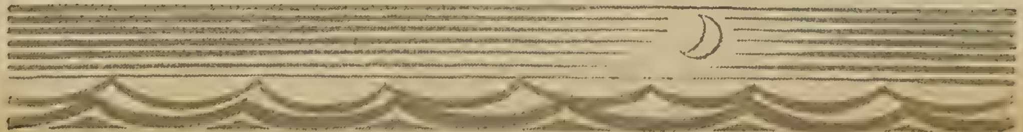
AMOUR

By J. W. West, Jr.

The moon floats halved,
On a glass of gray,
A sheeny buoy,
That lights the bay.

My love hangs light,
So frail the thread,
Afraid I am . . .
My lover said . . .

This love so fragrant,
Breath of fresh May,
Will fade with the moon
That sinks in the bay.



Gillette counts heavily on Liberty in 1931

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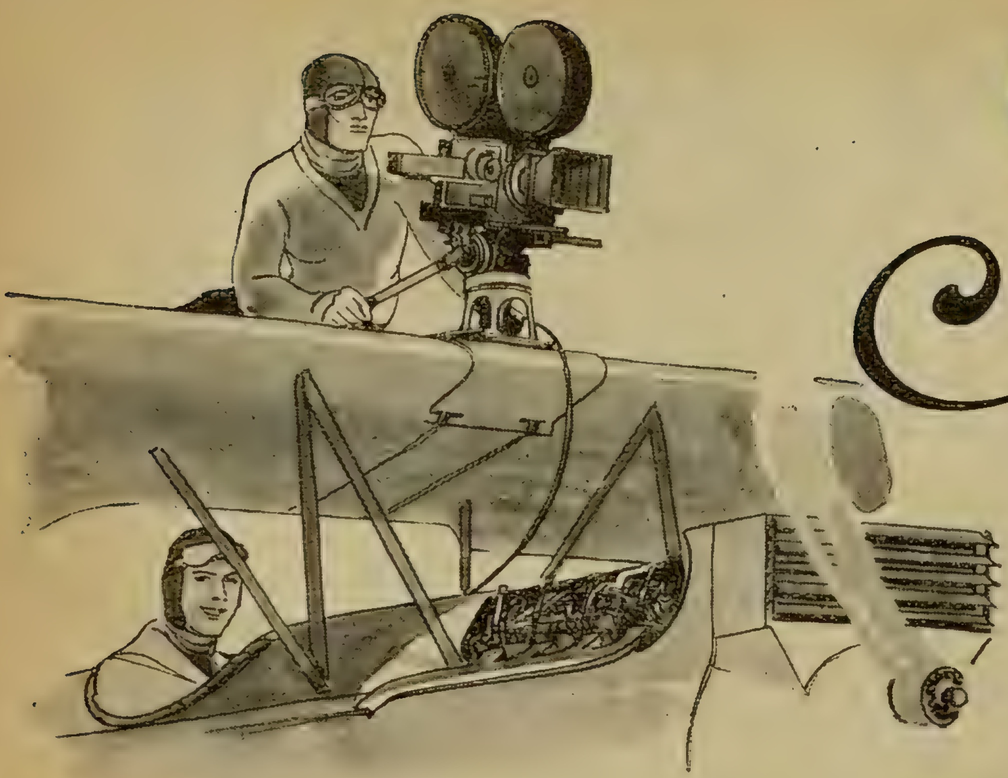


SHOTS

An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

As Told to ROBERT A. DONALDSON

By FRANK CLARKE

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 20 minutes 6 seconds.)

TRICK flying, wing-walking, plane changes, and sensational air stunts are a thing of the past—even in motion pictures. They went out with the Perils of Pauline type of picture. The tactics of flying during the war have been and are still being recorded in such pictures as Wings, Lilac Time, and Hell's Angels. But the old melodramatic stunts, which had no practical value beyond thrilling the spectator, are gone. It seems strange to think a generation of kids is growing up that will never see films in which the hero changes from plane to plane to rescue the heroine or the villain sets fire to the hero's ship in midair in an effort to kill him off and win the girl.

That is, they won't see them unless the news reels of past years are revived, or some of the old feature pictures are brought to life.

If, by any chance, the boys of tomorrow want to see this sort of thing, I couldn't do better than recommend that old picture of Katherine MacDonald's, Stranger than Fiction. It took months to make, and everything was in it but the kitchen sink.

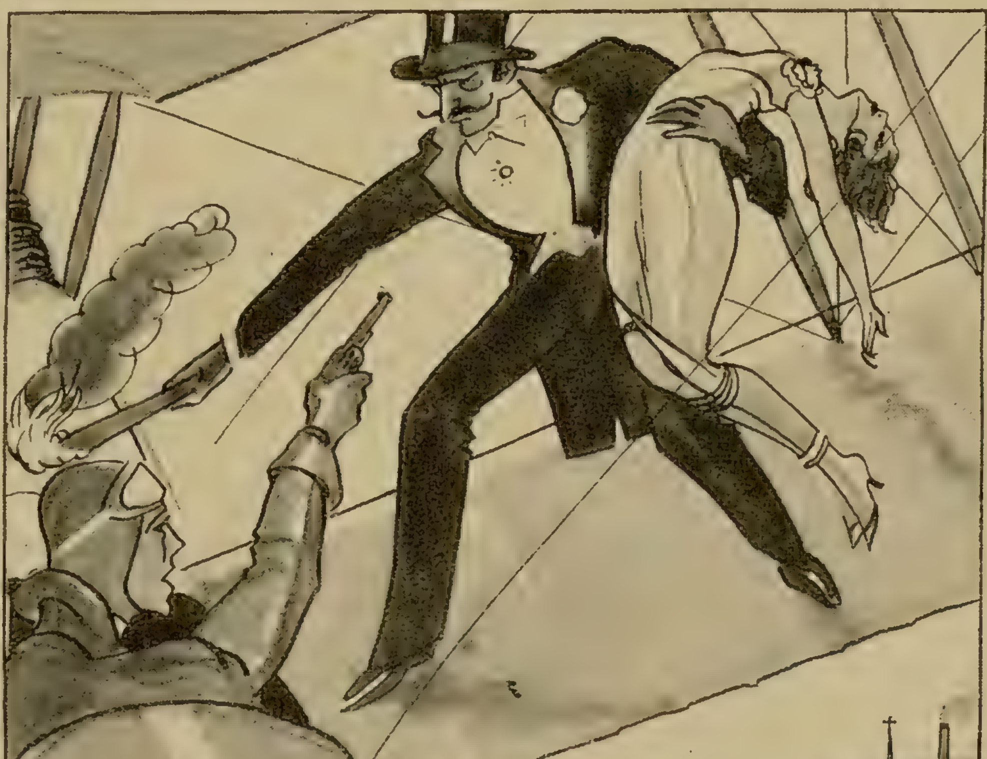
It was while attempting to photograph a stunt the scenario writer had thought up for this picture that I barely prevented the wildest melodrama from happening in real life.

The plan called for one of the characters to make a parachute jump out of a plane, and for another plane, with a three-foot iron anchor dangling from a cable, to come along and hook the parachute, the jumper then hauling himself up by the shroud lines and climbing by the cable to the second ship.

Everyone was rather dubious as to whether this could be done. However, two ex-army flyers, Lieutenant Robinson and Sergeant Sauren, thought they could do it.

Robinson was to fly the pick-up plane with the anchor, while Sauren was to do the jumping.

Sauren had devised a parachute harness for use if anything went wrong. He could cut the chute loose and then, having a second one on his back, could pull its ring and come down safely.



No longer does the villain set fire to the hero's ship in midair to kill him off and win the girl.

I was flying a camera ship to photograph the stunt. At the proper height Sauren jumped and the chute opened. Something did go wrong, however, and one of the lines caught over his hand. Meanwhile Robinson was bearing down on him with the villainous anchor dangling below.

Because the lines of the first chute had caught over his hand, making it impossible to do the stunt, Sauren pulled his trick harness and cut the first chute loose. Once free he pulled the ring on his emergency chute and floated down.

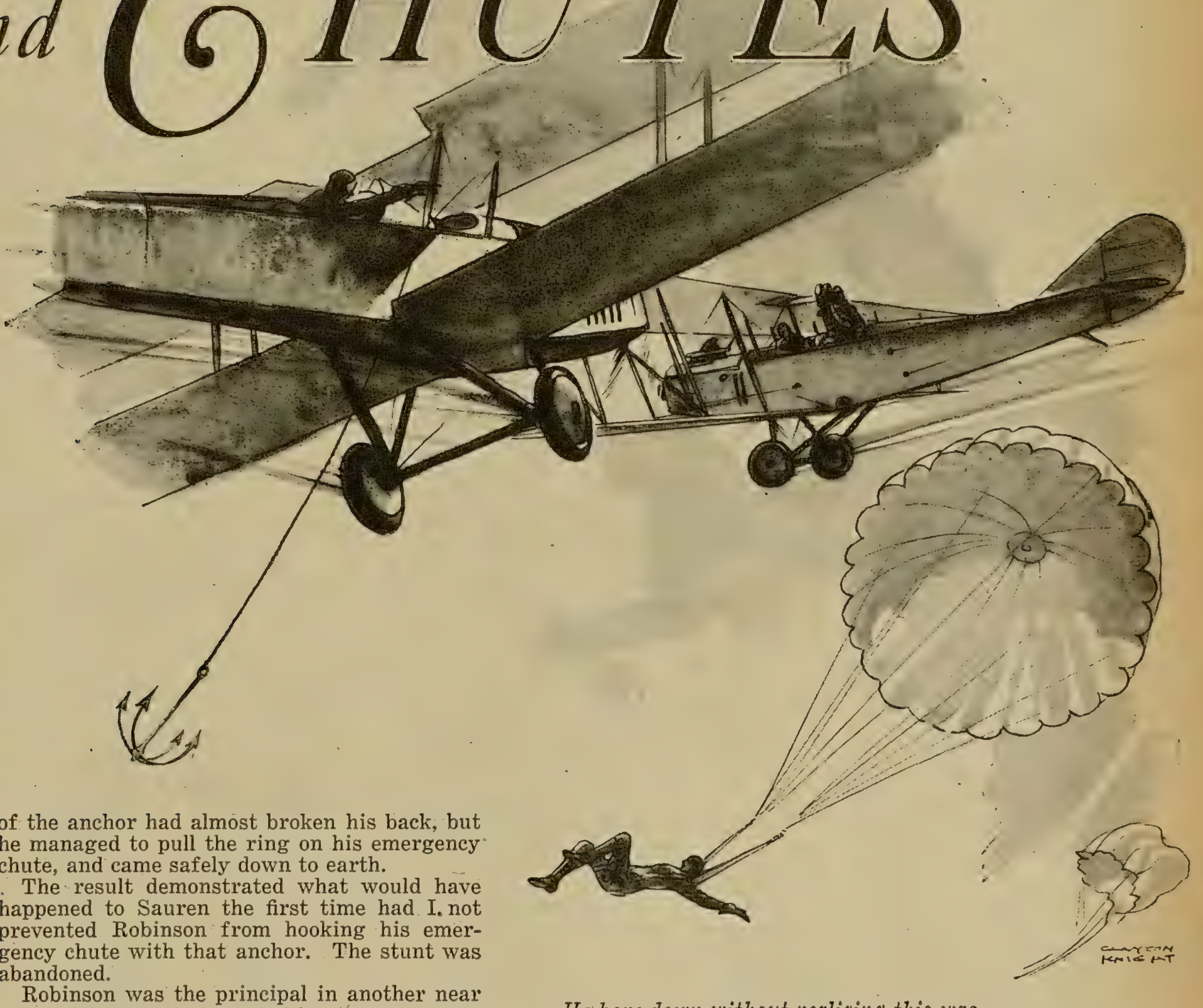
Robinson hadn't seen Sauren cut loose the first chute. All he saw was Sauren below him dangling from a parachute. He bore down without realizing that this was the emergency chute on which Sauren's life depended.

When I saw Robinson and his iron anchor head for Sauren, I realized what was happening. I dived the camera ship and put it between Robinson's plane and Sauren. I motioned to him to go back. He motioned to me to get out of the way. He turned around and started again for Sauren with his anchor. Again I shot the camera plane in front of him. He was furious and came as close to me as he dared, as a warning to get out of the way and not spoil the stunt. This happened several times, until at last the chute and the planes were too close to the ground to perform the stunt anyway. When Robinson and I landed he was so sore that he was ready to tear into me, and he started bawling me out before I had a chance to explain. He was astounded and very grateful when he learned the truth.

SHORTLY afterward Sauren rigged up his chutes and harnesses again and we went up to try the stunt over. At the proper height he jumped and the chute opened.

Robinson bore down on him. The iron anchor caught the chute. It gave a tremendous jerk, tore away the silk, broke all the shroud lines as if they had been cut by knives, and left Sauren dropping in midair. The jerk

and CHUTES



He bore down without realizing this was the emergency chute on which Sauren's life depended.

of the anchor had almost broken his back, but he managed to pull the ring on his emergency chute, and came safely down to earth.

The result demonstrated what would have happened to Sauren the first time had I not prevented Robinson from hooking his emergency chute with that anchor. The stunt was abandoned.

Robinson was the principal in another near tragedy in the filming of this picture.

He was supposed to set a plane on fire and jump out in a parachute. A fuse had been arranged which he was to light before bailing out. It was to be several seconds before this fuse set the plane on fire. In addition the plane had been loaded with giant powder bombs. These were attached to a fuse connected with the altimeter, so that when the plane dropped to 2,000 feet the bombs would be set off.

Robinson went up 4,000 feet over a field outside of Los Angeles. He set the altimeter fuse, and next the fire fuse, and prepared to bail out. Instead of giving him a few seconds, the plane caught fire with a roar. Some assistant had made the fire fuse by using flashlight powder, which goes off like greased lightning!

Robinson tried to go over the tail, but the plane went into a whipstall. Meanwhile all the fabric had burned off the wings. He had to jump without further delay.

He found the burning plane, its wings minus fabric, falling above him. It was a dead heat. He didn't dare open his parachute for fear it would tangle with the wreckage.

He kept on falling until he realized that he must take a chance. He pulled the ring and the chute opened. But just as it did the 2,000-foot altimeter fuse went off, and the bombs exploded. The concussion nearly blew him out of the air, but he made the descent safely. His plane lit between two cows, part of a dairy herd near the field. The whole herd was so frightened that it began to dry up and quit giving milk. The dairyman came over and complained loudly about it at the field.

Which reminds me of the time we made Rookies, with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. We did our flying in the San Fernando Valley at a time when there were no airports there. The valley is dotted with chicken ranches. We were flying very low, diving at a balloon which was supposed to have escaped. We used to clear the tops of the chicken pens by a few feet, and the hens would run and get so frightened that they'd lay eggs all over the place.

THE chicken raisers thought this was great, and used to come to the field and tell us that we'd invented one sure way to make their hens lay. At the end of a week, however, the hens quit laying altogether, and then the chicken raisers let up a howl to heaven and wanted to have us arrested and run out of the district. They also wanted to collect for the eggs their hens didn't lay.

One of the early parachute jumpers to meet his death was Wesley Mays. Like so many others, he met his end in a strange accident. He was making exhibition jumps at San Jose. When there was much of a wind it was his habit to unstrap his harness near the ground and hold on with his hands. This prevented his being dragged, as with much of a wind it is difficult to collapse a chute.

On this occasion he tried it, lit on a tree top in a

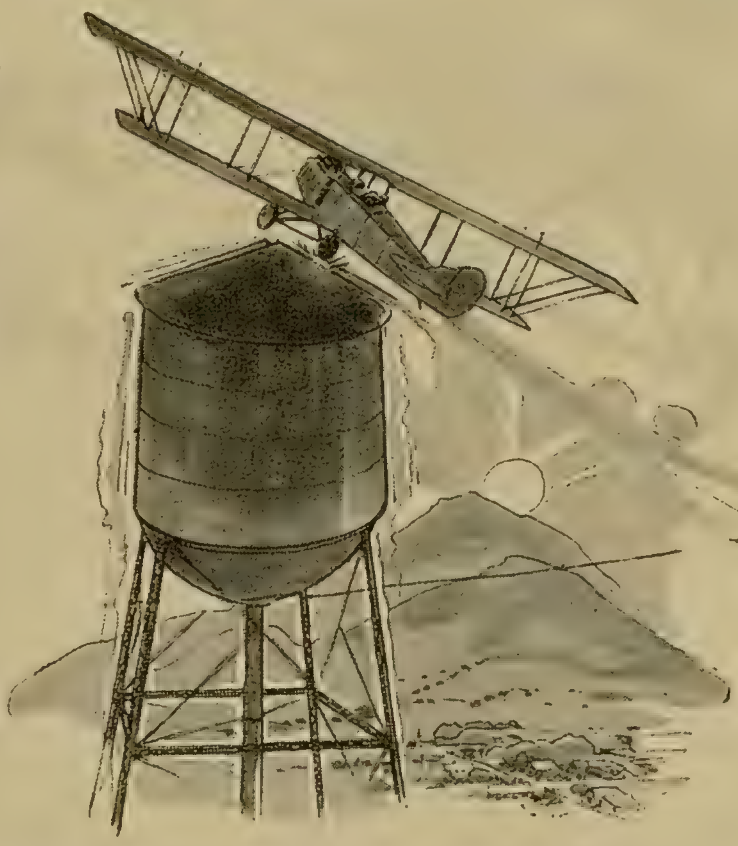
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOTS AND CHUTES
Continued from page thirty-three

graveyard, lost his hold, and fell through the tree across a tombstone, suffering a broken back and internal injuries which caused his death.

Sometimes unexpected realism takes place in the air. I was flying Mark Campbell and Jimmy Hester in one of the scenes of Stranger than Fiction. Campbell was doubling for Dave Dyas, the hero.

Mark had changed on to my plane from another ship and put on a fight with Hester in the cockpit. Hester was supposed to fight Campbell off with a heavy ten-inch wrench. A prop wrench of light balsa wood had been made up for him, but in taking off Hester had forgotten it and therefore had substituted a real wrench.



One day I actually did hit the top of the tower with one of my wheels.

Hester was supposed to drive Campbell out on the wing, hit him with the wrench, and knock him off. Campbell was wearing a parachute, and to conceal it had on a very large leather coat, which had been put together with loose break-away seams so that he could easily tear it off, after he was knocked from the plane, and pull the chute about 300 feet below, when he was out of camera range.

When the fight began Campbell started to get out of the cockpit and as he did so kicked Hester in the face. Hester thought Campbell had done it on purpose. They fought their way out on to the wing, and it became a real fight. Campbell backed off toward the wing tip. As he did so Hester made a pass at him with the heavy wrench. He thought Campbell knew it was a real wrench, and not the prop, and so would duck. Instead Campbell took the blow over the eye, and was knocked off the wing in a semiconscious condition. Hester was frantic as he saw what had happened. Instead of falling about 300 feet, Campbell fell about 2,000 feet before he came out of the daze, got an arm loose, tore off the coat, and pulled the ring, making a safe descent.

Hester thought of course Campbell would be out for his scalp. When we landed he went up to apologize to Mark, who had a welt as big as an egg over his eye. I think he thoroughly expected to have Campbell beat him up on the spot, and he was so contrite that he would have been willing to take the beating. Instead, Campbell said:

"That's all right, Jimmy. I might have been killed!" Mark was so happy to be down safely that he was generous enough not to be sore.

IN the old days nearly every pilot owned a plane of some sort, and financially it was either a feast or a famine. But even when broke a flyer still had his plane and a chance to go barnstorming.

One time when things were looking pretty lean around Los Angeles, four of us decided to organize a "Wild West Flying Circus." We mapped out a tour that took us to El Centro, in the Imperial Valley, and thence through the best towns of Arizona and New Mexico. All of this was then practically virgin territory for flyers.

We planned to put on a big exhibition, with acrobatics, stunt flying, wing-walking, and plane changes.

We would then take up passengers as long as business remained good.

We opened at El Centro. According to our agreement with the promoter we were to charge admission at the field and get a percentage of the gate receipts over and above the rent of the field.

A big crowd turned out. The ranchers came in for miles. As the time of the exhibition drew close, however, we noticed that there were far too few people inside the field. Too many stayed outside and parked their cars along the roads.

We decided something had to be done about this, so I went up in my plane, swooped down, and began to chase cars. I all but took the tops off a group of parked machines. It didn't take long for the outsiders to get the idea that it was going to be more pleasant and comfortable inside the field.

Our air circus went over big as far as the public was concerned. But when we came down after our stunts we found that the promoter had skipped with all the gate receipts. We never saw him again.

After paying various bills we were all pretty broke. Two of the boys quit in disgust and flew back to Los Angeles while they still had money. Ray Goldsworthy and myself sat down to figure things out. He didn't have a penny, and I had only seventy-five cents. We looked at a map and found the best bet among the near-by towns was Yuma, Arizona, on the Colorado River. It was small, but the center of a very large back country. We were told no commercial planes had ever flown there before except some army ships, which had passed over bound to or from San Diego during the war.

YUMA was fifty-five miles away, and we each had about enough gas to make it safely. We landed in a field near Yuma late in the afternoon. We hadn't been on the ground five minutes when a townsman and his wife drove up in a dusty machine. We chatted for a few moments and then he asked us what we would charge to take him up. I nearly kissed him and told him that the charge would be the customary ten dollars. He asked the best time of day to make a flight, and I explained to him that this particular hour of late afternoon was by far the best for air conditions. He said he believed he'd take a flight, and had just produced a ten-dollar bill when his wife spoke up.

"If you're going up in that contraption, drive me back to town first. I don't want to sit here and see you killed," she said. He turned to me, said he would drive her into town, and be right back.

As a salesman did you ever see a customer begin to slip and know that if he left the store he'd never return, even though he promised to do so? That was the way I felt, so I did some quick thinking. I said if they didn't mind I'd ride in to town with them and make reservations at the hotel.

I was afraid that if I didn't his wife would talk him out of flying. I knew that if I went he'd at least have to drive me back out to the field.

It worked out just that way. On account of my being present he didn't pay any attention to his wife's suggestions that he stay on the ground. We went back to the field, and I flew him around until I figured my gas must be about gone.

Ray and I took the ten dollars, got ourselves a room at the hotel and a good meal, and then called up the Standard Oil tank station and ordered fifty gallons of gas delivered to the field, and of course charged it.

The next day was Sunday and we did a land-office business. We took in $300 apiece that day, and about $200 apiece for the next three weeks! I really believe everyone within fifty miles of Yuma went up.

Just as this game was about washed up we got a wire from a promoter in Los Angeles asking us to participate in a race from Yuma to Phoenix with two other flyers in connection with the state fair. We accepted and Howard Patterson and Swede Meyerhofer joined us in Yuma.

"Stick together and don't actually race except the last ten miles," said the promoter. "I don't want to have to hunt for you or those old crates in the desert."

So we raced in the last ten miles. Swede Meyerhofer won and I gained second place. He then took the governor up on a flight, and I took up the governor's lady.

We flew for the fair and then took up 800 passengers on flights during the week.

We did so well there that we decided to try barnstorming at Tucson. But our good luck couldn't last forever. We had no more hit Tucson than it started raining. It not only rained, but it kept on raining. We were rained in there for six weeks. There was very little good flying weather, and practically none in which passengers cared to chance it, though we often went up ourselves from the muddy field.

As a result we spent all the money we had made in Yuma and Phoenix. But we had a grand time.

IF you want to enjoy real western hospitality go to Tucson. Our life there was just a continual round of parties and entertainments, most of which usually lasted into the small hours, often to the dawn. To top things off I got rather stuck on a girl there. I conceived the idea of writing her letters after a long night party, and then I would go out about seven A. M., get in my ship, fly almost up the face of the hotel, and drop the note. The people of Tucson didn't seem to mind at all, but the other boys, who had gone home to bed after the party, used to be annoyed at my flying round and round the hotel at that hour when they wanted to sleep.

To vary the monotony of straight flying I began making dives at the enormous steel water tower near the town, seeing how close I could come to it without hitting it. One day I actually did hit the top of it with one of my wheels, making a lot of noise and rocking the tower a little. The other flyers decided this was too much and planned to give me a scare. They went to the sheriff and the judge and framed up a fake warrant for my arrest. I forget all the charges, but there were plenty of them. Both the judge and the sheriff came to the field. The boys then put on the big act. They pleaded with the sheriff not to arrest me, saying that I was "an inexperienced flyer who didn't know any better." Of course this burned me up, but under the circumstances I didn't think it wise to say anything.

FINALLY the judge said he would let me off with a ten-dollar fine, and would take it either in cash or a ride in my plane. By that time I was on to the game. I told him I'd pay him off with a plane ride. I gave him a helmet and he was just about to climb into the cockpit when he must have caught some sort of gleam in my eye. Anyhow, he looked at me, laughed, and decided that he wouldn't go up.

He was a smart judge. I talked to him later, and he had sensed what I was going to do: I was going to take him up and dive him so close to that selfsame water tower that he'd have believed his last day of judgment had come!

Tucson people threw parties for us right and left, and most of them wound up about dawn. About the time the other boys went home to bed I'd go to the field—it was about the only time of day when we didn't have rain—and make a flight for my own amusement. I'd bring the plane down, touch the wheels on one of the wide city streets, and take off again without stopping. Once I landed when an old Ford was coming down the street. I thought I'd give the driver a thrill by taking off again and just clearing his top. But I never got the chance. A Mexican was driving and he was so scared when he saw me that he ran the car right up on a lawn, jumped out and disappeared! The flivver was still there on the lawn late that afternoon, so as far as I know he may be running yet. Another time I dived on a milk wagon drawn by a horse. The horse started to run away, went about a hundred yards, and then dropped dead. The milkman annoyed

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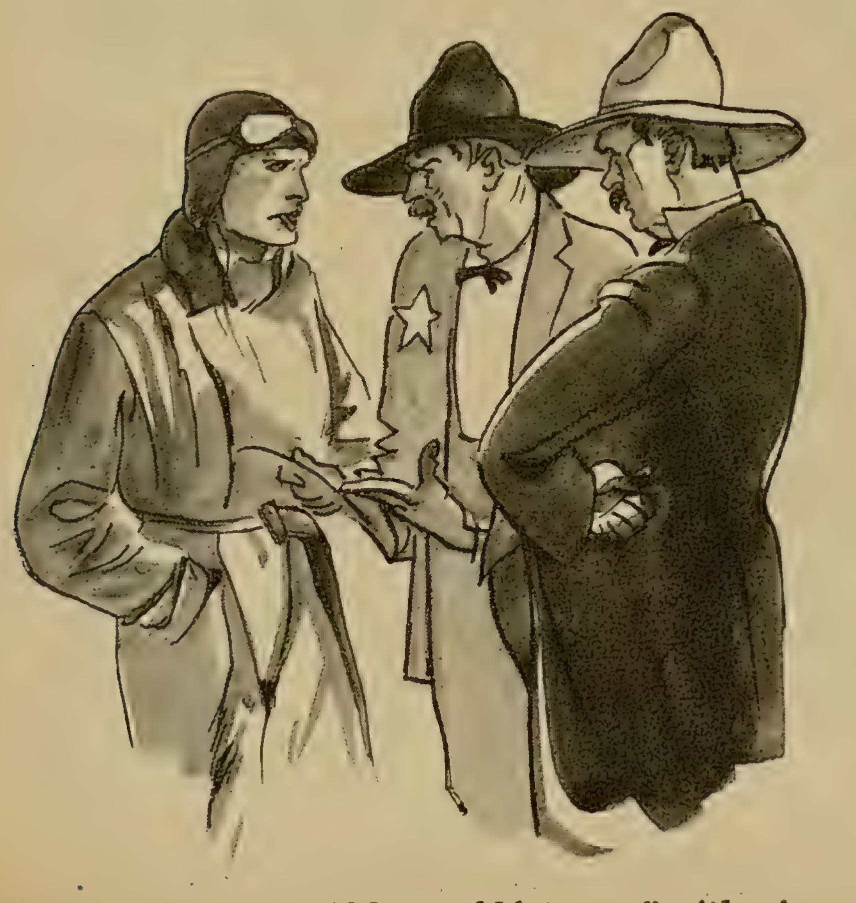

Finally the judge said he would let me off with a ten-dollar fine, and would take it in cash or a ride.

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Accept this liberal trial of Hires Root Beer

WITH our compliments—serve 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer to your family and friends. See how they enjoy it. Hear their praise of its wonderful flavor. No beverage is more refreshing, more invigorating.

Yet Hires Root Beer can be served generously and without worry of cost, because it is surprisingly economical.

May we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract — sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer?

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and healthful ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
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Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

SHOTS AND CHUTES
Continued from page thirty-five

me for weeks, wanting $150 payment, but I finally convinced him his horse was simply old and had died of heart failure.

Swede Meyerhofer some time later lost his life in an odd accident. He had a sign which he put out at each hangar where he housed his ship, reading:

"Pilots may come, and pilots may go, but the Swede goes on forever!"

He had had a habit of simply holding the propeller if his OX-5 motor kicked back. He was in Santa Rosa later with a Standard plane which had a Hispano 220 motor, much more powerful. It kicked back and he tried to hold it. It was too powerful and got away from him. The prop hit him, cutting his arm and back. At first he refused to have medical attention, but by the time they convinced him he should go to the hospital he had lost so much blood that he died.

Aviation has certainly changed—and for the better. Pilots who would clown around as we did while killing time at Tucson would be permanently grounded by the Department of Commerce now. But those were happy-go-lucky days, and aviators were looked upon as a sort of privileged class, entitled to have a good time in a hurry before getting killed.

We certainly had wonderful luck at the old Venice field. Although we were stunting every day, and inventing countless new thrills—and doing these things in old ships—we went for more than two years without anyone being killed.

NEXT WEEK—

George Weston:

The Education of Roselle

A whimsical tale, full of chuckles, about an educated pig.

Lillian Leitzel:

The Price of Stardom

A prophetic article, written shortly before she fell to her death in a Copenhagen music hall.

Hugh Fullerton:

Doping the Big League Races

Liberty's annual baseball forecast, picking the winners for 1931.

There were numerous crack-ups, and some injuries, but nobody was seriously hurt. We began to believe that we bore charmed lives.

And then, within one month, six of my best friends were killed in crashes. Joe Hoff, who had built my first plane, was one of them. He was stunting over the Venice pier and fell through it with a passenger. Herb Wilson and his mechanic were drowned when their flying boat fell. B. H. Delay, while flying with Ruel Short, crashed when the wings pulled off his plane.

WE frequently made money by giving flying lessons. A good many amusing things happened in this work. We got a lot of laughs out of teaching Japanese how to fly. Once they had learned the mechanics of managing a ship and had made a few landings, they would think that was all there was to it. If they wanted to land, they would push the controls and believe the ground would come right up and set itself under the wheels of the plane.

We had taught one Japanese to fly, and he was a fair amateur pilot. He had a friend who had bought an old Fokker but wasn't yet proficient at flying it.

The owner wanted to fly to Fresno, about 200 miles away, and he got his friend, the first Japanese, to pilot the ship for him. In those days it was customary when a pilot made any kind of a cross-country flight for him to send a telegram back to the starting field telling of his safe arrival.

It was four P. M. when they started. We tried to persuade them not to go, since if they ran into head winds they would arrive at Fresno after dark. But they said they knew Fresno thoroughly and knew just where the air field was. So Frank Tomick and I told them to send us a telegram when they arrived.

"What you say when send telegram?" one asked, taking out a pencil.

"Oh, just say 'Landed Fresno okay,'" I replied. He wrote it down carefully, thanked me, and they took off.

It seems that it was just dusk when they arrived at Fresno, and they couldn't locate the flying field. It began to get dark, and finally they picked out what looked like a smooth, level field. It proved instead to be a vineyard.

They turned over and their plane was badly smashed, although they were unhurt. About eleven o'clock that night a Western Union boy handed me a telegram. It read:

"Landed Fresno okay, upside down."

LIKE most other people, a good many aviators have pet superstitions. I have one that I acquired some years ago.

At the time there was a pilot of a trimotored Curtiss Eagle that made irregular passenger flights to San Francisco from the old Wilshire Boulevard field. He had a habit of starting off with cold motors. After he had his passengers he would simply pull the self-starters on the motors, one, two, three, give her the gun, and take off. We knew that some day one of those motors would fail to take the gun.

I was at the field one day when he was loading in the passengers. There was one man in particular who was a regular loud, good-fellow Babbitt. He was all jokes and hilarity and was kidding his wife, who was there to see him off and was then going to motor to San Francisco to meet him.

"Good-by, Maude, see you in Frisco. Don't get pinched for speeding, Maude. See you in Frisco, Maude. Oh, baby, I'll have a swell time in Frisco tonight, Maude. Wish you were going to be there," and more of the same.

The pilot started his motors, gave her the gun, ran across the length of the field, and then, just as he got into the air, one of his motors sputtered.

The plane couldn't gain elevation, and it hit the top of a palm tree on one side of the boulevard, came down on the other, and skated along on its back until it stopped. We ran over and found no one hurt, although they were all shaken up.

But the funniest thing was the Babbitt. He rushed up and grabbed me by the coat.

"For God's sake, has my wife left yet?" I said I didn't know. Then he shouted:

"If she hasn't, for God's sake stop her. If she ever gets to San Francisco and I'm not there I'll never hear the end of this!"

From that time on I resolved that I'd never tell anyone that I'd "see them" any place.

I might not—except possibly in the next world—and perhaps not there.

We might not meet in the same lobby!

Some further reminiscences by Mr. Clarke will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

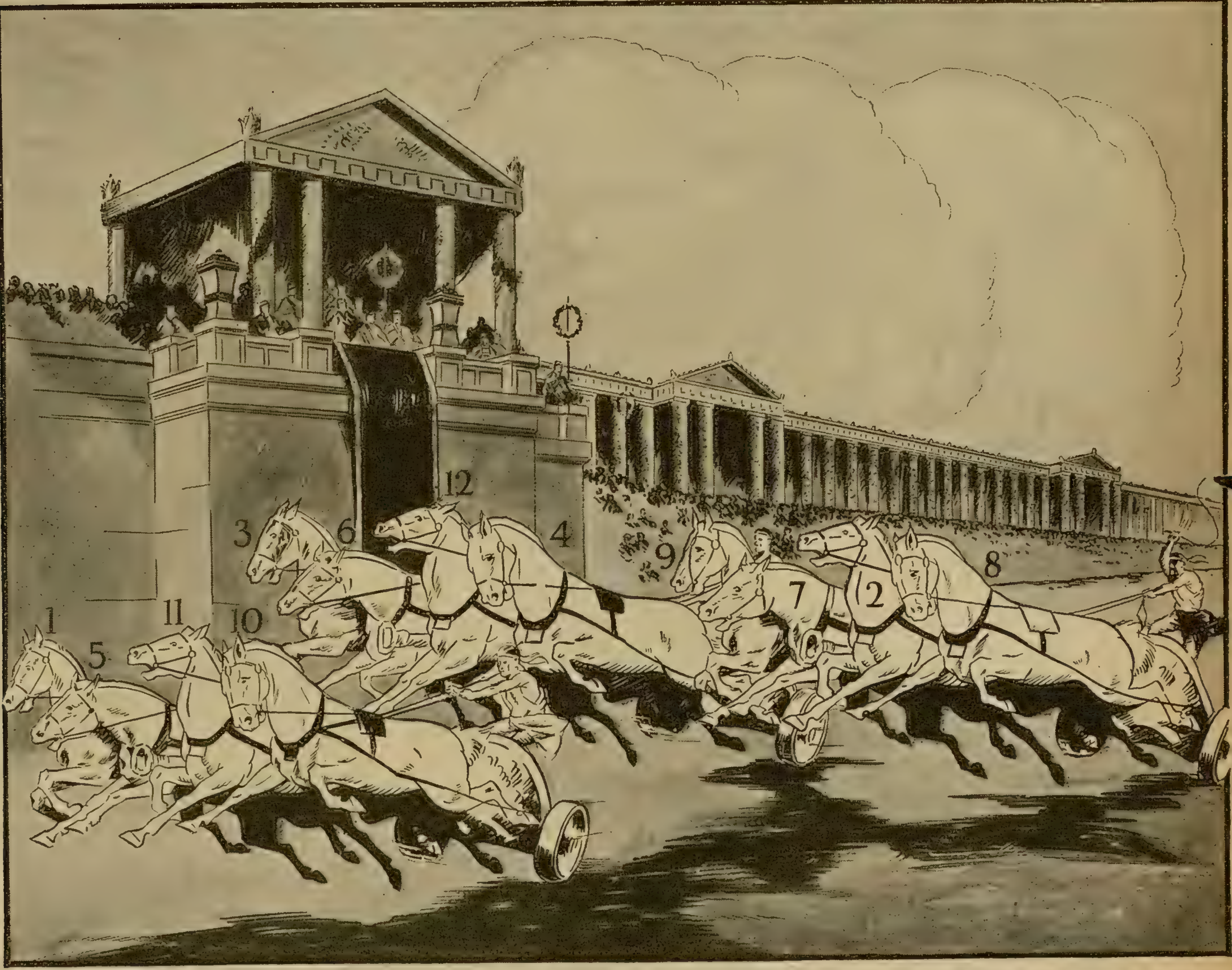
TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for April?
2—In what sea are the Balearic Islands?
3—What does vermiform mean?
4—What is a fiord?
5—Who are the only past Vice Presidents of the United States now living?
6—What is the medical meaning of pandemic?
7—What is a *contretemps?*
8—What does antediluvian mean?
9—What is a temblor?
10—What is a dudeen?
11—What is *aplomb?*
12—What is a relict?
13—What is the orlop of a ship?
14—What is the obverse face of a coin?
15—What is a writ of mandamus?
16—What is genuflection?
17—What is ballistics?
18—Where is Sunda Strait?
19—What is a minster?
20—What is the source of "The love of money is the root of all evil"?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-two)

A Challenge to Keen Observation!-



We Present This First Test to Qualify to Win $700.00 Cash

No sport of today surpasses in thrills or skill the chariot races of ancient Greece and Rome. And in those pompous days, not even the return of a victorious general created a greater stir, for often the contenders in these famous races were national heroes, famed as warriors. The excited populace crowded to witness the spectacle of these great drivers matching their skill, wits and daring in the arena below—risking life and limb as they guided their horses through perilous openings or rounded a sharp curve without slackening their speed. Their horses responded quickly—seemed to catch the spirit of the race, for they were chosen with care and trained to amazing perfection.

Now in the illustration above, which pictures one of these great races, a surprising thing has happened. Just at the moment the artist chose to picture the horses, he caught full or partial views of them which appear to be alike. In fact, at first glance, comparing what you can see of the different horses, many of them appear to be identical. But, just as the drivers of old needed a keen eye to see the opportunity to speed through an opening to victory, so must you have a keen eye to find the only two horses, of the twelve pictured above, which are exactly alike.

Of all the horses shown either in full or in part—two, and only two, are identical in every visible detail—in harness, ornaments, markings, position of legs and head, etc. Will you be successful in finding them? That's the first test. Then you will be eligible for the final deciding test which we are sure you will find pleasant work. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

There are Ten First Prizes—Ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or Ten prizes of $600.00 each and several extra prizes of $100.00 besides for being prompt, making ten total cash prizes of $700.00 each. A total of $7940.00 will be paid to the winners selected by their grades when the final decision in this friend-making-prize distribution is made. No answers accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. No obligations. So look closely and if you think you have found the only two identical horses, just mail their numbers promptly by letter or by card to

W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director,
Room 465, 502 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

MARLENE the Magnificent

An Alluring Star in a Not-So-Original Picture

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ DISHONORED

CAST

Lieutenant Kranau	Victor McLaglen
X-27	Marlene Dietrich
Colonel Kevrin	Lew Cody
Secret Service Head	Gustav von Seyffertitz
General von Hindau	Warner Oland
Young Lieutenant	Barry Norton

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

THE alluring Marlene Dietrich struts her stuff with éclat through Dishonored. The story was written especially for her by Director von Sternberg. It is about an Austrian spy during the World War, whose activities involved her in operations against Russian officers, and one officer in particular, also a spy. The suspense is very well worked out, although the story has little of originality in it. The long scene of the masked ball might have been shortened to the advantage of the picture. It is the one sequence that dragged and there seems little excuse for it. It is a Cecil de Mille touch that is unlike von Sternberg.

Victor McLaglen, who plays opposite the star, is a good foil for Miss Dietrich's exotic beauty. Lew Cody has a small part which he plays effectively, and Warner Oland manages the traitor von Hindau competently. Marlene wears lounging pyjamas in one scene, an anachronism that the director might have spared her, since they are the least becoming of the garments she wears, not excepting the Russian peasant costume.

★ ★ ★ THE LAST PARADE

CAST

Cookie Leonard	Jack Holt
Mike O'Dowd	Tom Moore
Molly Pearson	Constance Cummings
Larry Pearson	Gaylord Pendleton
Marino	Robert Ellis
Lefty	Earle D. Bunn
Vivi	Vivi
Rosenberg	Jess De Vorska
Chief of Police	Ed Le Saint
City Editor	Edmund Breese

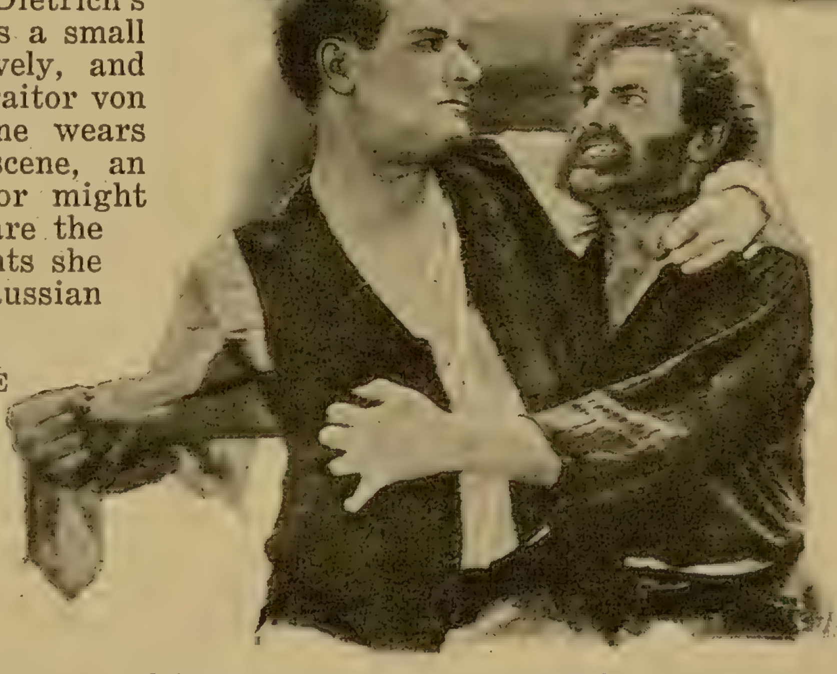
Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Erle C. Kenton.

When Jack Holt plays a gang leader he is one of my favorite actors. This is the second good crook film he has played in recently. If you saw him in The Squealer you know what he can do with the kind of half-good-half-bad man rôle he plays in the above. He's a newspaper reporter turned by force of circumstances after the war into a rumrunner. He gets entangled in the web of crookdom, tries to get out because of a girl, but can't shake off the strands that bind him.

The story is logical. The dialogue is excellent and helps greatly to put over the story. Constance Cummings, who is the girl loved by the gang leader and his friend, Lieutenant Mike O'Dowd of the New York police force, has real charm and plays her part with assur-

A scene f
Dietrich a

Fernando Bertini and Alba Novella in Pagliacci, first of the grand operas to be recorded in the talkies.



Thomas Santschi and William Farnum fight a good fight in Ten Nights in a Barroom.

n Dishonored, with Marlene a black cat meaning bad luck r Victor McLaglen.

nce. Mike O'Dowd serves Tom Ioore for a reappearance on the creen after having been absent long time. He seems like an old riend, and although he has lost ome of his boyish good looks, he s a competent actor and has a light brogue that is attractive.

The direction is deft and the photog- aphy and sound recording all that they hould be. The title is significant, but ntil you see the picture you will have to uess what it signifies.

★ ★ ★ PAGLIACCI

CAST

Nedda	Alba Novella
Canio	Fernando Bertini
Tonio	Mario Valle
Silvio	Giuseppe Interranti
Beppe	Francesco Curci

Produced by Audio-Cinema
in association with Fortune Gallo.
Directed by Joe W. Coffman.

An innovation has been introduced in he first complete grand opera to be re- orded in the talkies. It is Leoncavallo's agliacci. It is produced in the regular rand-opera technique, which of course s rather too stilted for screen presenta- ion. But, since the story is of secondary mportance, the acting is adequate.

The music is delightful. A full tringed orchestra plays the accompani- nents. The singers have been carefully elected and the voices are all fine. Miss Novella has a lovely lyric soprano that s a delight to the ears when the sound- ontrol device is properly manipulated. ertini's singing of the lament at the nd of the first act is the high light of he opera. In spite of a dull patch here nd there in the opera, this is an inter- sting experiment and a successful one. t is sung in Italian.

★ ONCE A SINNER

CAST

Diana Barry	Dorothy Mackaill
Tommy Mason	Joel McCrea
Richard Kent	John Halliday
Serge Ratoff	C. Henry Gordon
Kitty King	Ilka Chase
Mrs. Mason	Clara Blandick
Mary Nolan	Myra Hampton

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

Aside from some interesting interiors of a Paris gambling hell and Dorothy Mackaill's smart and lovely clothes in the later scenes, there is little in this production to be recommended. Dorothy's performance lacks the cleverness that marked her characterization of the title rôle in The Office Wife. She delivers her lines in a monotonous tone that is at times irritating. Joel McCrea has done better work, too. John Halliday manages to give Richard Kent a spark of life, but the lines assigned to him are hardly inspiring. The story is the not unfamiliar one of the wife who confesses to a past sin and has a hard time living it down with her jealous spouse.

Tom Moore frowns disapprovingly on Jack Holt and Constance Cummings in The Last Parade.

Joel McCrea and Dorothy Mackaill exchanging sunny smiles in Once a Sinner.

(No Stars) TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

CAST

Joe Morgan	William Farnum
Simon Slade	Thomas Santschi
Mary Morgan	Patty Lou Lynd
Dr. Romaine	Robert Frazer
Ann Slade	Phyllis Barrington
Sarah Morgan	Rosemary Theby

Produced by L. E. Goetz.
Directed by William O'Connor.

There are several names in this cast that will be of interest to the older movie fans. It is many years since Thomas Santschi's name and Rosemary Theby's appeared in a cast. They belong to the pioneer class of picture players. It is too bad, however, to have them come back through "The Barroom," which is a pretty amateurish production.

It is the old melodrama of a past generation played without any attempt to burlesque the story. The idea is so old-fashioned that to play it straight, as it is here, is to make it ridiculous. It is designed to show the evils of the old-time saloon, as against the present happy and prosperous conditions under prohibition. It might make you laugh, but you won't be able to wring out a tear for poor little Mary, who has to drag her papa home from the saloon night after night.

There is one good fight scene between William Farnum and Thomas Santschi, but the rest of it is pretty punk.

Do you know that—

Metro has changed the title of Lawrence Tibbett's new picture from The Southerner (reviewed in a recent issue of Liberty under this title) to The Prodigal?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—City Lights.

★★★—East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers.

WHAT'S $1,000 IN A NAME?

HAVE you a $100 name? Want to find out and perhaps collect a century? Easy! Put it through Liberty's famous open-eyed test—Name Anagrams. All you do is write your own name—or the name of a relative or friend—on a piece of paper. Then change the positions of the letters—shuffle them around. See if you can't make them spell clever and ingenious words or word combinations. (Something like the examples on the left.) If you succeed—and it's a pipe to do it—you're putting yourself in line for a slice of that $1,000 pie Liberty cuts every week. And anybody can take part in this popular pastime. All you need is a name—yours or somebody else's. The rest is simple. Take a glance at the rules. They'll tell you all you want to know. Then shoot the works. See the funny side of life with Name Anagrams. They're regular sight-seeing busses with a surprise around every corner. So climb aboard! Everybody's welcome—men, women, boys and girls! And that dough bag is there for somebody to bust wide open! Might as well be you! . . . .

. . . . THERE'S MONEY IN YOUR MONIKER!

DO MOVE ON

MAE O'DONOVAN

NO MORE LOANS

BERNARD SOLOMON

RATHER GOOD

BERTHA GORDON

NOW TRY YOUR NAME!

RULES

. . . and very simple!

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 a week in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere—men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

First Name Anagram Winners in Next Week's Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

MARBLES

A New For the Love o' Lil

TREES were budding. Daffodils and dandelions were out. Houses were getting painted. Fur coats and woolen shirts waved good-by to winter from clotheslines. Half-finished bottles of cough medicine sprawled in ash cans. And a lazy spring breeze gave people absent-minded looks by making them remember violets in the woods.

This week's cover picture.

"Rosebushes!" a man was yelling from the seat of a flower wagon. "Pansies! Bachelor's-buttons! Geraniums! Crocuses! Nice croc—"

"I'll croak if you keep on naming all those flowers over an' over again," Gwendolyn Smithers was fresh enough to laugh from her front fence.

"Rosebushes!" the man squawked. He'd been selling flowers since seven A. M. and he didn't have much voice left. "Pansies! Bach—"

"I'll take pansies," Gwen told him. "That is, I'll take 'em if you'll take 'em to my back door an' hand 'em to Tess. She'll give you a mean look, but don't get scared. She couldn't frighten a flea."

The man got down stiffly, reached up for a box of pansies and carried them up the walk.

Gwen jumped down easily, yanked two bachelor's-buttons from a box in the wagon and held them under the skinny horse's twitching nose.

"Here's a *horse-dove* for you," she giggled, hurrying off lickety-split before the man saw her.

She found a sunny cellar door behind the Hancocks' house and amused herself at once with a bug. She chased it up. She chased it down. She clamped a flowerpot over it, telling it to stay in there and rest.

"Red will be right out," Mrs. Hancock said as she opened her kitchen window. She'd opened it to set out a dish of coffee jelly, but when she saw Gwen she decided to keep the jelly inside. "Do you want a cookie?"

"Please," Gwen said. "I'm starved. All I had for lunch was beef stew an' rice pudding. I'm afraid I'll feel faint if I don't eat soon."

"Take her two cookies," Mrs. H. whispered.

Red did. And Gwen grabbed them. She grabbed them so quickly that they didn't have time to make crumbs.

"D'you want to play marbles?" he asked, hoping she would want to. "I'll give you ten to start, but I know I'll win 'em all back again. Girls—"

"Don't talk," Gwen giggled from behind big fat raisins. "I'll beat you at Die Shot or Bounce Eye or Handers or Tee-Totum Shot. I'll beat you at anything. Bounce About, Eggs in the Bush, Three Holes, One Hole, Knock Out, Long Taw, Picking the Plums—"

"Goodness!" Mrs. H. said, daring to set out the jelly. "Move away if you're going to talk like that."

They moved as far as the garage. Mrs. H. could still hear them jabbering in their strange marble language.

"Watcha doing?" little Ulysses yelled, coming toward them over the back fences.

"Making shells for baby chicks," Gwen laughed, "but you're too young to watch."

Red drew a circle and set out a handful of marbles.

"Here's your shooter," he told her. "See how many weenies you can win."

"Win?" she giggled, sticking out her tongue as she aimed. "I'll win so many weenies from you that I'll have to hire a truck to carry 'em home!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Teacher's Picture)

How French Women Make Up Their Lips to Last All Day

—And Avoid Making Up Every Hour As American Women Do

You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus shade for both lips and cheeks, and achieve the new natural effect that is so smart.

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long.* Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same. You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above).

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.* No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

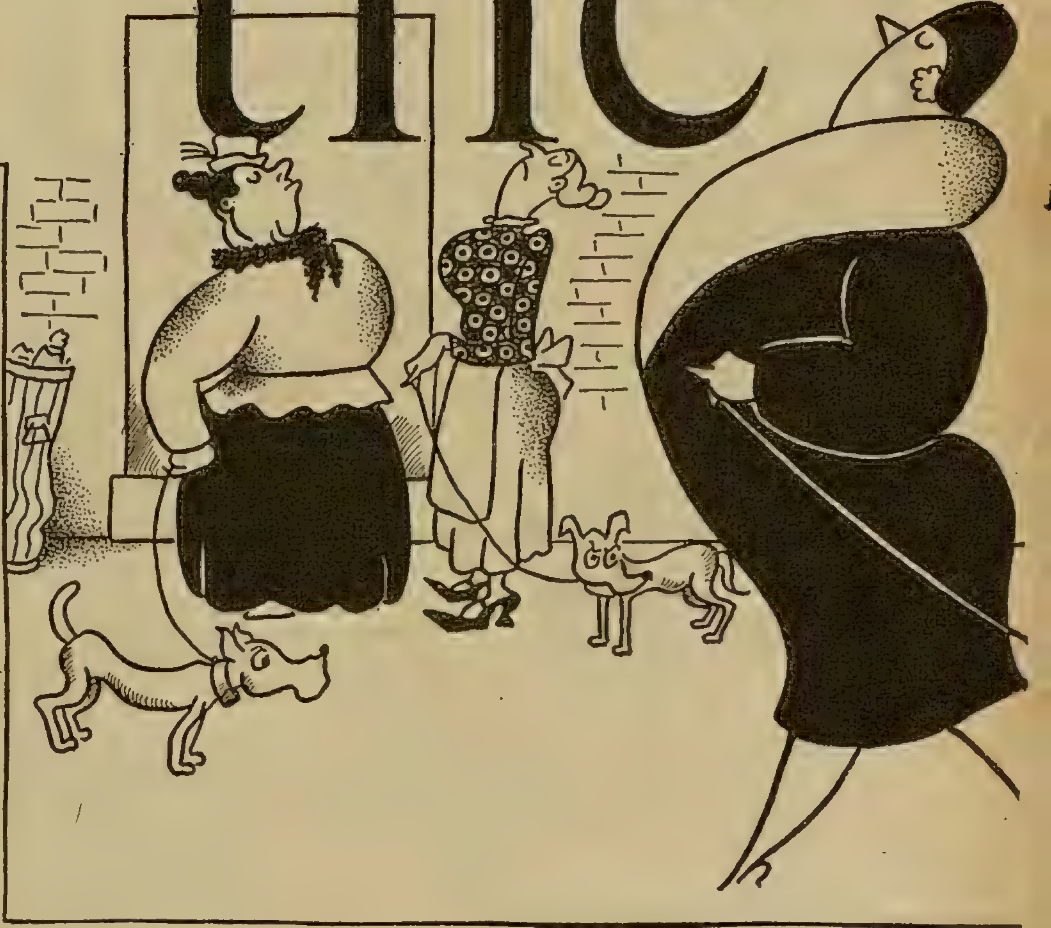
Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Regular lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

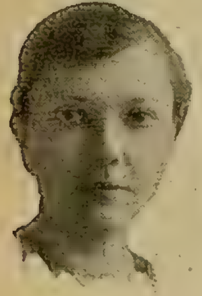
Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN



linguist, fashion authority, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 46 seconds.)

THE other night a man asked a policeman to arrest him. The next morning the judge asked the man to explain. His explanation was simple—and tragic.

His wife, he told the judge, had been nagging him so much that he was afraid he " might do something rash." He said he'd feel safer in jail, and repeated his request to be sent there. " Judge," he said, " I wish you'd kindly lock me up for a few days. If I go home and my wife nags me any more I can't tell what I might do."

He didn't get his wish, for he had committed no crime, so the poor fellow had to go home—to the real criminal.

Surely there ought to be some law to restrain those ghastly " last word " fiends who drive other people to desperate acts with their endless faultfinding, their monotonous, spiteful nagging. Those who have the misfortune of being mated with naggers live martyred lives, for they have no legal redress.

The nagging habit is such an insidious one. I have known quite nice people to become horrible naggers—people who started it by being hypercritical, but who never applied their powers of criticism to themselves. Like most of our defects, nagging is a habit which can be cured only by self-discipline, but a wholesome fear of the consequences helps the cure a lot. While I do not advocate a return to the pillory and the ducking stool, it does seem a pity that we have no kind of public ridicule at all with which to discourage naggers. And, incidentally, if we had something of the sort I believe it would be just as applicable to men as to women, for I think that men are almost equally guilty of the nagging sin.

Perhaps some day one who is persecuted by a family nagger will be able to broadcast the tirade to the neighbors or loudspeak it from the porch.

CLOCKS don't like me. That sounds crazy, doesn't it? But, you see, I really believe that inanimate objects have their likes and dislikes, just as people have. Why, for instance, do clocks keep perfect time for some people and not for others? Of course some might say that one person looks after clocks better than another person, and that they keep better time for that reason. Maybe. But somehow I just *can't* believe it. My three clocks always tell me the time differently, and I really feel that it is a personal matter between them.

For those of you who have the same trouble there is a trick worth knowing! Electric clocks. They really are swell. Though they've been on sale for quite a while, I have only recently become converted to them. An enterprising friend of mine bought one for herself, and as soon as I learned that you can plug the connection into any ordinary electric-light outlet, I decided to follow suit. Now, at last, I no longer am obliged to ask the telephone company what time it is.

At present I have only one objection to electric clocks. They are rather large. But they never need winding. And they do keep time!

A CONFIRMED fatalist is Miss Constance Collier, whose dramatic version of the du Maurier novel, Peter Ibbetson, has been so successful both as a play and as the libretto of Deems Taylor's new opera.

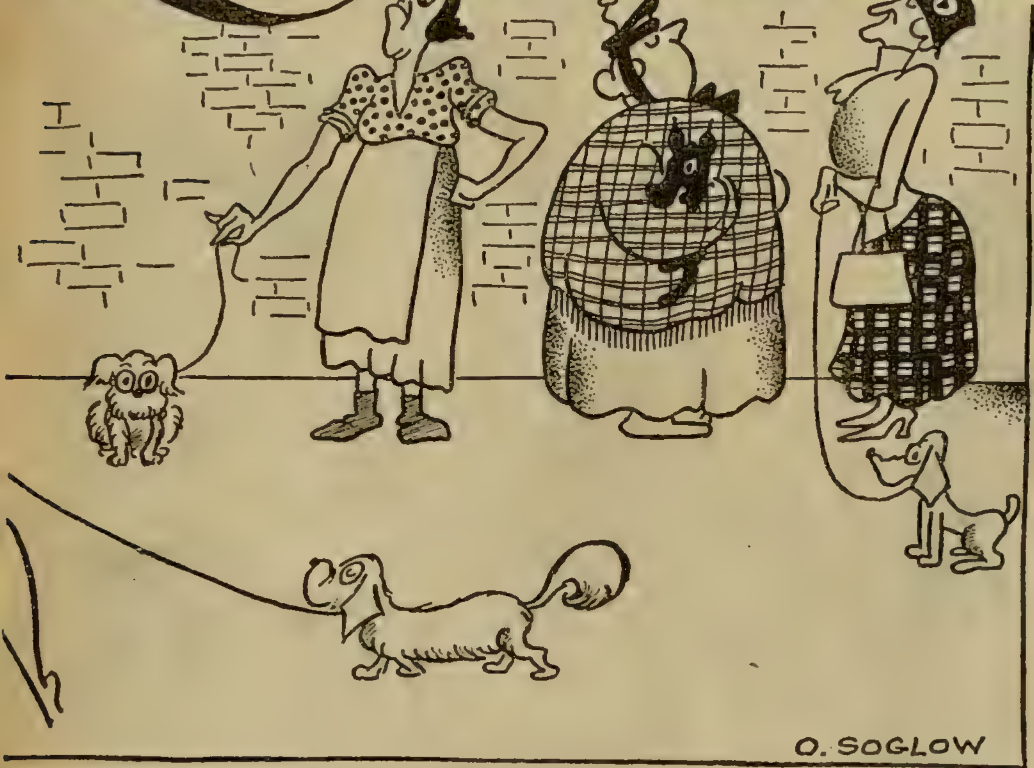
" People plan and plan things," Miss Collier told me, " and their plans often miscarry. But there are things which *have* to happen, and these things always do happen in the end."

The sheer accident which brought Miss Collier's play together with Mr. Taylor's opera has already been commented upon. But it was even more extraordinary than is generally known. One very warm night the actress, Katharine Cornell, gave a party at which Miss Collier was present. Apart from the other guests, by an open window at which she had sought to cool off, Miss Collier entered into conversation with a woman to whom she had not been introduced, and found her unknown companion interested in music, especially the opera. The operatic possibilities of Peter Ibbetson were mentioned, and only then did Miss Collier discover that she was talking to Mrs. Deems Taylor. Within a few days Mr. Taylor was studying Miss Collier's Ibbetson play with a view to composing an opera around it.

Fatalistic as Miss Collier is, she is also a very hard worker. I found her busy on the revival of her Ibbetson play. And while we talked I met one of the most delightful kittens I ever have seen. This little ball of cream-colored fur goes by the name of Kelly, and has a sense of humor. He unties your shoe laces. Very neatly and expertly—while you're not looking. That tickles him immensely.

CIRCUS fat women and bearded ladies may soon get into politics. Circus management may put our bankrupt cities back on their financial feet.

Ladies!



Picture by OTTO SOGLOW

This idea comes from Germany. Berlin is broke. Flat broke. Flatter, even, than Chicago. The municipal fathers of Berlin don't know quite what to do about it, but a local circus magnate, one Herr Sarrisini, has stepped in with a bid to run the city as a private concession. Officially, he wants to be mayor.

A big modern city is just like any other big show, he argues. What it needs, he says, is big advertising. Herr Sarrisini declares that he can put Berlin on a paying basis by thumping the bass drum and spreading sensational posters far and wide to boost the town exactly as he boosts his big tent shows. Berlin isn't considering his scheme very seriously, which seems rather a pity.

What fun it would be to live in a town run by circus methods! Or have we got them already? Among incumbent city politicians are there not plenty of jugglers, tight-rope walkers, clowns, trained animals? And plenty of elephants—white ones.

THE proverbial silver lining attributed to every cloud has certainly shown itself during the business depression in the lowered price of flowers. I fervently hope that flowers will remain accessible to frugal folk, now that the depression is passing.

It has always annoyed me that flowers should be so expensive in this country, whereas in most European countries even the poorest homes can usually afford a bouquet of them.

One of the unforgettable experiences of my life was the visit I paid, years ago, to a famous French author. In those days he was not yet famous, and he was poor—desperately poor. He lived in one room, high up on Montmartre, and that room was painfully bare. In one corner stood a narrow camp cot; there was a plain wooden box for a table; one very rickety old chair. A piano, the gift of a friend, occupied the rest of the room, for the author was also a fine musician. And on the piano—in a cheap glass jelly jar—I saw a single rose.

So few people seem to understand flowers. Flowers are so often bunched together, the grace of each separate bloom entirely lost. The Japanese are the people from whom to learn how to arrange cut flowers. I have picked up a few rudiments of this art from a friend of mine who once lived in Japan and who learned it there.

First of all, each flower should be handled separately, for each flower has a separate individuality, a unique beauty of its own, a particular form of petals and curve of stalk. Give that flower a chance!

Secondly, choose with care the place in the bouquet where the flower is to go. Often a little manipulation, stroking the stalk between thumb and forefinger or bending it gently, will obtain the desired incline. The best vases for flowers are those tapering slightly to the base from a broad rim. For early spring flowers, however, a low bowl with a glass holder (the solid kind with holes in it) gives the best effects.

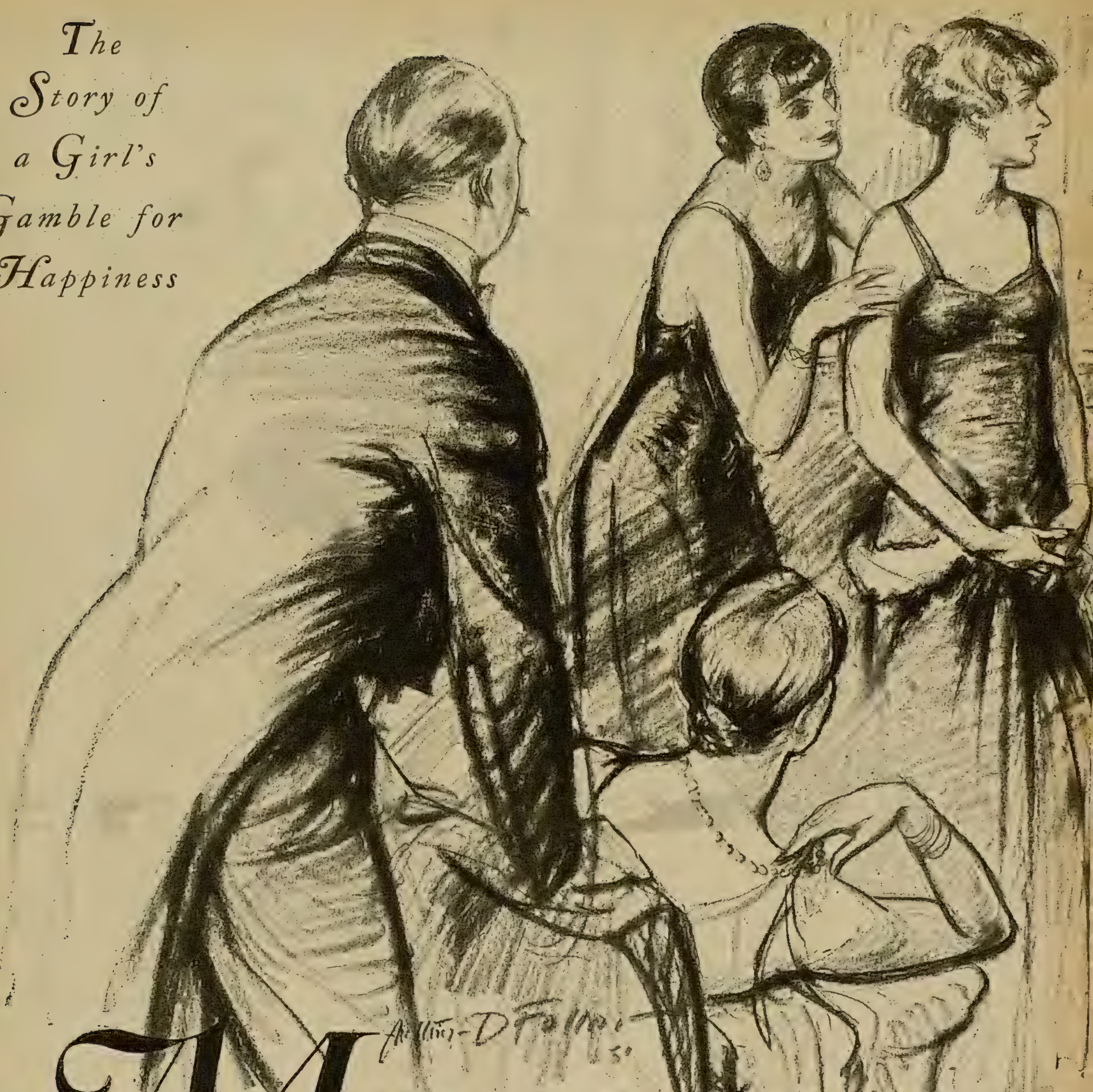
Do you try for mixed color schemes with your bouquets? You can literally *paint* with flowers, if you like. The very darkest room can be transfigured by one mixed bouquet and two single blooms (roses are best) arranged separately in the right-shaped vases. Big masses of green leaves look marvelous, too, and they can be enlivened by adding a few of those bright-colored artificial flowers made of sea shells. After that tip, don't say I'm extravagant. My green bouquets last a month.

HAVE you ever tried a Russian meat pie—a *pirog*—which is really very like a Cornish pasty? There's an excellent new family meal for you to serve. And here's the way to make it: Take two medium-sized onions, cut up fine and simmer in butter—don't brown them. Put a pound of chopped steak in the frying pan when the onions are ready, and mix well, cooking for about five minutes. Cool, then mix in two finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, add pepper, salt, and a good dash of nutmeg.

Make a pastry crust with four cups of flour, one and a half teaspoons of baking powder, a little salt, one half cup lard, one cup of butter, ice-cold water, and the yolks of two eggs. Roll of about a quarter of an inch thickness in an oblong shape. Spread a single layer of very thinly sliced raw potatoes on the center of the dough, leaving a broad margin at the edges. Spread the cooled meat filling over this, making an oblong mound (flattened on top) on the dough. Cover the meat with a layer of thinly sliced potatoes. Fold the dough over, long sides to the center, making a compact envelope, and pinch the edges together firmly. Fold over the shorter sides, cut away the surplus corners, and close the pasty well. Brush over with egg, cut two very small slits in the top, and put in a well heated oven. Diminish the heat slightly after ten or fifteen minutes. Bake until golden brown—thirty or forty minutes. Each person should slip a lump of butter under the top crust of the portion before eating. Serve with dill pickles.

THAN seems likely to become a Cinderella word—a misused and neglected waif—rather an outcast from our common speech. In the following sentences and their like, *than* should be used instead of *but* and *except: She has no other models but the ones you saw. She made no other excuse except that.* It would, however, be perfectly correct to say *She had no models but the ones you saw*, and to say *She made no excuse except that.* The difference is in the word *other.* When *other, else*, or *otherwise* come in, *than* must be used too.

The
Story of
a Girl's
Gamble for
Happiness



Money

By REX BEACH

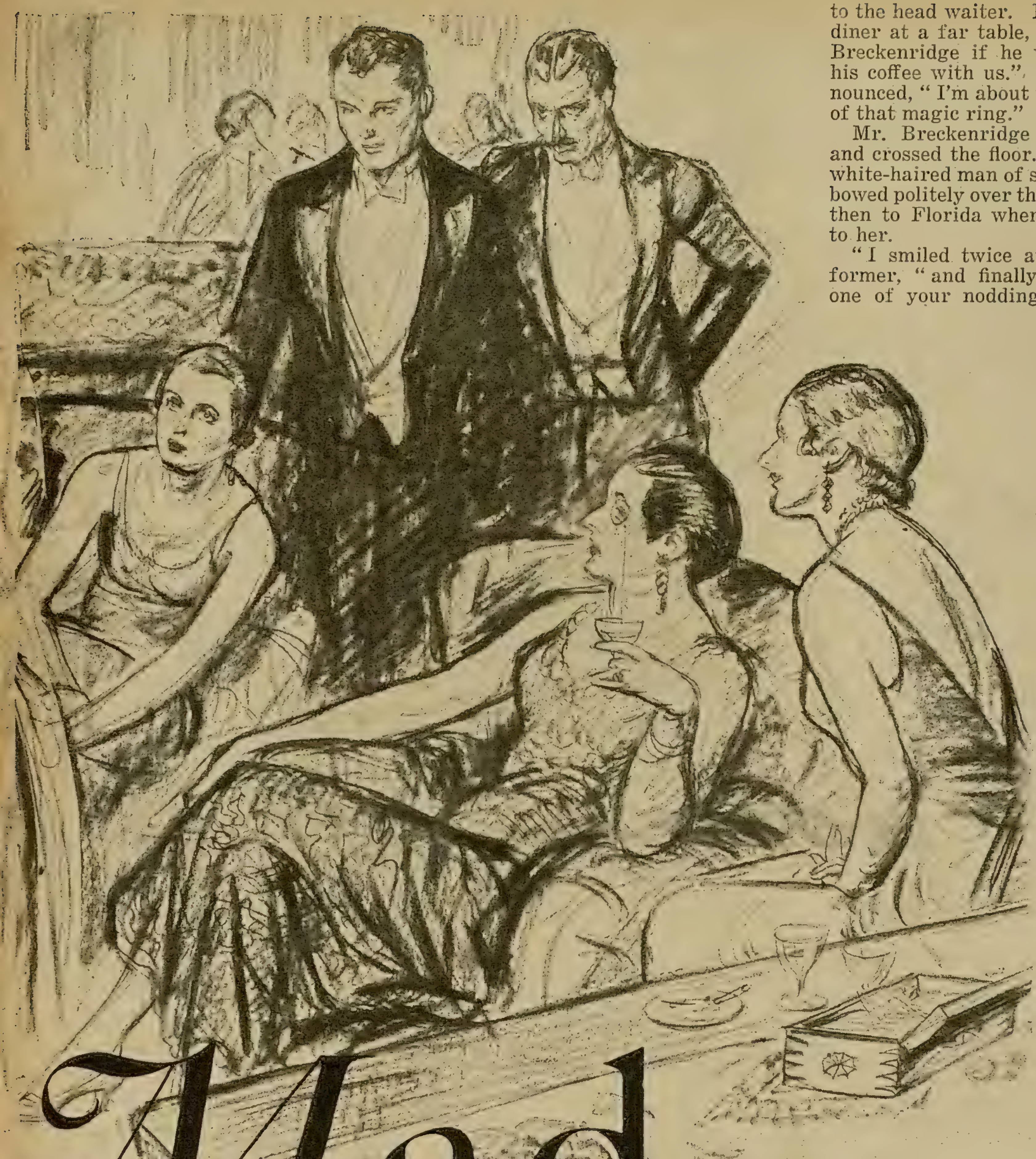
(Reading time: 26 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the adventurous story of Florida Morgan. She fell in love with a flyer whom she helped rescue when his plane dropped into the sea. He called himself "Falconer," kissed her convincingly—and left her. Soon thereafter her well meaning father was indicted in a bank failure, convicted, and imprisoned. Dismayed, Florida went to New York, where Countess Wanda, wife of the wealthy Wilmer Worth, promised to help her, even while calling her a charming gold digger. You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART SEVEN—THE ROAD TO RICHES

FLORIDA denied the charge of being a gold digger. Ambition was not avarice, she maintained. Personality was a business asset. Women had made good in brokers' offices. A few had earned seats on the Exchange. To be sure, she knew precious little about business, but she was quick to learn and she had a "feeling" for financial affairs. If she was blessed with good looks, personal magnetism, so much the better. After all, success was largely a matter of opportunity, luck, and instinct told her that she was lucky.

"You convince me of that," the countess agreed. "Your faith converts me and I'd be a poor sort of genius if I allowed you to fail. It isn't often I think of anyone except myself, but I've been thinking hard, casting about



Mad

SHE managed to let everyone know I was with Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott, and to hear her talk you'd infer that Hetty Green was another smart woman.

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

to hit upon somebody I know. Of course, Wilmer would offer you a position if I asked him, but so would a hundred others." Suddenly she smiled. "And wouldn't I be foolish to deliberately throw you in his way? I've urged him to have a love affair, but not with a heartless, calculating man-hater like you."

Florida nodded. "Don't cramp my style. Let me make the most of what little capital I have."

How pleasant, how flattering this woman could be, the girl reflected. Wanda must really like her. Today, for the first time since their meeting, she felt herself warm toward this strange, exotic creature.

Mrs. Worth ran her eyes over the room. She beckoned to the head waiter. Indicating a solitary diner at a far table, she said, "Ask Mr. Breckenridge if he would enjoy having his coffee with us." To Florida she announced, "I'm about to prove the potency of that magic ring."

Mr. Breckenridge rose with alacrity and crossed the floor. He was a slender, white-haired man of some distinction. He bowed politely over the countess' hand and then to Florida when he was introduced to her.

"I smiled twice at you," he told the former, "and finally decided this isn't one of your nodding days."

"I was preoccupied. Do you wonder?" Mrs. Worth waved a graceful gesture toward Florida. "This fascinating creature held me spellbound."

"No, I don't wonder." Breckenridge's gaze was frankly admiring. "Most beautiful women select plain companions, but you always have pretty girls around you."

THE countess acknowledged this compliment with a smile. "She *is* lovely. It's on her account I invited you over. Please permit yourself to be completely devastated."

"Done! Finished! Sold to the gentleman with high blood pressure. But is it exactly sporting to fire two barrels at a crippled bird?"

"I've been thinking that the firm of Breckenridge— What is your firm's name?"

"Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott."

"—that Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott need this young woman in their business."

"What business do you think we're in?" Breckenridge inquired with evident surprise.

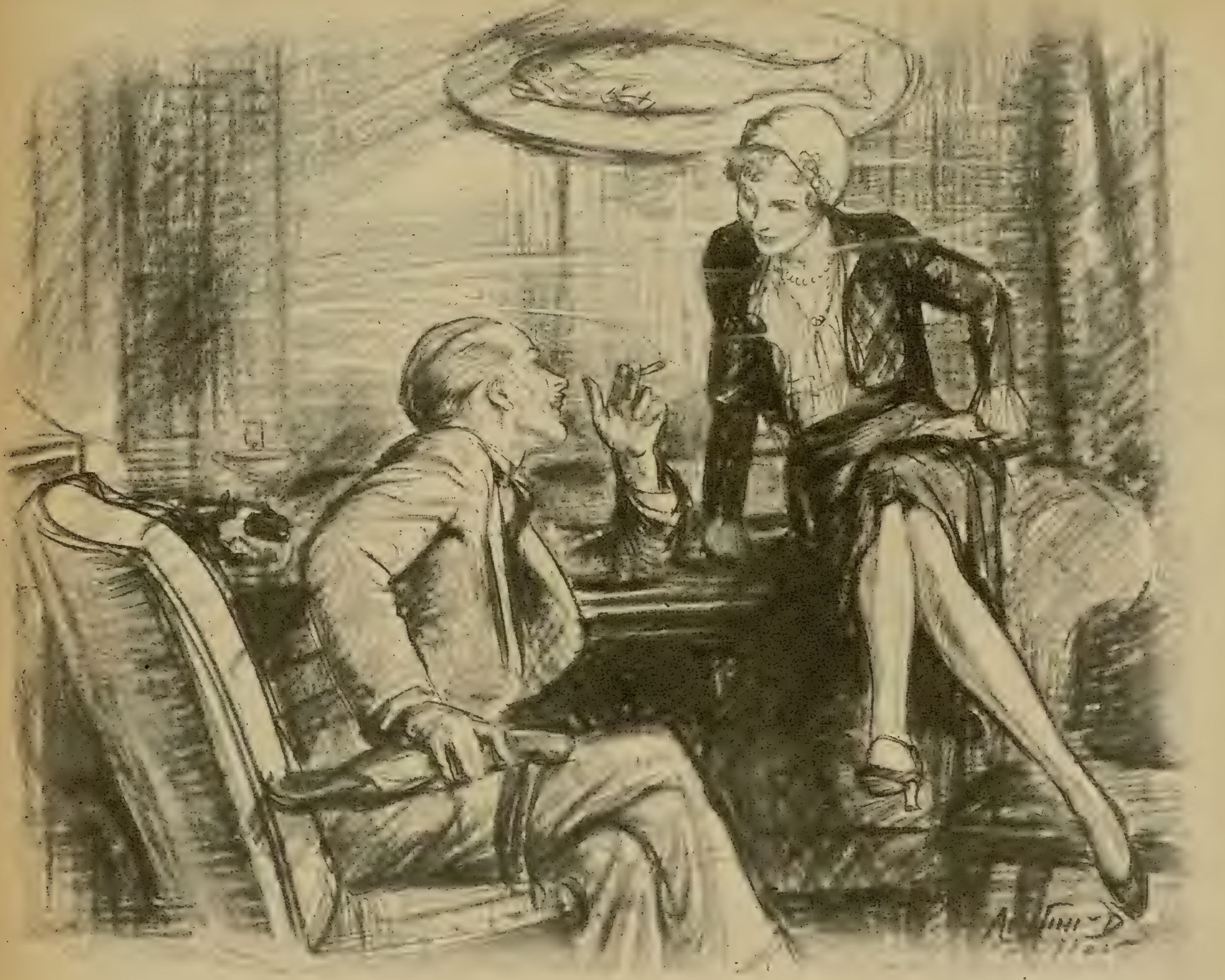
"You're stockbrokers, aren't you?"

"I am—we are."

"Florida wants a position with some Wall Street firm. Presumably you'll pay her a generous salary. Wilmer says you're liberal—"

"Liberal but not foolhardy. My arteries are brittle; Barry is agreeably married; Lott is engaged, I believe. Why should we permit ourselves to be distracted by internal jealousies? Why imperil three lifelong friendships?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Young woman, I can joke about life, death, marriage, divorce, hard times, and mothers-in-law, but broadbill fishing is a serious business."

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-five

"All of which is complimentary but discouraging to a poor job hunter," Florida said.

Breckenridge regarded her more appraisingly. "Do you mind explaining the dastardly plot?"

"I'll explain," the countess volunteered. "She's my dearest friend. She wishes to enter 'Wall Street,' whatever that means. I promised to provide an opportunity for her, and—I saw you. Manifestly it was fate. It's your chance to do me a favor."

"In that case, there's nothing more to be said."

"What did I tell you?" the countess crowed to her guest.

"Is—is that all there is to it?" Florida asked.

"That's all, my dear. Mr. Breckenridge has the good judgment to act before the bidding starts."

"But—he doesn't know anything about me. He thinks I may prove to be an apple of discord. I don't want you to buy my way—"

"MISS MORGAN, a word from Mrs. Worth would open any door on the Street for you."

"All the same, girls don't get positions as easily as that. I'm in earnest. This isn't a whim. My father was wiped out recently. He lost his fortune by reason of our—silly banking laws." The tone in which this was said caused a change in the broker's expression. "I think I have a flair for money matters, and there must be opportunities for a girl who's willing to work hard. I'm not exactly stupid. The salary, of course, isn't important."

"Indeed!" the countess exclaimed. "It's too important to be ignored. It seems that I'm the business woman, after all. You'll pay her well and I'll see that she brings you a lot of business. You encourage women customers, do you not?"

"We maintain a women's branch, here on the avenue," Breckenridge declared.

"You employ customers' men. Why not a customers' woman? All the women I know are playing the market. I'll see that Florida gets their accounts."

"I'd expect to show that I can make good," the latter protested, but her sponsor waved an impatient hand.

"NONSENSE! Merit will get you nowhere, darling. An ounce of influence is worth a pound of care. If I were sure of a proper introduction into heaven, death would have no terrors for me. Mr. Breckenridge understands perfectly that I'm bribing him in a nice way."

"I'm wondering why you don't put Miss Morgan under your husband's care," the man ventured.

"Look at her again and give me credit for a little common sense. Wilmer is human. I'm a faithful and adoring wife, but at heart I'm a selfish and designing woman. I never cease to think of myself."

"Very well! Pass the bomb to us. Age and experience will insure me, but heaven help Barry and Lott."

The countess smiled and nodded. "She *is* exquisite! What a social career she could have if she'd let me manage it. I've implored her, but she prefers—this."

"In my opinion, she's wise," Breckenridge asserted with more seriousness than he had yet displayed. He handed Florida a card. "Come and see me tomorrow at eleven."

A few moments later he left.

"It's too wonderful!" the girl exclaimed breathlessly. "He's charming. How can I ever thank you?"

"By always wearing that wishing ring and by rubbing it frequently. Come now, we're going to a matinée. There's a new summer revue—very daring. Afterward we'll ride. You'll show me your room. We'll have dinner together and plan something for the evening."

II

FLORIDA'S idea of "Wall Street" was vague. She had read occasional headlines about upheavals on the Exchange, riots in the Chicago Wheat Pit, bear raids, and the like, and she assumed that downtown Manhattan was the home of chaos and that pandemonium reigned in all stockbrokers' offices. The morning papers carried a front-page story about a tremendous bull market and a four-million-share day. It said the ticker had run behind, brokers were overworked, offices were swamped. When she set out to see Mr. Breckenridge she fully expected to find him in a sort of bedlam and to be mauled or trampled by an army of maniacs.

Instead she walked into a spacious room, deeply carpeted, and furnished with rows of Spanish-leather easy-chairs. One entire side of the place was occupied by an enormous electrically operated board marked off in small rectangular spaces upon which figures came and went. Some fifty spectators watched it more or less indifferently. A number were reading newspapers or talking casually. There were several women among them, and Florida noticed that none of their finery was torn. Nobody was hysterical; there were no evidences of recent suicides; no bloodstains on the carpet; nothing!

This board room occupied only a part of the total floor space used by the brokerage firm. There were a number of cubicles, and behind them were the quarters of the clerical staff and the private offices.

Florida was early for her appointment, so she slipped into one of the chairs and eagerly watched what was going on. That board fascinated her. The figures, of course, were quotations, but the symbols puzzled her. What did X stand for, and ABI, AST? . . . Goodness! AAC and ACD were expensive stocks. They must be nearly all gone to bring such prices. Millionaires' stocks! UM was a cute little stock, marked down to 9. UX was another. Poor people probably bought UXes and UMs. Just think! Tomorrow they might be worth as much as OTs, which were 400. All anybody had to do was sit here and shop for bargains.

Fancy her in a place like this, about to interview the senior partner and obtain a position; hobnobbing with the rich and the great; calling a famous titled woman by her first name: "Wanda!" "My dear countess!" . . . If Tom Claiborne could see her now. . . .

Mr. Breckenridge's secretary, a silent-running piece of up-to-date office equipment, did not believe anybody could see him, inasmuch as he was booked for an important conference at eleven. When Florida insisted that he himself had set the time for her coming, the young woman announced her. To the latter's surprise, her employer started, he brightened. He ran a hasty hand over his gray hair and readjusted his tie. To be sure! Show Miss Morgan in. . . . Eleven o'clock, in Mr. Barry's room? Never mind. He'd see this young woman first.

WITH suspicion and resentment the secretary relayed this message to the auburn-haired visitor. Inwardly she said, "The very idea! Mr. Breckenridge, of all people! Some Follies girl!"

The broker greeted Florida with unexpected warmth. Admiringly he said, "You looked lovely yesterday, but you're positively radiant this morning."

"You don't have to be nice today," she told him frankly. "If you're busy I'll wait, or come back later—"

"I couldn't help being nice to you if I tried. Aside from that, Mrs. Worth is a person of vast importance. Her request is a command. Sit down, please!" He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW YOU CAN BUY BOTH MILEAGE AND *safe* MILEAGE AT AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES!

KELLY LOTTA MILES TIRES are amazingly low in price—the lowest of all *quality* tires. They are sold and serviced only by independent tire merchants. Your local dealer will quote you prices. Remember, Kelly Lotta Miles Tires give you *Safe* Miles and prove it with Kelly Safetygraphs.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, GENERAL MOTORS BLDG., NEW YORK

These are the famous Kelly Safetygraphs, prepared for people who like to know what they are buying. Look at the print of the sharp-edge contact of a *brand new* Kelly Lotta Miles tread. Clear, road-gripping . . . thousands of Safe Miles ahead.

BRAND NEW
Note the sharp-edge contact that gives safety.

When ½ worn we ran the same Kelly Lotta Miles Tire over strips of carbon paper. You can note some wear. You expect it. But look at the safety factor—the sharp-edge contact of the tread—still decidedly present, even after thousands of miles.

½ WORN
Slight wear—safety still well defined.

¾ worn—what do the Safetygraphs show? Kelly Lotta Miles Tires are still giving wear, service, and Safe Miles. The tread still keeps its sharp-edge contact. If *seeing* is *believing*, Lotta Miles Tires give not merely miles, but miles and *safety*.

¾ WORN
Tire worn—but you can still see safety.

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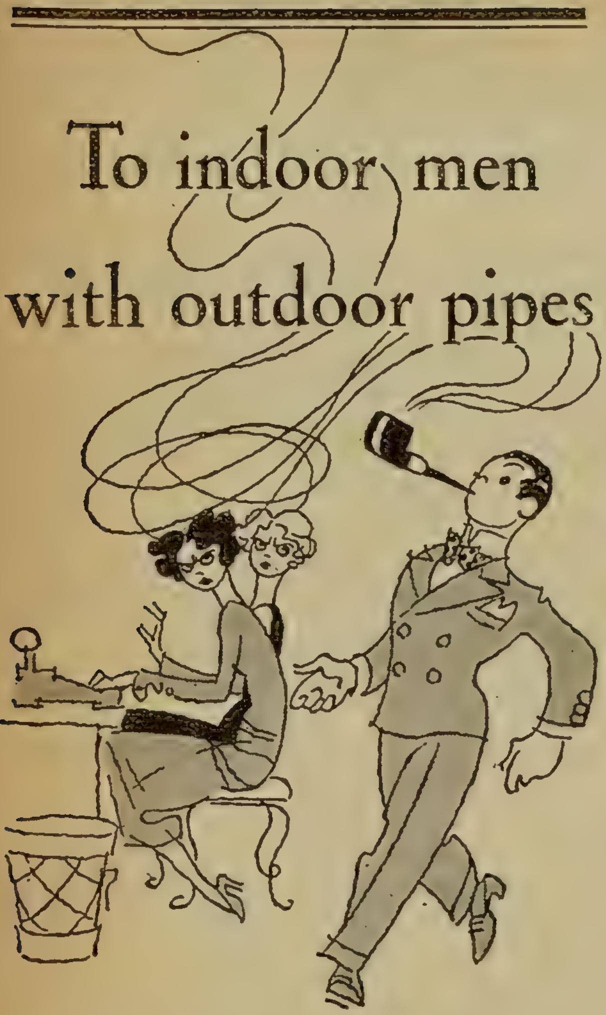
FOR SAFE MILES KELLY LOTTA MILES TIRES

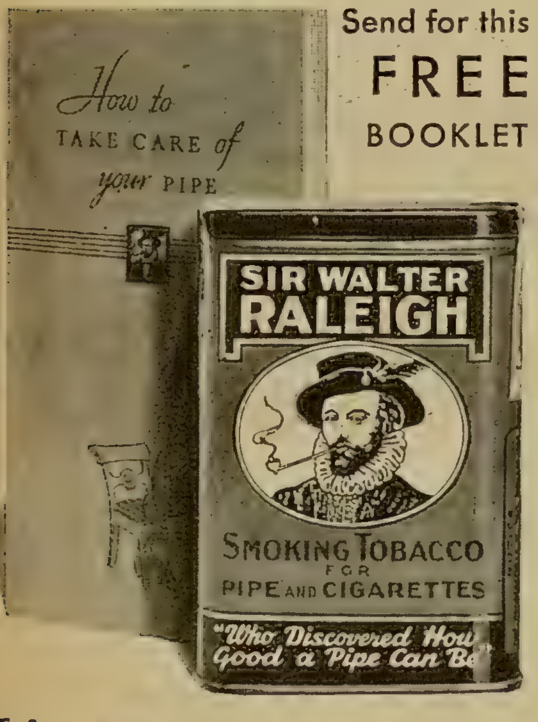

To indoor men with outdoor pipes

THEY won't tell you why they dodge your dictation and turn pale when you come puffing into the office in the morning. But *we* will. It's not your fault or your pipe's fault, but what you're smoking that gets 'em.

All you have to do is to change to a really *civilized* pipe mixture—Sir Walter Raleigh's mild and fragrant blend of choice, well-aged Burleys—and everything will be different. It would help, too, if you sent for Sir Walter's booklet on the care of your pipe and followed its simple and concise instructions.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 153

Send for this FREE BOOKLET


How to Take Care of your Pipe
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-seven

proffered a cigarette and held a light for it. "Now, then, what are we going to do with you?"

"Goodness only knows," Florida confessed.

Breckenridge continued to eye his visitor appreciatively. "Something, of course. Tell me, can you make friends with women?"

"Why, yes."

"Do you *like* them?"

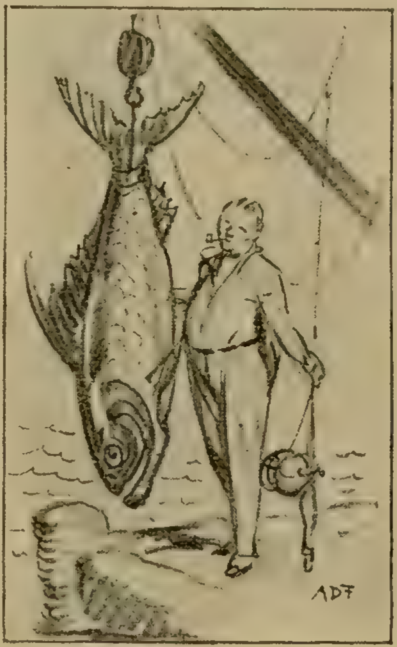
"Must I be honest? . . . No, I *hate* 'em."

"So do I," asserted the broker.

"But I can do anything I try. If that's my job—"

"The countess suggested you as a customers' woman. They're all getting into this market—"

"I know. She explained that I'd have to feed fig sirup to a lot of detestable creatures whose husbands have money; flatter them; listen to stories about Junior; be a sort of combination stablegirl and tout to blue-ribbon winners."



"Right. We call it making contacts. You'd have to get acquainted, do favors, be diplomatic, put 'em under obligations."

"It's only fair to warn you that I have an abominable temper, Mr. Breckenridge. If women get catty, the Airedale in me pops out and—I gargle them. I really get along much better with men."

"Men are easier to get along with."

"Muzzle me and I'll do my best. First, however, I ought to tell you some of the things I can't do. I can't run a typewriter, I can't keep books, I'm a wet rag at figures—they make my head ache. I don't know a thing in the world about business, and— . . . Pretty hopeless, don't you think?"

THERE was a pause. "No. Not at all," the broker exclaimed. He was honest in this statement. What mattered typewriters, figures, bookkeeping? Knowledge, experience, can be acquired, but charm is inborn, and who can acquire dimples? Miss Morgan had two which appeared whenever she smiled. Enchanting! Strange he hadn't noticed them yesterday. But probably he had noticed them; anyhow, they peeped out at him like old friends. One was deeper than the other. The way it came and went impelled an observer to say something to bring it back. This girl encouraged people to be entertaining and witty. He hadn't seen a girl in years who was so friendly and so unaffected, and at the same time so trim, so smart, and—and so nice.

"Anything but hopeless," he declared. "We can hire typewriters and ledger hounds. What *can* you do?"

"Well, I can usually make people like me when I try. I'm trying awfully hard to make you like me right now. Feel it? Of course I do the usual things: I dance like the mischief, I sing pretty well—popular songs, you know! Sap songs and blues and—"

"Not the St. Louis Blues?" This question was voiced hopefully.

"Rath-*er!* I may not sing it right, but I fix it so nobody else will sing it."

"My favorite masterpiece."

"Mine, too!"

THERE was that dimple again. What kissable lips this girl had. Made a man want to pinch her cheeks. She was dynamic! No wonder the Florida boom blew up.

"I do nicely with a ukulele," she was saying. "I drive any car. I know what fork to use. I don't have to wear chains on a polished floor, and evening clothes become me."

Breckenridge nodded. "Go on!"

But his caller had about reached the end of her resources. She completed her inventory by saying, "I swim, of course, and shoot and play bridge and golf and—I'm worth my weight in trophies at golf. Oh, yes, and I fish. I'm the best fisherman you ever knew."

The broker stirred; a new light leaped into his eyes.

"What kind of a fisherman?"

"Any kind."

He shook his head. "Youthful conceit. There never was a woman who wouldn't call a rod a 'pole,' nor one who could put a worm on a hook. That's one reason why I'm a sour old bachelor."

"Listen!" Florida hitched herself closer. "We're not talking business now, are we? . . . What I say won't be used against me? . . . Any man who'd bait with worms isn't fit to marry."

"I don't use worms. I'm just—"

"Or liver! I'll bet you use liver."

"Don't be silly. I'm the best fly and bait caster in the country!"

Florida shook her head. "My father is the best. I'm right next. He'll tell you."

"Nobody can tell me anything about any part of angling. It's my hobby. I've spent a fortune at it. I own the most famous pool on the Restigouche—"

"Salmon, eh? I've caught 'em. They're nice little fish, but just try a tarpon on a fly."

Breckenridge was impatient. This girl was a fraud, after all. "Tarpon don't take flies," he said positively.

"Not the big ones—except below Gatun locks."

"Is that so? I reckon ninety pounds is a minnow."

"*You* never saw a ninety-pound tarpon take a fly—Where?"

"Harney River. I saw and felt him. I landed him."

"Honest? On a *fly?* . . . Gee! I must try it."

"I took one, a hundred and forty pounds, on a six-eight tackle, at Boca Grande."

"There's no sense using light tackle there. It isn't fair to the other boats."

"Well, it's fair to the fish."

"Ever land a sailfish?"

"Oh, good Lord! I've had the record every winter for four years."

Breckenridge was beaming once more. "That's great! I got six buttons last season at Palm Beach, myself. Gold buttons!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I wouldn't kill a sailfish for all the buttons—"

"I thought you took the record. How can you claim record fish if you don't kill 'em and weigh 'em?"

"I can guess any fish—"

"Oh! . . . You guessed that ninety-pound tarpon, too. All right. I'm sorry I brought that up. I lost a trout in April that I guess would run ninety pounds. What's the difference whether you kill a sailfish or let the sharks get him?"

"The sharks don't always get 'em."

"Nine times out of ten."

"Not one time out of ten. It's the old Palm Beach argument—so you can get your picture in the Sunday supplement. Silk shirt open at the throat. If it's a dark day the trip is a failure. We have a camp down in the keys. I caught a nine-foot marlin last winter."

"*No!* . . . Land him yourself?"

"Certainly."

"Say! I've got something to show you." Breckenridge dove into the lowest drawer of his desk and brought forth a bundle of photographs. "Come here. Take a look. . . . I designed her myself, according to my own notions."

"Oo—o! What a boat!" Florida exclaimed.

"I KEEP her at Montauk. Just for swordfish. Did you ever take a broadbill?"

"No. Did you?"

"No. Not yet. But they're out there. Plenty. Big ones. I'll get mine, if I live long enough. I've got a good bass lake on the island, too. Can you cast a plug?"

"I've been doing nothing else all my life. But I fish bass at night."

"Certainly. It's the only time. You *do* know your stuff. A girl nearly fooled me into marrying her once—until I caught her tying a shrimp on her hook with a ribbon out of her corset cover, or something. That was in the days of corsets. It was a deliberate trap."

"They've trapped many a man."

"I don't mean corsets."

"Oh!"

"Would you like to try for a broadbill?"

"*Would* I? But—I don't believe I could land one."

"Certainly you could. I'd bet on it. Will you go out with me some time?"

"If you're joking, don't ask me."

"Young woman, I can joke about life, death, marriage, divorce, hard times, and mothers-in-law, but broadbill fishing is a serious business."

"I couldn't get ready under an hour."

"How about—tomorrow?"

"I was expecting to go to work for you tomorrow."

"You'll have your work cut out if you hook one of those babies. He'll break your back."

"Gosh! Do they walk on their tails like—"

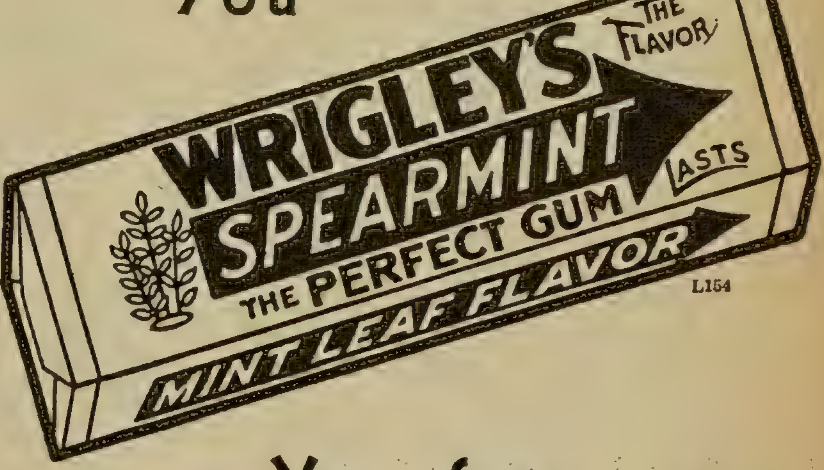
"Let me tell you something about broadbills, Miss Morgan. But, see here, if we're going fishing I can't call you Miss Morgan. What's your first name?"

At eleven thirty Mr. Breckenridge's secretary entered his office with word that the gentlemen in Mr. Barry's room were waiting. She was astonished, dismayed, to find the Follies beauty sitting on her employer's desk. The creature had wrought complete havoc with poor Mr. Breckenridge. He was flushed, his eyes were shining, he was nodding, grinning. He was ten years younger.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For

You



Your favor—your pleasure—your benefit inspire its quality—its sanitary package.

Remember to pick it up.

YOU'LL NEVER BE CROSS IN THE MORNING IF YOU TAKE NYAL SALTS

Keen, clean good health comes from keeping the system active. NYAL Salts relieve constipation, energize secretions, tone you up, keep you fine and fit. Be sure you get the genuine, in Large Bottles, 65c —Medium size, 35c.

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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

You always get fair prices from your NYAL Druggist

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-nine

"Tell Barry I can't make it," he said over his shoulder. "And don't ring this infernal telephone again."

The young woman left the door open when she went out, and a moment later she jumped when it was closed with a bang. It would not have surprised her to hear the key turn in the lock. Actually she could smell blackmail. . . . It wasn't that, however, so much as the idea of Mr. Breckenridge—! An old bachelor! And such a nice appearing man!

At twelve fifteen her telephone buzzed and he asked her what the devil she had done with those new salmon flies. When she took them in to him she found the room filled with smoke: cigarette stubs were smoldering in all of the ash trays and she more than half expected to see bottles and glasses. Her announcement that several men were waiting went unnoticed.

At one o'clock Breckenridge phoned he was going out to lunch and would be back at three to sign some letters. At four he was leaving, to be gone a couple of days.

III

DEAREST DARLING IN THE WORLD:

I have so much to write that I scarcely know where to begin. But, first, are they kind to you, pappy? Are you becoming a little bit used to it? I hope so. I'm praying always that you won't find things wholly unbearable.

How difficult it is to put a heart throb on paper. Love is inarticulate, it beats its wings against its cage. I find myself crying whenever I think back at the injustice you've suffered. I want to scream, and fight— But it won't do to remember. We must think forward.

You must be brave, you must take care of yourself. Try not to fret or to worry.

I wish I could write you every day. It's one of the hardest things to bear. Never mind. It won't be long.

I can't run on like this when you're so eager to learn what has happened to me, and yet it seems so selfish to talk about myself. Here goes, however. Make allowances for the personal pronouns and prepare to marvel. Take your dear glasses and look closely at every capital I. You'll find a kiss clinging to it. Those *I*s are really *we*s.

Miracles *do* happen, pappy. Babaloo borned me under a fortunate star. There must be a lucky hump on my back.

We're on our road to riches! I have a position! I draw a salary! Uncork your smelling salts, darling. You haven't heard *anything* yet. I'm to have an expense account as soon as I learn how to incur expenses. Taxicabs, theaters, luncheons, orchids. All paid! I'm hired to wear my prettiest frocks, look my nicest, be languid, and speak with a broad a.

Sounds as if I'd gone Hollywood, doesn't it? But I haven't. There's no *man*, either! I'm not on the broad road that leads down to destruction. I'm on the express elevator, going up. I'm a customers' woman for Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott, big stockbrokers.

Is that laughter I hear? . . . Have it stopped. It annoys meh! Rully!

Wanda did it. That adorable countess. Oh, pardon! Mrs. Wilmer Worth. . . . Yes, indeed! *The* Mrs. Worth. There's only one, as you say. Heh! Heh! Heh! We're the *dearest* friends and just like—*that*. Charming, isn't she? She spells her name with a W, but out where the vests begin—the evening vests—it's "Vanda." Pass the winegar, please! Lord! How I carry on.

Well, Mr. Solomon Worth was abroad when I arrived in New York. He was in Europe, buying Italy, or something, and he had taken his son along to wrap it up, so I couldn't present Uncle Joe's letter.

But I rang up his daughter-in-law. It's no easy matter to phone a society woman; it's quicker to say it with carrier pigeons. After introducing myself to the butler and chumming with a submaid who presented me to a supermaid who felt certain I was selling bath brushes, I was permitted to intrude myself upon the notice of a secretary. We exchanged compliments, matched family trees, and—I finally crashed through.

Wanda bubbled like a hot spring and came flying into town. Imagine it! We had a yummy lunch, went to a matinée, to dinner, to a big revue. I'd describe that revue, but you're too young, darling.

I told her what I wanted and she landed a job for me, like—that. Her name is magic. When I called on Mr. Breckenridge, the man she spoke to about the job, the funniest thing happened. He's a fisherman! We fell into each other's arms. It was lunchtime before we knew it, then it was two, three o'clock. And his office bulging with people to see him!

At five we left for Montauk Point, where he keeps a sixteen-thousand-dollar fishing boat. How's that for quick work? Don't be shocked: he's old and he hates women. All he's living for is to catch a broadbill.

I fancy the poor man didn't sleep a wink, finding himself in a hotel with a red-headed girl, but I was up at daylight, and when he saw me I guess it took the curse off. Trousers and sweater make a pretty good boy of me, as you should know.

He's a dear. You'd like him. You've *got* to like him, pappy, for he has practically adopted me until you get here. I scandalized him by cutting my own bait—his captain did that; absurd to get my hands dirty; anyhow a Japanese feathered lure was better for tuna and small stuff, so he said. But when he saw what I could do with a bonita belly, I thought sure he'd propose matrimony.

Oh, pappy! It made me so homesick to get my feet up on the rail! I could fancy it was you at my side. There were salty tears on my bait and—maybe that's why the tuna took it. They were thick and I landed an eighty-pounder. I won ten dollars by guessing its weight. Poor Mr. Breckenridge! Just a child! I wish he could see *you* fish. We sighted three broadbills in the two days, but—nothing doing. Coming in on the train I thanked Mr. Breckenridge for a lovely trip and said:

"Well, that's that. You've never once mentioned business. Isn't it time you gave me my answer?"

He patted my hand and told me, "I'd rather remain a bachelor, but—if you insist—name the day."

"Am I going to work for your firm?" I demanded.

"Bless your soul," he said, "you've been at work, at a hundred dollars a week and the usual commission. I thought you understood." And then I learned about the expense account—he called it a swindle sheet. He told me it was all right to take trips with him, but I mustn't go off with other men. So, you see, he's *nice*.

Don't you worry, dear! I can take care of myself, and we'll have a boat out there, sometime. And a little house on the shore. Just we two.

Wanda was in flames. She had phoned me forty times and she all but scalped Mr. Breckenridge when she learned where we'd been. Then she toted me off to Long Island for the week-end to meet some of her friends.

HERE'S where I go haywire, honey. I simply *must* babble. That house of Wanda's! In Europe it would be a "pile." Butlers, footmen, maids! Horses, motors, yachts! Greenhouses! A private golf course! Woodlands filled with pheasants cackling to be shot. Dog kennels! Sunken bathtubs! Towels with crests on them. Stableboys. Grapes growing in paper bags! Needle showers! Prophylactic vegetables! Solid silver coal scuttles! Oh, Lord!

Wanda and her husband don't see much of each other even when he's home, and how *could* they in such a place? With less than twenty guests the house is haunted. It's my idea of a perfect marriage. They meet at parties. Fancy being thrilled by some handsome stranger and discovering after the second dance that he's your husband!

"Why, Wanda! You're more beautiful than ever."

"And you, Wilmer. You've put on flesh."

There were *dozens* of people there and yet nobody had to wait for the bathroom. Each guest chamber has at least one bath. It's the kind of house where you can bring your own maid. There's a whole wing for the help.

And — can — Wanda — throw — a — party?

I had the very nicest room and she made me feel like the Princess of Wales or Miss America. She managed to let everybody know I was with Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott, and to hear her talk you'd infer that Hetty Green was another smart woman. Strangle on that one! And I not knowing who invented interest!

I behaved my prettiest to the women, but the men kept getting underfoot. One in particular.

You know how every woman loves clothes. Well, I was crazy to see Wanda's. It delighted her and she asked a footman to ask her maid to ask her secretary to bring her "gown book." It was a huge hand-tooled leather album and it had nothing but water colors of her costumes. There were *hundreds*. All numbered and indexed. Half of them she'd never worn. Shoes, hats, wraps to match, of course.

Doesn't that give you an exquisite idea about *everything?*

Heigh-ho! I danced, I swam, I golfed, I bridged, I simpered and sympathized, I amused and I entertained. I think I must have been a success.

LATE Sunday night I motored home in one of Wanda's cheap foreign cars—platinum bumpers and two men on the seat—feeling like the wreck of the Hesperus and yawning wider than a chasm.

Isn't it awful what a working girl puts up with? Nothing but orchids to wear and practically living on caviar. Mr. Breckenridge was delighted, but advises antacid tablets. He says they saved him. I gather that I met some of the richest, if not the nicest, people in New York.

He's teaching me about puts and calls, mergers and pools, and tomorrow, between the clam juice and the cold boned squabs, we tackle arbitrage.

So endeth the first week.

Seriously, pappy, did a girl ever fall into business the way I have? With a parachute overhead and a feather bed underfoot?

I'm not fooling myself. It's going to be a girl's-sized job and I have a lot to learn. I'm dizzy, but I can see to shoot. Every dollar I make will go to clear up our debts. I am making friends who can buy the mint and I'll pay off those Florida buzzards. I'll get you out. Money! Money! Money! I've laid my ears back. My teeth are bare and my claws are sharp. I'm growling. So be patient, darling. It won't be long.

I'm tired now.

All my love and kisses.

Your miserly, doting daughter,

FLORRIE.

In next week's installment of Money Mad you'll see Florida Morgan speed along the road toward wealth, and then—smash!—get a dramatic jolt.

FAT is LOST

Without Starving Now . . .
By Turning Food to Vim

Doctors Feed Gland Food

These are the new facts about excess fat which have so changed all conditions in late years.

Medical science has found that a great cause of over-weight lies in a defective gland. That gland's secretion largely controls nutrition. One great purpose is to help change food into fuel and energy. When that secretion is deficient, too much food turns to fat.

Doctors the world over now accept that theory. Most doctors have proved it —some thousands of times. So the modern method of treating fat excess is to feed the lacking factor.

Now Millions Know

Millions now know what that method does, and why. The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been fast disappearing, as everybody knows.

No starvation—no over-exercise. Such methods have too often led to harm. But most doctors say that moderation helps. No mere removal of some water, soon replaced. The great thing is to feed a few grains daily of the lacking gland substance, taken from cattle or sheep.

The Easiest Way

Marmola prescription tablets supply that method at its best. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory to fit the average case. A book in each box states the formula, and the reasons for results. So users know why health and vigor come back even faster than the fat goes.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has spread half the world over. Users have told others, and Marmola has become a tremendous factor in conditions of today. Most people have friends who can show and tell them what it does.

Try the Right Way

Most people who are over-fat have tried some method to reduce. Some ways were hard and harmful, some were false. Now try the method which modern scientists accept.

Excess fat is a blight to beauty, health and vim. It shortens lives, it lessens joys. Now the condition is regarded as abnormal. Why not combat it in the right way, when the cost is so little, the results so inviting?

Go now and get a box of Marmola—$1. Read the book in the box to know what to expect. Then watch the results.

Take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Then stop and see if you gain again. If so, go a little further. Just use to supply the needed factor until your glands supply it.

Do this—and now. Do it because of what Marmola has done for 24 years, for so many. Do it because it embodies, in ideal form, the accepted way to end fat.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce
At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

Vox

Is That a Relief, Mr. Bilik!

NORWALK, CONN.—I have been reading Liberty steadily for the past year. I never attempted to Vox Pop, taking the attitude that I did not want to knock a azine which had been trying to print [illegible] stories, and which, if it continued, ld no doubt print a story worth ling.

ut now I throw all fear and caution ide, reverse my opinion, and do a little ag and pennant waving.

After reading the first two installments of "Money Mad," by Rex Beach, I cannot help but express my feelings by saying that, here, you have the most up-to-date romance of the year. No doubt it will be a great motion-picture hit.

Liberty
Rex Bea

Let's have more of these thrilling romances. From now on I go the limit for Liberty.—*F. Bilik.*

That Bonus Editorial

FT. WAYNE, IND.—In your recent editorial, "The Bonus Question," you said that "we believe those combatants who were not permanently wounded are better off still for having been in battle. They have had the great experience of going through the furnace of war. Their memories will last as long as they live. . . ."

You're darned right those memories will last. What kind of memories? Why, memories of seeing your buddies blown to bits, memories of lying for hours in the shelter of the bodies of men and horses that have been dead for days, of watching men lose their minds from pain and suspense, of sleeping in the midst of mud and cooties.—*A Buddy Who Knows.*

SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF.—Your editorial, "The Bonus Question," most clearly stated this moot question. Much has been said pro and con, but few come to their decision through a careful study of this many-sided issue.

Selfishness and much biased thought have resulted in a complexity of opinions. Our President, with his mature judgment, was right in his stand on the matter. True, Congress passed the bill over his veto, but the fact still remains that, in the long run, the majority of those who are rushing to get their money would be better benefited if the money came to them later on in life.

Your editorial shows the question has been studied from every angle with no bias evident in any paragraph.—*Anson R. Fulkerson.*

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL. — Glory and memories are fine things to talk about—but they cannot be eaten. The person who wrote your bonus editorial is eating regular. No one who ever went hungry, used cardboard for shoe-sole repairs, would ever produce such a driveling mess of misinformation.

Only a hungry man has any right to pass an opinion on the justice of permitting the ex-service man to *borrow* up to 50 per cent of his adjusted compensation certificate. Please note he is not being *given* anything.—*One who is not borrowing but who has gone hungry.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Everything in your March 14 issue is good. But the crowning gem of that number is your editorial, "The Bonus Question." I am for you. Your past sins of omission and commission are forgiven.

You have hit the nail squarely on the head and you have done it with dignity and without rancor.—*E. M. Lawton.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In reference to your editorial about the soldiers' bonus, I want to ask a couple of questions.

If the government wants to save money, why start on the ex-service man? Why not cut out this foolish prohibition enforcement business? The government can waste many millions a year in trying to prevent the sale of liquor—and failing. This enriches the bootlegger. But when the veteran tries to collect, why, that's altogether a different story.—*A Veteran.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your editorial captioned "The Bonus Question" was a splendid exposition of the entire situation and should have been read by every man and woman in the country.

When we consider the results that will be reaped by the families of these men in 1945, we cannot but be appalled.—*A Reader.*

You Never Can Tell

HARTFORD, CONN.—I first turned the pages, "To the Ladies!," with languid interest, expecting only the commonplace. But it's the best feature in Liberty! Smart, sophisticated, and full of real substance!—*Grace Jordan.*

Lines in Defense of Mr. Thrasher's Brats

COLUMBUS, OHIO—That Pop in your March 21 issue, signed Southerner, sure burned me up.

Anyone who would say such a thing, much less put it in writing, should be hamstrung and hung out for the buzzards to pick at.

But, on second thought, why poison the buzzards?—*T. W. S.*

(Southerner's billet-doux, which concerned Leslie Thrasher's recent "Hit and Run" cover, was to the effect that he was overjoyed when he saw the brat in the picture lying in the street and thought it high time the rest of Thrasher's trash was bumped off.)

NEWARK, OHIO—The place for that "Southerner" would be in a zoo where all the children could gaze and point to him, saying:

"There is the beast who called us brats."—"*Cowboy.*"

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—This so-called "Southerner" should try to remember every cuss word he ever heard except those that would violate his ancestors, and call himself each and every one, then he or she will know what I think of that letter.—*Jack Kronberg.*

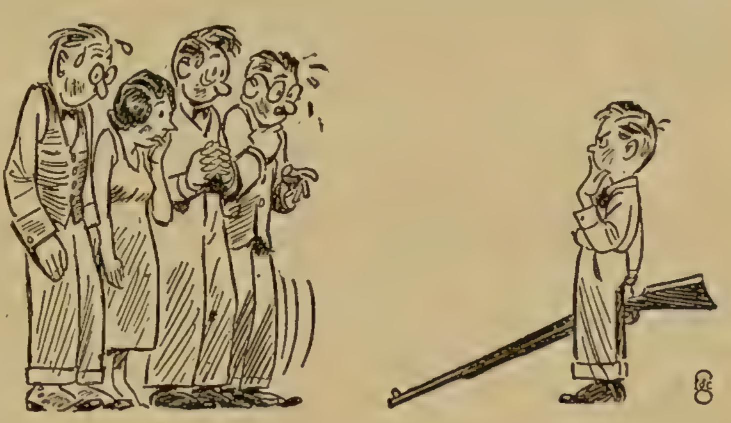
You're Getting a Complex, Jerome. Try Hitting Your Head with a Hammer

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Better put Bob Benchley on your pay roll for life if you intend to keep a steady customer. Every time I read his articles, my jaws open wide enough to cram an elephant in. Keep it up. I love it!—*Jerome Fisher.*

And We Should Help You Think?

OWENSBORO, KY.—Here's a Problem of Conduct for you.

Supposing—that's all we can do at the present—we had the Vox Pop editor, Leslie Thrasher, Kate Cameron, and the one that turns down all short stories, etc., lined up in front of us. We have only one shot in our lone gun, and can put only one out of pain. While we croak that one the other three would get away.



I am only twelve and a half years old and cannot think which one to croak.—*Earl Seaton.*

Pop

How Droll

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Let me tell you something tragic.

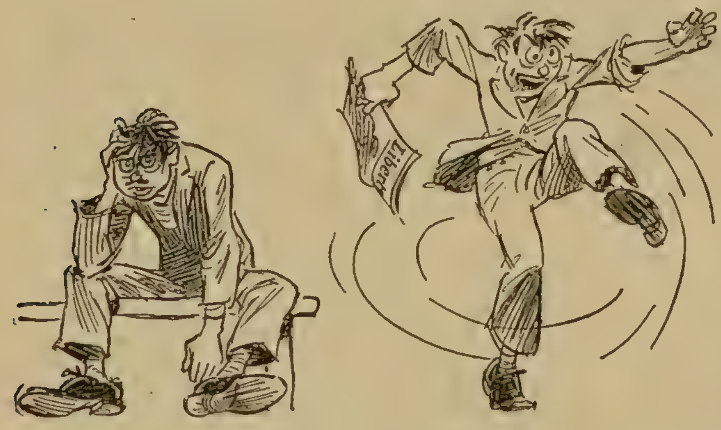
One day, not so long ago, I went into an insane asylum—as a visitor, of course.

The guide showed me a poor fellow who just sat and stared into space. We tried to attract his attention, but he seemed to have something else on his mind and would not even look at us. I asked the guide what was the matter with the poor chap. The attendant informed me: "He wanted a Liberty magazine and they wouldn't give it to him."

Well, right next him was a patient who was acting something terrible. He tore his hair and gnashed his teeth, ran around, jumped up and down, all the while emitting groans, screams, laughs, and wails.

I asked the attendant what in the world was the matter with him.

"Oh!" said the attendant. "Haven't you heard? Why, he wanted a Liberty magazine and they gave it to him."—*Dollie Warren.*



Neat Little Variant of the Good Old Liberty-or-Death Theme

SOMEWHERE IN CANADA—I am sending a Problem of Conduct and the four only reasonable answers.

The problem is:

If a law was passed to the effect that anyone caught reading Liberty would be executed, would you still read it?

The winning answers:

I would.
I would.
I would.
I would.

—*John Legeas.*

Well, It Might Be Nice. Would You Throw in the Prince of Wales?

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—A Vox Popping Mr. Fischer from Akron, Ohio, solemnly proposes that England should be asked to cede the west coast of Canada in exchange for the Philippines—thus ridding Uncle Sam of a difficult problem and giving him a continuous connection with Alaska, while Canada only loses her front door on the Pacific (to say nothing of the windows). And you solemnly publish this letter! On behalf of the British Empire may I be allowed to make an alternative proposal? In exchange for either (a) India, or (b) the island of St. Helena, how would you like to give us a strip of land comprising all the states on your Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf of Mexico, thus allowing us a continuous connection between Canada and the British West Indies?

I am absolutely serious about this offer. You ought to consider it carefully, for it will rid you of at least three-fourths of the problems which make life miserable for your intelligentsia. No more New England puritanism, no Boston censorship, no Wall Street, no Washington, no Florida land booms, no red-blooded, gun-toting, two-fisted, Fundamentalist Texas he-men to trouble their slumbers!—*Just one of the west coast Canadians who would be exchanged for a Filipino.*

Always Glad to Be of Service on Any Little Thing Like a Life Ambition

NORFOLK, VA.—May I be permitted to attain my life ambition by becoming a contributor to Liberty and at the same time going on record as author of the world's "shortest short" story?

Herewith:

(Reading time: 2 split seconds.)

She: "My husband—!"

He: "My God—!!"

Suggestion to aspiring correspondence-course students: Note large percentage of dialogue.—*A. Rooter.*

For Mr. Springs

BATESVILLE, ARK. — Congratulations to Mr. Elliott White Springs. I got a great kick out of "The Pilgrim Daughters." In fact, it floored me.

That concoction of "cream, gin, crème de cocoa, and nutmeg" might have been as good as the story if I hadn't gotten hold of the red pepper instead of the nutmeg. Well, anyway, the story and concoction were both "plenty hot."—*R. D. F.*

SUFFOLK, VA.—Here's hoping you paid Elliott White Springs enough for "The Pilgrim Daughters," for I want to read more of his stories.

It was a great relief after reading most of the other stuff in the magazine. —*W. R. Hundley.*

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.—My, my! Do those flyers always stay young? Don't they ever take on years like ordinary people? I mean those flyers Elliott White Springs is always telling us about.

For instance, "The Pilgrim Daughters." Here it is going nigh on to fourteen years since the war and surely these birds grow older and heavier all this time.

But here Elliott has one Carol going places and doing things that would have rushed him to do at the time the war let out.

Well, all I gotta say is, if Carol can stand up to all he went through (and I'll bet there was more than Elliott told about, too, for I've got that sort of a mind) and still be strong enough and conscious enough to walk up and bu his wife a costly bauble—well, all I gott say is, his wife ain't going to leave a good old man like him.—*A "White" Fan.*

Echo of a Slight Argument About Pieces on Golf

MANKATO, MINN.—After reading the Vox Pop comments of that hard-rock miner of Nevada, on your Bobby Jones series, "Good-by to Golf," I am firmly convinced that all the wooden heads are not on golf clubs.—*B. U. D.*

And Something About a Mr. Stansfield, Whom We Can't Just Place at the Moment

CHICAGO, ILL.—That Vox Popper, John Stansfield, floored me.

I came to thirty minutes after reading his stuff. Five times I tried in vain to understand what he means. The Wickersham Report was easy in comparison.

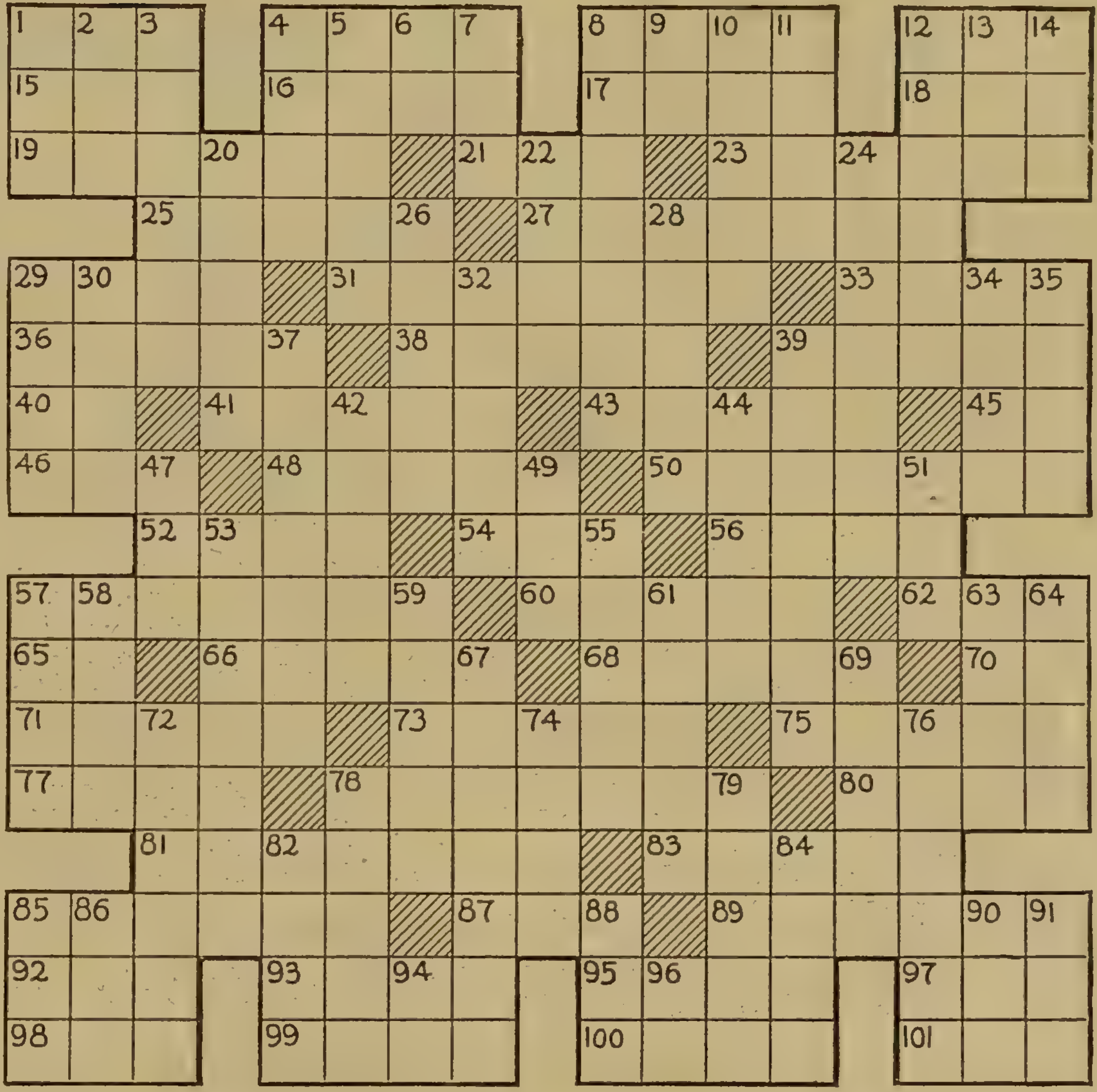
If prohibition is American, then our Constitution is all wet. It calls for individual freedom, Mr. Stansfield! You astonish us by saying that the majority of citizens are for prohibition. Ha—Ha! That's hot! Come up here and learn the true meaning of "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not."

Er—where was I? Oh, what's the use!—*John Zimmerman.*

And Still You're Puzzled, Eh?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—What has been puzzling me for a long time is just this: Are you out to enlighten us or are you just collecting nickels? Never mind the answer—I know it!—*I. M. Wise.*

Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

1 A pronoun
4 Let it stand!
8 Priest's vestment
12 Cooking utensil
15 Playing card
16 Wild buffalo
17 Peruse
18 Form of to be
19 Legislative body
21 Utility
23 Diminish
25 Vision; reverie
27 Progenitors
29 Declare confidently
31 New Zealand evergreen (plural)
33 City in Nevada
36 A king of Phrygia
38 Proof reader's mark
39 Proceeded laboriously or tediously
40 A preposition
41 To bend, as spring steel to test it
43 Postpone
45 Japanese measure of area
46 Lair
48 Oarsman
50 Entertains; amuses
52 Anglo-Saxon coins
54 Deer
56 The most ancient Hindu sacred literature
57 Linear variations of color or structure
60 Penetrate
62 Humor
65 An element (symbol)
66 Men's garments
68 Ventilated
70 Not
71 Audibly
73 Puff up
75 Put off; delay
77 Genuine
78 Intenders
80 Confusion of thought
81 Rumors
83 One of a flight of steps
85 Dissolved; softened
87 Make lace
89 Places of sacrifice
92 A constellation
93 Network (anatomy)
95 Descendants of a common ancestor
97 Immerse
98 A fabric
99 Employer
100 Tibetan oxen
101 A kind of bean

VERTICAL

1 Possesses
2 Frosting
3 Set right; corrected
4 Glut; surfeit
5 Minister to
6 Type measure
7 Greek letter
8 Caused to exist
9 Faroe Islands whirlwind
10 Loses color or luster
11 State of bliss
12 Went by
13 Native metal
14 Cardinal number
20 City in France
22 Box scientifically
24 Roved at large
26 Kind of parrot
28 Classified
29 Surrounded by
30 A creeping or climbing plant
32 Stormed; fumed
34 Small mass of ore or mineral within a rock
35 Poems
37 Rasped; grated
39 Hesitated
42 Flowers
44 The largest gland in the human body
47 And not
49 A deer
51 Unrefined; crude
53 A small stream
55 Growing out
57 Cicatrix
58 Narrative
59 Guide
61 Rows or ranks
63 Woman's name
64 Rent; cleft
67 To be careless, negligent, or slovenly
69 To relinquish an office; resign
72 Lowest deck of a vessel (variant)
74 A loop (anatomy)
76 Unit of electrical capacity (plural)
78 Fashions; methods
79 Pile
82 A country in South America
84 Beverage (plural)
85 Disfigure
86 Prior to
88 Essay
90 River (Spanish)
91 To discover at a distance
94 An element (symbol)
96 Scoriated lava

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

ACUTE Indigestion —a Critical Test of the HEART!

Attacks of acute indigestion are no joke! They impose a severe strain on the heart. When indigestion strikes so sharply as to be "acute" and when you're almost breathless with gas pressing against the heart, nine times in ten, acidity is the cause. Excess acids forming in the [illegible]omach sours the food and turns it into a gassy [illegible]ass which almost doubles you up with painful [illegible]mach distention and gas pressure. The acid [illegible] sets up intestinal poisons which further [illegible]plete your vitality and make you still more susceptible to indigestion.

Pyrosan, a remarkable new tablet, stops acidity correctly. Pyrosan consists of four simple, harmless, anti-acid ingredients in scientifically balanced proportions which not only afford immediate relief but three of them remain for a longer time in the stomach to prevent recurring Acidity between meals. In other words, Pyrosan is intended not only to afford you prompt comfort but permanency of results, as well.

To see how utterly needless it is today to suffer from acidity, get a package of Pyrosan tablets from any good druggist and take for a week as directed. If one week doesn't show you amazing results, your money will be refunded. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50¢ for full size bottle of 100 tablets to K. A. Hughes Co., 19 Yeoman Street, Boston, Mass.

CORNS

INSTANT SAFE RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain of corns and sore toes in one minute with absolute safety and surety. They remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. Their soothing medication is quickly healing. Small, thin, dainty, protective. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores—35¢ box.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
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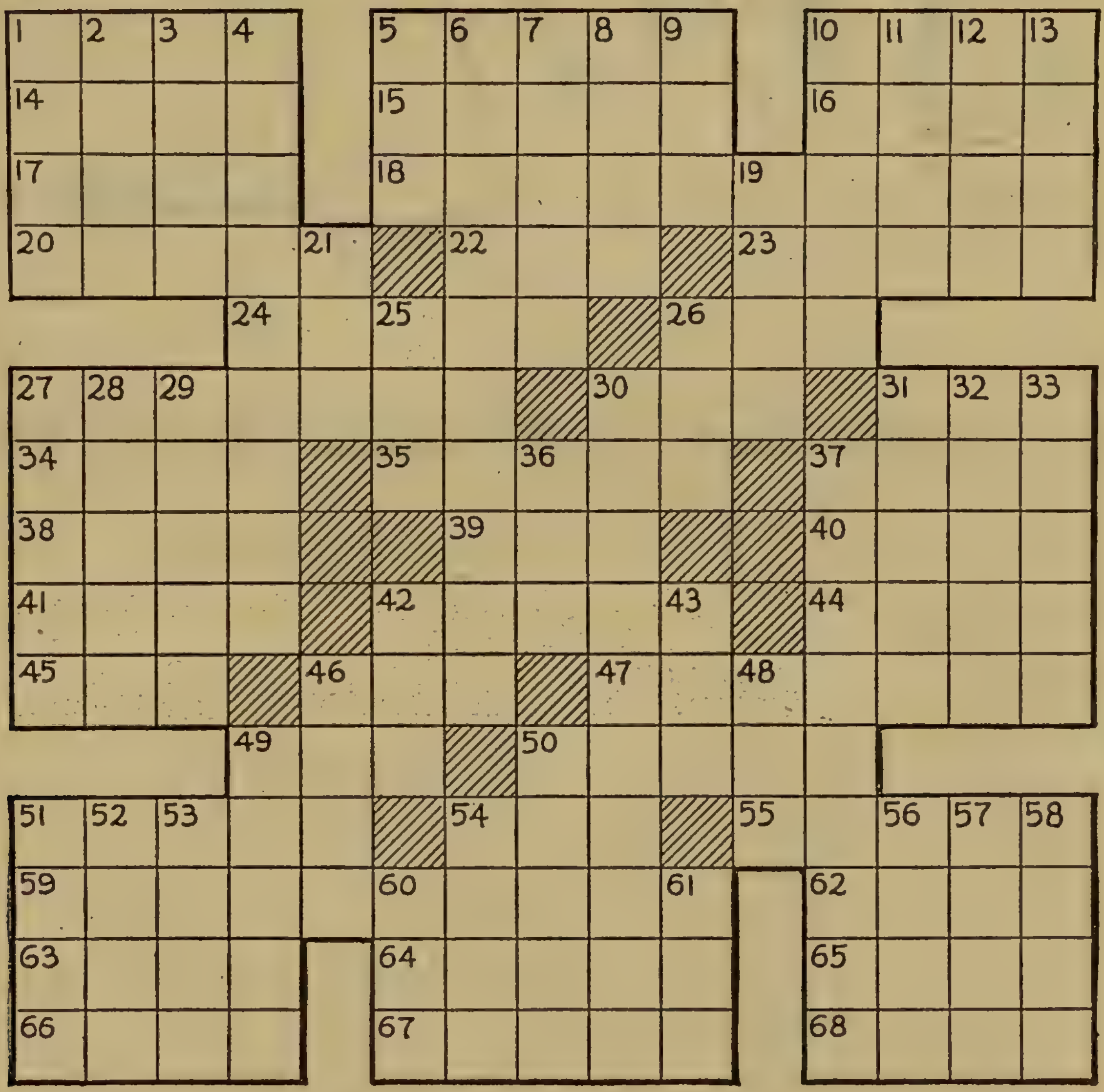
Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Drew the sap from a tree
5 Turkish money of account, of little value
10 Substance used in brewing and distilling
14 To spend time in idleness
15 A cubic meter
16 An elaborate accompanied song
17 Displays ostentatiously, as an opinion
18 Light linen fabric made in the East Indies
20 Region or stretch not definitely bounded
22 Areas ten meters square
23 Behind the times; antiquated
24 A measure of paper (plural)
26 Jackdaw
27 Those who take part in a game
30 The typical genus of swine
31 Youth
34 Half or partly
35 Pin or handle of a scythe snath
37 One of the faces of an object
38 Any indication regarded as a foreshowing
39 One of David's chief rulers (2 Samuel xx)
40 Part of a horse's harness
41 Part of a chair
42 To eject a liquid in a jet
44 Character in Idylls of the King
45 One of the sons of Bela (Numbers xxvi)
46 Possesses
47 Drinking glasses
49 A fruit
50 To send out a new growth, as a plant
51 Clipped, as wool from a sheep
54 Appropriate
55 Serving maid
59 Necropolises
62 A part assumed
63 A funeral solemnity or office
64 Malign looks
65 Of an era
66 Moistens
67 A shot in the game of billiards
68 Humid

VERTICAL

1 To talk inconsiderately
2 Bed or couch of a wild beast
3 A book of the Old Testament
4 Spying out or discovering, as distant objects
5 An equine
6 Transoceanic liners
7 Noblemen
8 Deviates from the right path
9 Matter or thing (law)
10 Parrot
11 Large flatboats
12 Remains in a condition of inactivity
13 Any of several vetches
19 Javanese tree
21 Mound
25 Human contrivance or ingenuity
26 Fitting
27 The itch; scabies
28 Arboreal animal of Madagascar
29 Improve; correct
30 Visits with great destruction of life
31 A climbing perennial plant
32 Concede as true
33 Conveys or transfers, as real estate
36 Combining form meaning mountain
37 Protected from injury or annoyance
42 Droop
43 Also
46 To allude vaguely to something
48 A kind of knot
49 Feels irritation; chafes
50 Practices espionage
51 Large flat-bottomed boat
52 One of the daughters of Zeus
53 Leave out
54 District
56 Woman's name
57 A bivalve mollusk
58 Succor
60 Any tree of the genus Ulmus
61 Compass point

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Charged with Laziness

Guilty Simply of Acidity!

That persistent feeling of tiredness—that clouded mind—that lack of dash and fire—that missing punch that decides so many situations in business—are all usually due to an acid system. Excess acid, formed in the stomach as a result of our unnatural eating habits, causes acid-indigestion with gas, sourness and burning and sets up poisonous putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal that saps our strength and vitality, taxes our nerves and pulls us down physically and mentally.

Magnesia Oxoids, developed in Germany by a famous, 100-year-old pharmaceutical house, correct acidity in the right way! Upon contact with the acid in the stomach, Magnesia Oxoids generate nascent, or active, oxygen. The "live" oxygen stimulates the alkaline gastric mucus, checks putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal and stimulates the activities of the intestinal walls, which aids the natural movement of the bowels. All three effects are necessary to the true correction of acidity.

Make this Acidity Test

To ascertain just how "acid" you are, make this test. Get a package of Magnesia Oxoids from any good druggist. Take two after each meal and see how much better you feel—how much more soundly you sleep and how much more energy you have. If, after taking the contents of one bottle, you don't get more than amazing results, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund the purchase price promptly and in full. If your druggist is out of Oxoids, he can get them from his wholesaler or you can send 89c for full size bottle to Eton Products, Inc., Dept. D10, 605 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Swift, responsive Ti-con-der-oga is the closest pencil of American business. It costs only 5 cents.

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One Shot

A Short Short Story

By

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

whose books about the Tennessee mountaineers —one was called "The Happy Mountain"— have brought her considerable fame. She was born in Tennessee, was married in England during the war, and now, after numerous changes of address, is home in Tennessee again.

(Reading time: 5 min. 31 sec.)

THERE had been a killing in Glen Hazard, yet the citizens who milled around the general store down near the depot passed casual talk back and forth like common. And they spaced their words concerning the happening with demands for coffee and meal, since folks that yet lived had to go on. Sheriff Joe Marks mixed in with the crowd and kept his ears cocked for a word here and there.

The shooting had taken place up at Jepson's barn, yonder of the old county road below Union Hill. Some said the ruckus had sprouted off a trade in corn betwixt young Jepson and a city fellow, and another citizen claimed it was Lena Todd, Jepson's pledged sweetheart, who was the cause of it. None had certain news, and none was overly curious, being knowen the tale would out of itself directly, especially if Jepson had come through with a whole skin. For Jepson was one whose acts were naked to the world, and he'd be brave to tell out the rights.

"He'd been a wild one till the day Lena gentled him," a citizen told Joe Marks, "and I reckon did a thing happen to Lena, Jepson would never rest till he'd followed her to the hereafter."

"Maybe," the sheriff agreed.

And the sheriff took himself back to his office disabled to content his mind whether to go out after news or wait for it to come to him. He had sent his deputy and another to tend to affairs up at Jepson's.

While he sat behind his desk, whittling a stick of soft pine, a tall, fair-haired, loose-jointed boy in work-stained overalls eased himself through the doorway, turned and locked the door, trod quietly over to the window and fastened it, and then carefully propped a long rifle against the sheriff's desk. Then he tilted a chair against the wall and settled himself in comfort therein and slowly cut a chunk from a square of black tobacco.

SHERIFF JOE MARKS did not look up from his whittling. "Give you good day, Jepson," he said.

"'Tain't a specially good day," Jepson answered. "Fact is, 'tis a poison black day."

Thereafter the two men sat silent for a sharp time.

"Thought I'd stop by and ware you concerning last night's fray," Jepson said.

"As well have the matter out," the sheriff answered him.

Jepson resettled himself in his chair. "Me 'n' Lena was pledged way back last fall. We aimed to get wed as soon as I could buy the farm down on Mill Creek. I lacked but the price of one more load of liquor to close the deal."

The sheriff said: "Never did I favor you dealing with these new smart traders. But a man's got to live."

"Maybe," Jepson agreed. "That town-fetched agent who's been buying my corn was the cause of it. He got Lena all unsettled with his city talk. Next thing she was riding with him in his automobile. Pretty soon she started to plague me, saying she'd not crave to live hid in the back hills."

When long minutes had gone by, Sheriff Joe Marks looked up at Jepson. "Keep after your story," he said mildly.

"Then that city dealer, he started to quarreling right sharp about the liquor. Said it was doped, and folks were complaining about it. I told him he wasn't obligated to buy it; I could trade it elsewhere. Well, we had words, couple of times. Then yesterday, along about sundown, we agreed together to settle for the last trade, and he come up to my barn this early morning whilst it was yet dark. I had my rifle along, not willing to take any chances. Seems he'd been there quite a spell and been sampling the trade stock, which was strong. I'd warned him plenty against it; and he was always welcome to straight corn for his pocket flask; but that man he failed of right good sense."

Jepson got up leisurely and picked up his rifle from against the desk. He took out a kerchief from his hip pocket and began to polish the barrel.

The sheriff asked, "Got any more shot in that gun?"

"No," Jepson said. He jerked back the bolt and an empty shell flew across the room.

"This man—never could recall his name—was in no state for a person to talk to," Jepson went on. "And I didn't crave to stand listening to him rave. He bragged on how much Lena thought about him, and he raised blisters in the air about my liquor and quarreled about the price. I just asked him to pay me the moneys rightly owing, and I was ready to shog off back to the house."

JEPSON brought his chair to the floor with a crash and sat up straight with his rifle standing betwixt his knees. His hands were gripped hard around it. "Right about then it was he pulled out his little flat gun and started spilling bullets at me. Didn't do no harm, since he'd not be able to hit a barn door at five paces the way he was. I just pointed this gun o' mine at him and said to quit that or there'd be trouble."

"And there was, sure enough," the sheriff said.

Jepson scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Weren't much to it after that. Right about then Lena jumped out of the shadows where she'd been standing all the while—and me unseeing her. She said for me to go on home, and she said several other matters that don't signify now. I figured I'd as well go home. And after a while I did. Come daylight I'd figured it out you'd crave to know the rights of the affair. So I stepped on down."

"Obliged to you," Marks said. "Case of self-defense. There's a space in your story will need to be filled. What was it took place betwixt Lena telling you to go on and you doing so?"

"Don't signify," Jepson said. "Never was I one to back out of telling the true facts. Come you ware me the trial date's fixed, I'll be ready to tell it out."

Sheriff Joe Marks eased his length from the desk chair and stretched restfully. "Going over for my mail, and then go up and tend to the man in your barn. We got to ship him back to his folks. I'll ware you when the court papers is fixed. Reckon you'll not run out on me, so I'll not trouble you for a bond." He took his hat from the back of his chair and stood a half minute looking down at Jepson, who stayed stiff in his chair. Jepson was pitiful in his quietness. "You 'n' Lena will be settling on the Mill Creek farm before so long now."

"Reckon not." Jepson's voice dragged slowly to unwilling words. "Lena, she had her arms around that fellow's neck when I fired. The one shot got both of them."

THE END

$200 for the Best Answers

to the Problem of Conduct in Liberty for March 14 has been divided among those whose names appear below.

THE problem was:

Suppose you were a widow at thirty-five, your husband having died four years ago. Your twelve-year-old son still grieves for his father. The necessity of your working has practically deprived him of both parents.

Now a friend of the family—a successful bachelor who has helped you through your hard times—wishes you to marry him. If you do so, your son will again have a real home, a mother's care, the warm interest and kindly guidance of a good man, and educational advantages which you alone cannot give him.

But your son protests, and accuses you of being disloyal to his father. Would you marry and trust to time to offset his prejudices, or would you remain true to his ideal of fidelity?

By E. F. NAULTY
Hotel Driscoll, Washington, D. C.

THIS is a practical world and a twelve-year-old should not control the actions or the future of a parent through sentimentalism. A house run by children may be a good kindergarten but it never can be a home; children complete a home but they do not make one.

Parents are people and have a right to their happiness as well as children. A kind stepfather is a better companion for a twelve-year-old than the superintendent of an institution, which is a condition not improbable under the conditions described, if the mother's health fails.

Tell the widow to marry her bachelor, wish them good luck, and give her my blessing for having good sense.

By LULA A. KNAPP
715 W. Yale Avenue, Orlando, Florida

A HIGH-SPIRITED boy of twelve who clings so tenaciously to the idealized memory of a father will certainly be a comfort to you and will doubtless make a place and a home for you. Your chances for happiness will be greater if you cling to your boy and his high idealism than if you oppose him in this and grasp at the suggested opportunity of a marriage of convenience.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a happy home started on the wreck of such an ideal and with such a disturbing factor present in it.

By MRS. HAROLD KAY
Honea Path, South Carolina

I WOULD unhesitatingly choose the same course I chose when placed in a similar position two years ago. Result: one small boy devoted to his stepfather, a mother relieved of the double worry of business and a part-time home, a normal, well balanced life for my boy, and an exceedingly happy home.

By WILLIAM T. STUCKEY
603 North Dearborn Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

I WOULD most assuredly remain true to my son's ideal of fidelity. Nothing, at this stage of a youngster's existence, is so important as his respect for and confidence in a parent. To violate this for any reason would be sacrilege and carries with it grave possibilities of blasting his whole future.

Only in the event that I could overcome his prejudice by changing his "ideal of fidelity" so that it would permit such action would I ever even so much as consider marriage seriously because of economic expedience.

Answers to the question in Liberty for March 21 will be published next week.

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German Spie

Bombs and Bacilli; The Board of Strategy; The Capture of Dr. Scheele

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 18 minutes 41 seconds.)

HAVING told in last week's Liberty of the destruction of the munitions plant at Kingsland, New Jersey, and of the espionage feats of Agent Frederick Hermann, Mr. Sutherland in this chapter deals with another star Imperial operative, who reënforced his repertory of bombing and arson with a telling skill in the broadcasting of disease germs.

PART NINE—THE BLOCKADE SLIPPER

FROM Webster's Dictionary I have selected three definitions as the introductory paragraphs to this installment of the activities of German spies and agents in neutral America, to wit:

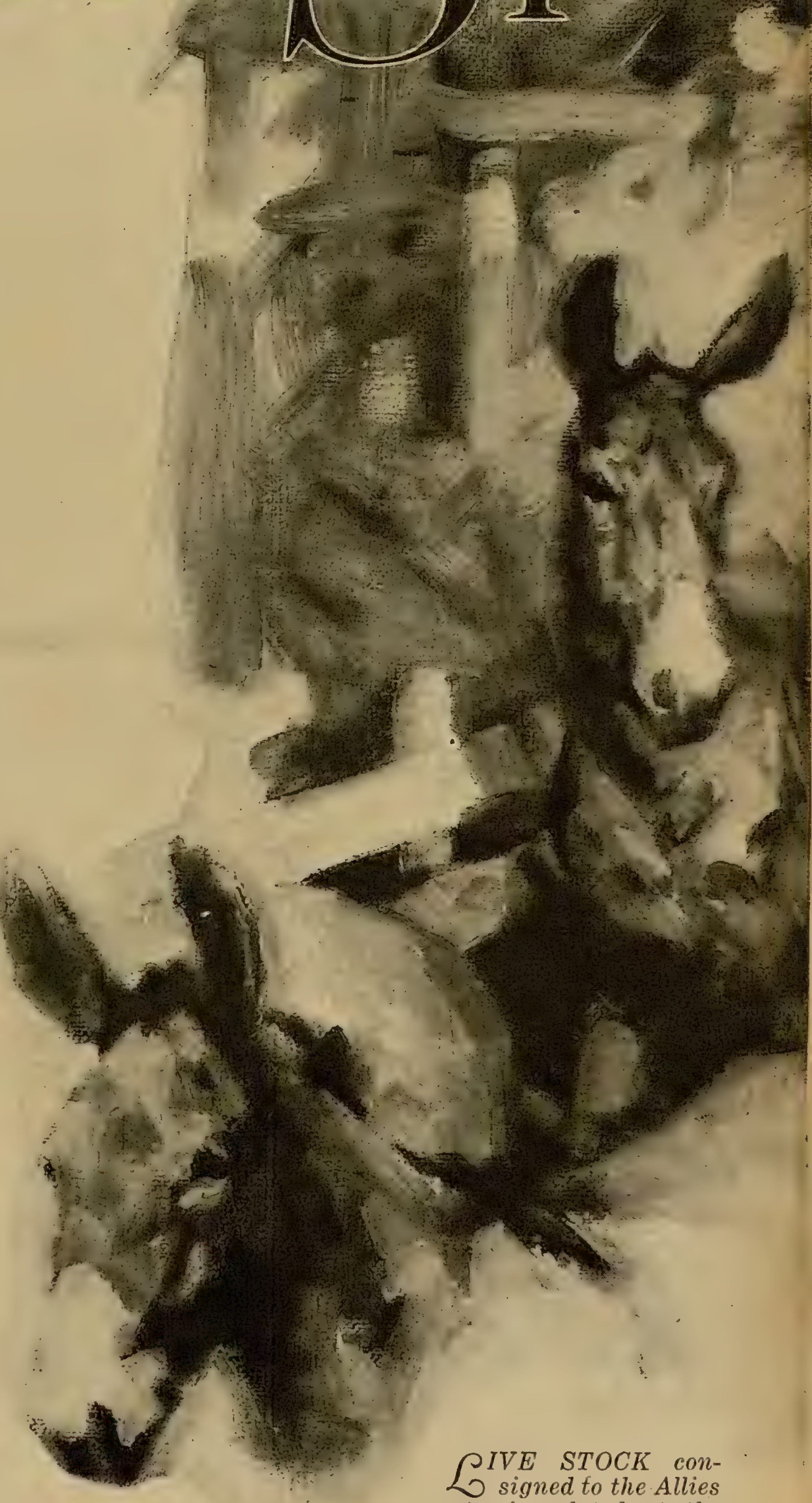
GLANDERS: A highly contagious and very destructive disease of horses and mules caused by the microörganism *Bacillus mallei.* It is characterized by fever, inflammation of mucous membranes, especially of the nose, and an enlargement and induration of the glands in the lower jaw. It ends fatally after an acute or chronic course. It may be transmitted to dogs, goats, sheep, and human beings. Bovines are immune.

ANTHRAX: A carbuncle; malignant pustule. An infectious, and usually fatal, bacterial disease of animals, especially cattle and sheep, and occasionally of man. It is characterized by ulcerations of the skin, enlargement of the spleen, and general collapse.

INFLUENZA: An epidemic formerly attributed by astrologers to the *influence* of heavenly bodies. An epidemic affection of the throat and usually accompanied by fever, great muscular prostration, and severe neuralgic pains. It is caused by the *Bacillus influenza.* Veterinary: A contagious disease of horses, affecting the mucous membranes of the air passages and the eyelids, and often complicated with diseases of the liver and intestines.

Since many more human beings died from the Spanish influenza, or flu, as it became abbreviated during the latter months of the World War, than perished in that war, and since nobody really knows what the flu is, it is interesting, in the light of the contents of this chapter, to speculate on the possibility, howsoever remote, that that horrible scourge may have been introduced into this country by some of the experiments carried out by German agents in their efforts to destroy horses and cattle purchased in America by and shipped to the Allies.

These agents confess having used anthrax and glanders cultures because it was proved that they did: they have not denied using other bacteria because nobody has accused them of it—but who knows exactly all the germs they used and what happened to the evil forces they thus loosed on a neutral and unsuspecting world? It was called the Spanish influenza because it started in Spain—and Spain was a neutral country, filled with ports where animal transports put in to feed, water, and exercise live stock consigned by neutral North and South Amer-



Picture by HAROLD E. BRYANT

LIVE STOCK consigned to the Allies was inoculated at the port of embarkation by the busy German agents.

S *in* America

ican countries to the Allies and already inoculated at the port of embarkation by hordes of busy German agents.

Walter T. Scheele was born in Cologne, Germany, in 1865. He was educated at the University of Bonn, and became an artillery lieutenant. He had specialized in chemistry; and in 1893 he was detailed to America for two years to observe American progress in chemistry. He arrived on April 12 of that year.

SO observant was he, and so proficient in his reports, that, instead of remaining in the United States for two years, he stayed here for a quarter of a century! His wife, born in the United States, was named Maria Magdalena. After the World War began Scheele was third in military rank in America, and was ranked one point by von Papen in Military and one point in General Staff. For his services in America, particularly during the period of our neutrality, he was promoted to the rank of major.

For more than twenty-one years Scheele received $1,500 a year from Berlin, and he was associated with Dr. Hugo Schweitzer of an American chemical company. Schweitzer's duty was to observe and report to Berlin on the commercial aspects of American chemistry, and for this he received $1,000 a year.

In 1913 Dr. Scheele was told by Military Attaché von Papen to hold himself in readiness for particularly "heavy work in 1914." In the early summer of 1914, before the war began, Scheele and Schweitzer proceeded to Germany to bring their knowledge up to date and to compare notes with the German army chemists and to get instructions about their work in America after hostilities were declared! Scheele brought back with him several secret documents for Prince von Hatzfeldt regarding various phases of the impending war, which was due to commence any minute!

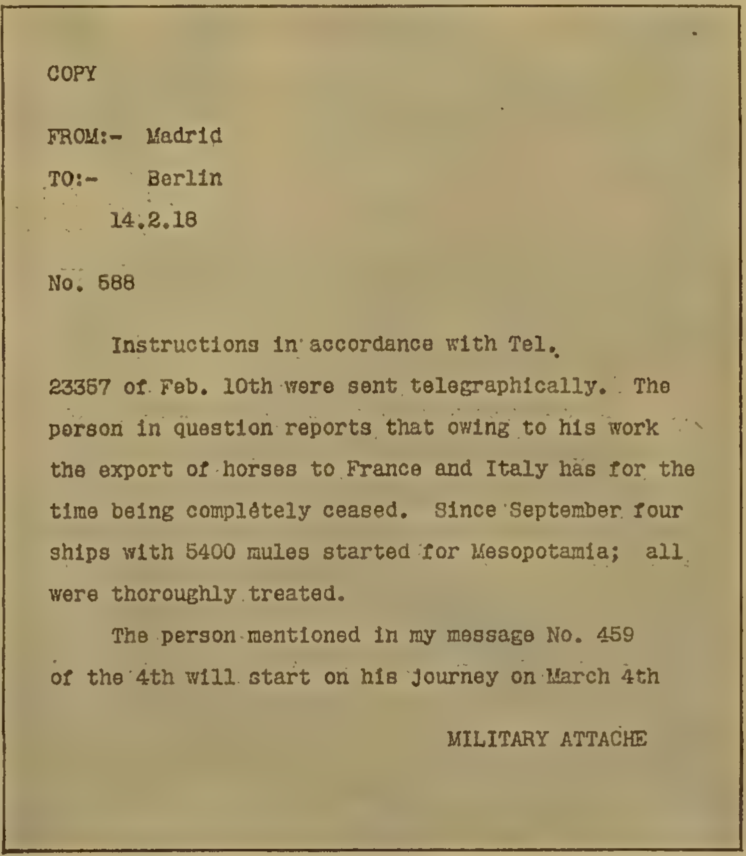
Specifically, Scheele's duties in America were to direct the manufacture of explosives, poison gas, explosion bombs, incendiary bombs, liquid-air bombs, formaldehyde

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-nine

compounds, and various other secret processes developed by German chemists. The purpose of all this constructive work was destructive, that is, to impede the export from America of munitions and foodstuffs and cattle and other materials to Germany's enemies.

Captain Franz von Rintelen arrived in New York on April 4, 1915, and von Papen instructed Scheele to report to him for orders. On April 10 von Rintelen ordered Scheele to invent and build an incendiary bomb that would operate in designated limits of time, between four hours and five days after it was planted; a bomb that could be carried and placed safely and inconspicuously.



COPY

FROM:- Madrid
TO:- Berlin
14.2.18

No. 588

Instructions in accordance with Tel. 23357 of Feb. 10th were sent telegraphically. The person in question reports that owing to his work the export of horses to France and Italy has for the time being completely ceased. Since September four ships with 5400 mules started for Mesopotamia; all were thoroughly treated.

The person mentioned in my message No. 459 of the 4th will start on his journey on March 4th

MILITARY ATTACHE

A copy of a German report boasting of success in the work of implanting disease germs in animals shipped to the Allies.

Scheele asked for and received $2,500, which he estimated would suffice to make 500 such bombs. The money was handed to Scheele by Captain Eno Bode of the Hamburg-American lines. After the materials were assembled, Scheele asked Carl Schmidt, chief engineer of the interned Friedrich der Grosse, to let him use the vessel's machine shop. Schmidt detailed Ernest Becker, the liner's electrician, to help Scheele. Before long bombs were being turned out at the rate of thirty-five to fifty a day.

The bombs consisted, roughly, of short sections of four-inch iron or lead pipe. They were bent at one end and a zinc or tin plate, fitting snugly, was provided. The bomb was composed of urotropin, one-third, and peroxide of soda, two-thirds. This was placed in the lower end of the tube, the dividing plate, or partition, shoved in, and sulphuric acid poured into the upper end of the bomb, which was then clamped down.

The thickness of the zinc or tin partition determined the length of time it would take for the bomb to burst into flames, depending on how quickly the sulphuric acid would eat through and reach the chemicals below.

The general scheme was to plant these bombs in the holds of ships carrying Allied purchases, and let them catch fire after they had reached the open seas. Of course the bombs could be used in grain elevators, warehouses, munition factories, ships tied up at wharves, or any other place where the German saboteurs desired to plant them.

International
Charles von Kleist

AT von Rintelen's suggestion, the methodical Germans formed an executive organization for their work. The four Germans who ran this executive council were:

Captain Otto Wolpert, superintendent of the Atlas Line, a subsidiary of the Hamburg-American. He was to supervise the actual placing of the bombs.

Dr. Karl Schimmel, an attorney at the German embassy in Washington, who was detached from duty there and sent to New York to advise von Papen. He was to store the completed bombs in his apartment and distribute them to the men Wolpert sent up to get them.

Captain Sternberg, who was really Captain Edrich von Steinmetz, a naval captain, who reached America by dressing himself in woman's clothes and smuggling himself through the front in Roumania. Still in feminine disguise, he crossed Russia and Siberia and embarked from Vladivostok for Seattle. From Seattle he crossed the continent to New York City, where he resumed masculine attire.

Dr. Scheele, the manufacturer of the bombs and general adviser. He had other duties, as we shall see.

Wolpert hired German, Swedish, Danish, Russian, and American stevedors to secrete the bombs. He drew $10,000, $15,000, $25,000, and $7,500, on four different occasions, from von Rintelen by means of checks on the Atlantic Trust Company, where von Rintelen said he had $3,600,000 furnished by the Reichsbank direct. Von Rintelen had his funds in three accounts: one, the Gibbs Manufacturing Company, on Cedar Street; second, H. H. Hansen, one of von Rintelen's names; and, third, in his own name.

THE four members of the executive committee drew weekly: Wolpert, $275; Steinmetz, $175; Schimmel, $100; and Scheele, $100. Bode also was paid $175 a week. Each was allowed $100 weekly for expenses.

Scheele estimated that about thirty-six ships were damaged by his bombs and those of Robert Fay, with the damages estimated at more than $10,000,000. About seventy-five per cent of the bombs made and distributed were never planted, the men becoming frightened and tossing them into the river or otherwise disposing of them. But they'd come around anyhow and collect, swearing the machines had been placed in the right spots.

In May, 1915, Scheele and Steinmetz went to New Orleans to create an organization for planting bombs on ships there. Their agent there was William J. Connors, an American citizen, with offices in the Louisiana State Law Building. Steinmetz made an agreement with Connors which Scheele considered so one-sided, in Connors' favor, that he tore up the contract and made another deal.

By this arrangement Connors got $5,000 in cash at once. Von Rintelen wired the money to Scheele via the Mechanics and Metals Bank in New York to the Bank of New Orleans. Scheele was registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and he got the money after the German consul general identified him at the bank.

To disguise the real intent of the new contract, Scheele and Connors drew up a fake agreement purporting to involve real-estate transactions, and providing for ten promissory notes for $1,000 each payable on demand to Connors at the First National Bank in Hoboken, New Jersey. Connors was to present a note each time a New Orleans ship was really damaged by an incendiary bomb.

The materials for the construction of the bombs, the lead-pipe containers, the zinc partitions, and the chemicals, were shipped by Scheele from Hoboken to Riley, Connors' chauffeur, who was to take them out to a yacht club on Lake Pontchartrain and assemble them in accordance with Scheele's instructions.

International
Captain Otto Wolpert

Scheele had other duties, as I have said. Among them was to see that lubricating oil, vitally necessary in Germany, was shipped to that country through the British blockade. The brilliant chemist thought it over and then arrived at a scheme which was successful for a while. He bought the oil from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and purchased magnesium carbonate from Gould, Maxim & Co.

Through a process of his own he would solidify the oil so that the product resembled fertilizer. Amsinck & Co., the importing and exporting house which also acted as bankers for Dr. Albert and other German agents, would make out fraudulent bills of lading for this "fertilizer" and the ships ostensibly were delivering it to Copenhagen. In Germany, in accordance with a process perfected by Scheele and by him made known to Berlin chemists, the lubricating oil would be extracted by putting it into tanks of water and mixing benzine salt. That caused the oil to rise to the surface, where it could be skimmed off.

In one shipment of "fertilizer" were concealed 250 sacks of rubber, dissolved and pulverized into powder form by another Scheele process; but when this shipment was ready Amsinck & Co. became alarmed and declined to become involved in the phony manifests.

Von Papen then arranged for Scheele to apply for United States citizenship and make out the manifests himself as president of the New Jersey Agricultural Chemical Company, a dummy corporation which Scheele had formed to cover his real activities in his Hoboken laboratories.

In August, 1915, the very day he applied for his first papers, Scheele made a shipment of lubricating oil and rubber billed as guano on the steamship Ezron.

International News photo
Ernest Becker, bomb-plot aid.

Scheele also prepared dried vegetables and meats and meat soups wrapped in hay and shipped them as baled hay. The meat was prepared by cutting it into strips. After being thoroughly dried in the sun it was soaked half an hour in a twenty-five-per-cent solution of peroxide of hydrogen. This preserved the meat and vegetables for several years, killed any bacteria, and was not injurious to the stomach, as benzoate of soda is.

Another process was used in preparing important seeds, such as anise, wheat, rye, millet, etc., for planting purposes. Also he prepared a cargo of dried milk which he got across safely.

Scheele also turned his attention to American grain shipments to the Allies. He prepared methylene blue in one-grain tablets and put 100 of them in a bottle. These bottles were distributed to German agents or their accomplices engaged in loading wheat. Every now and then one of these tablets would be tossed into the cascading wheat, the hundred tablets sufficing to spoil a whole carload of grain.

International
Wilhelm Paradies, Scheele associate.

THIS coloring matter doesn't show when the grain is ground in the mill, but when the quartermasters' cooks in the front-line trenches or the housewives in any of the Allied countries added water to the flour to bake bread, the dough would turn a bright blue. One trainload of nineteen cars was thus contaminated and shipped to Liverpool from New Orleans; but of course nobody has any way of knowing exactly how many thousand tons of wheat were thus made useless.

After America entered the war the Department of Justice was quite eager to put its hands on Dr. Scheele and his accomplices. A number of the latter had been captured in May, 1916, when the following men were arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and had their bonds fixed as follows:

Otto Wolpert	$25,000 (bond given)
Eno Bode	25,000 (bond given)
Carl Schmidt	10,000
Charles von Kleist	5,000
Wilhelm Paradies	5,000
George Prader	5,000
Frederick Karbade	5,000
Ernest Becker	5,000

In March, 1918, Richmond Levering, a Department of Justice agent, captured Dr. Scheele in Cuba. He was living as James G. Williams in the house of Juan Pozos, a sugar planter of Guanabacoa, three miles from Havana.

THE Cuban authorities seized Scheele and turned him over to Levering, and on the way back to the United States the prisoner confessed everything freely, according to Levering's detailed report to A. Bruce Bielaski, able chief of the Department of Investigation.

Most of the foregoing is culled from Scheele's confession, and the following declarations are also taken from that sheaf of admissions.

Steinmetz brought with him from Germany tetanus and anthrax germ cultures to inoculate horses and cattle in America. Because of the long journey across Russia and the Pacific Ocean and the United States, it was feared the cultures had become valueless, and after many vain attempts were made to resuscitate them, a supply of the bacilli was taken to the Rockefeller Institute to be tested and to see what could be done with them.

Steinmetz, according to Scheele, also brought with him a supply of mysterious microbes which he referred to as "dust germs," which he said would cause infantile paralysis.

After the plot was discovered and many of the conspirators were jailed, Steinmetz again donned woman's clothing and escaped across the Atlantic Ocean via neutral Scandinavian countries into Germany, where he has not since been heard from.

It was von Igel, successor to von Papen as military attaché, who warned Scheele of his danger. One day he got a special-delivery letter from von Igel summoning him immediately to 60 Wall Street. Von Igel gave the good doctor funds and told him to leave on the next train for Cuba and to see the German ambassador there.

Scheele stopped off at Jacksonville, Florida, and called on Sperber, editor of the Deutsche-Florida Staats-Zeitung, who told him a British cruiser

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page sixty-one

was hovering off Key West and would certainly capture him. The editor gave Scheele cards and credentials as W. T. Rheinfelder, a representative of the newspaper.

A German captain ran the Hotel Schmidt at Daytona, so Scheele stayed there ten or twelve days. Tired of his inactivity, he wired Sperber in a code they had agreed on. Sperber sent for him and said it was fatal to try to cross to Havana, advising him to go back to the embassy in Washington for help.

Scheele went to the embassy, and Prince von Hatzfeldt suggested he shave and leave for Cuba by short stages. Scheele shaved and took a street car to Alexandria and caught a train there for Key West. He was not molested on his trip from that port to Havana.

One of Scheele's reasons for confessing so fully to Levering and consenting to return to America to testify was, as he explained it, to get revenge on "the Imperial German government, which deserted him after a lifetime of unreserved loyalty."

He turned over to Levering all his chemical formulas, and Thomas A. Edison's assistant verified them. Edison himself examined Scheele and pronounced himself as impressed by the German's profound knowledge of chemistry.

Scheele said that when any money was disbursed involving commercial disguise for any of the ventures of the conspirators, or for any sum over $10,000, Dr. Albert usually handled the funds in person and ordinarily made use of Amsinck & Co.'s banking facilities.

In matters of general policy Dr. Albert ranked Ambassador von Bernstorff, von Papen, and Boy-Ed, and they all had to go to him for instructions or counsel. No plot or scheme was planned, perfected, or executed without first making a complete explanation to Albert and receiving his approval. He took active and unremitting interest in every phase of the sabotage and propaganda enterprises, and he had the complete confidence of the authorities in Berlin.

SCHEELE revealed that nearly all the vast sums raised in America by Germans for the Red Cross, for medicines, monuments, relief, etc., went to von Papen, who used them for overt sabotage and propaganda and payments to German destruction agents and I. W. W.s and anarchists and criminals recruited to the campaign against Allied munitions and supplies.

Paul Koenig was head of the German secret service in neutral America, Scheele said, adding that von Papen once told him Koenig was advised at least two days in advance about anything and everything that was to occur in the Department of Justice and the United States Secret Service offices in Washington.

It was Koenig who probably tipped off von Igel to notify Scheele that the chemist was suspected, and that it would be well for him to flee to Cuba.

Charles von Kleist was Scheele's front-office man and private secretary. He confirmed the fact that Scheele really was running a bomb factory in Hoboken, and not an agricultural-chemical company. He also said that he heard Captain Wolpert hired the men who used Steinmetz' germs to inoculate horses and cattle.

I'll end this installment with two specimens of freak sabotage, perpetrated by German agents more enthusiastic than intelligent.

Ernest Schiller boarded an American vessel in Hoboken one morning in April, 1915. After the ship passed Sandy Hook Schiller went into action. With his pistol he held up the captain, gagged and manacled him, and then rounded up the crew in the mess room. After threatening them and firing his gun once or twice, he forced them to obey him.

Schiller destroyed the ship's papers, and wireless, and cleaned out the captain's safe and secured another weapon. He then announced that the ship would turn pirate, or German raider, and harry American shipping.

International News photo

Above, the revolvers and sticks of dynamite carried by Eric Meunta, the crazed professor, when he shot J. P. Morgan; and, left, Meunta when he was arraigned in court.

SUDDENLY he changed his mind and forced the crew to lower a boat when the steamer was off the Delaware coast. He jumped into it and rowed ashore. He was soon captured and sentenced to life imprisonment as a pirate.

Eric Meunta was a professor of German at Columbia University. He decided to strike a blow for the Fatherland. On July 2, 1915, he exploded a time bomb in the Capitol at Washington, D. C. Halls, doors, walls, chandeliers, and windows were damaged. He managed to get safely away.

The next day he invaded the estate of J. P. Morgan at Glen Cove, Long Island. He got inside the house and announced that he was going to make the banker's family hostages until Morgan signed a pledge that he would stop financing the shipment of munitions and other supplies to the Allies. There was a scuffle and Meunta pulled his pistol and fired. Morgan suffered a slight flesh wound, and the madman was overpowered.

He told the authorities his name was Jack Holt, and that he had tried to blow up the Capitol to show Americans how dangerous dynamite is. This, he maintained, would make them stop sending munitions to Germany's enemies, and Germany would thus win the war and peace would be restored. The police soon identified Holt as Meunta, and he was put where he could do no more harm.

Germany's admissions that American neutrality was constantly and outrageously violated by German agents find corroboration in the violations, frequent and atrocious, of the rights and laws of many other neutral countries. Her contention that these agents violated Berlin's orders is disproved by the thousands of cable and wireless messages sent by Berlin to her agents in neutral countries, and by their reports to Berlin, all of which were intercepted and decoded by the British Naval Intelligence Bureau under Admiral Sir Reginald Hall. A collection of these messages will be given in the next installment.

And more than merely messages. Next week's chapter is a picture of the German world-wide communications system.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 36

1—Diamond.
2—The Mediterranean Sea.
3—Resembling a worm.
4—A narrow inlet of the sea between high banks of rocks.
5—Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes.
6—Everywhere epidemic.
7—Something inopportune or embarrassing.
8—Before the Deluge.
9—An earthquake.
10—A short tobacco pipe.
11—Self-possession.
12—A widow or widower.
13—The lowest deck.
14—That which bears the principal image or inscription.
15—A court order issued to enforce the performance of a public duty.
16—An act of bending the knee, especially in worship.
17—The science of the motion of projectiles.
18—Between Java and Sumatra.
19—A church of a monastery.
20—The Bible (I Timothy vi. 10).

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The Egyptians

A Story of Cupid and an Old, Old Game

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

who flew in the war, is now a manufacturer in South Carolina, and writes us concerning this story: "Don't worry about accuracy. For twelve years I have struggled with ulcers and backgammon. A surgeon once remodeled my stomach. If any Vox Poppers are skeptical, I will be glad to show them my scar and, as soon as I have recovered from the current spasm, take them on for a game of backgammon."

Pictures by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

(Reading time: 38 minutes 44 seconds.)

"COME right in, Mr. Waring, and have a seat," the doctor invited and waved him toward a chair. "I have all your reports here now. The X rays confirmed my first opinion. The diagnosis is clearly indicated."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Waring uneasily.

"Oh, you've got a duodenal ulcer," announced the doctor in a tone of triumph. He sounded like a man who had been right on the market.

"What's-s-s-er-what's that?" stammered the unhappy Mr. Waring.

"It's an abrasion at the bottom of your stomach. Here, look at this X ray."

Mr. Waring swallowed quickly and shook his head. He would just as soon have looked into the seventh pit of Dante's Inferno.

"Is it er-er-er-serious?"

"Serious? I should say so! Haven't you been feeling serious lately?"

"Yes. Very. Is it, er-will it be fatal?"

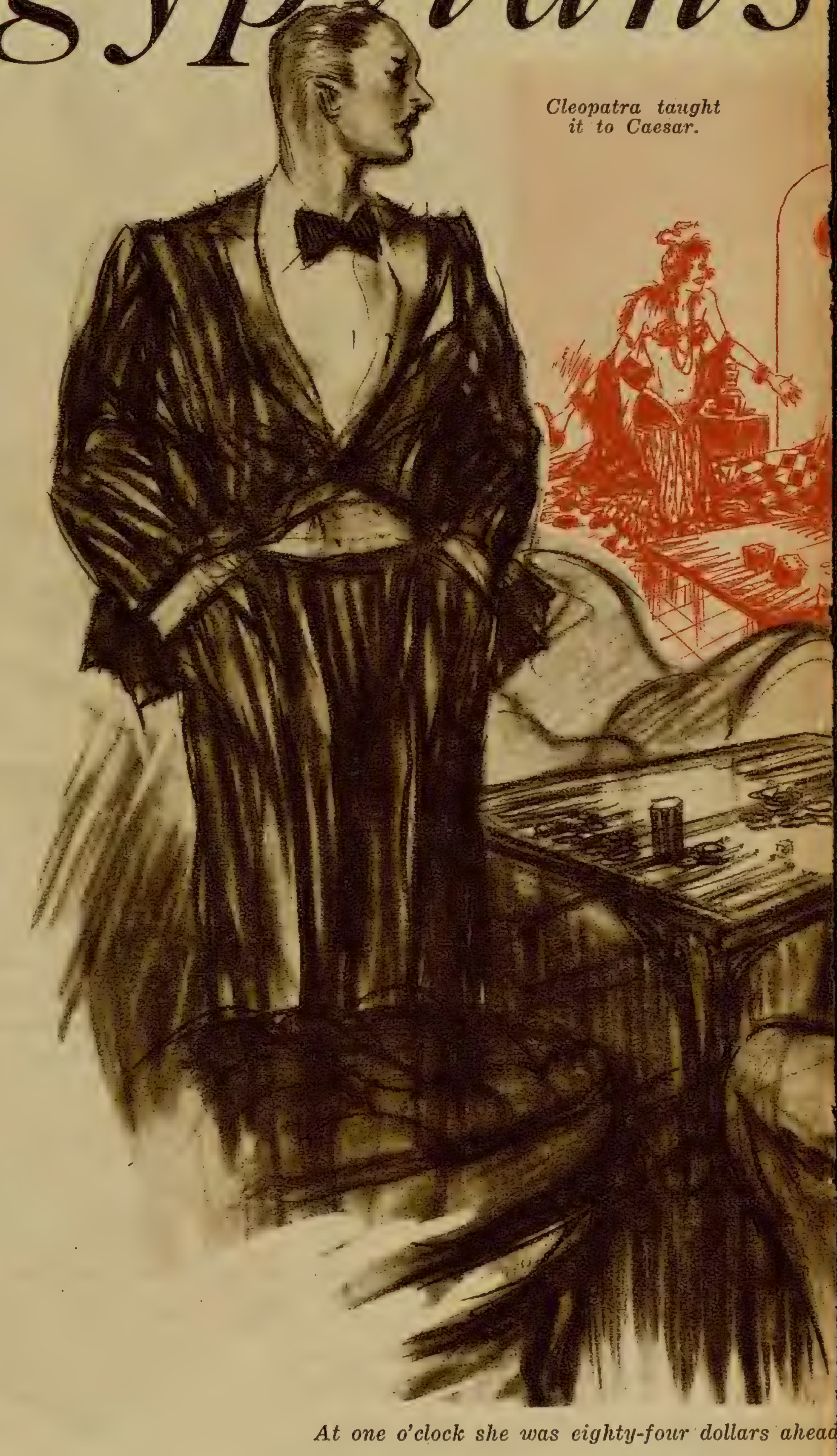
"Probably not. Anyway, not immediately if you will do as I tell you."

"You can cure it?"

"About eighty-five per cent of cases readily yield to treatment. You're only forty and have a good constitution. Your chances are better than the average."

"What do you do for it?"

"Well, I shall put you on a diet and give you certain alkalis and bromides. You must abstain from smoking, and under no circumstances touch any form of alcohol. You should avoid rich or highly seasoned foods and live an even, regular life with no strain or excitement. Just a simple regimen."



Cleopatra taught it to Caesar.

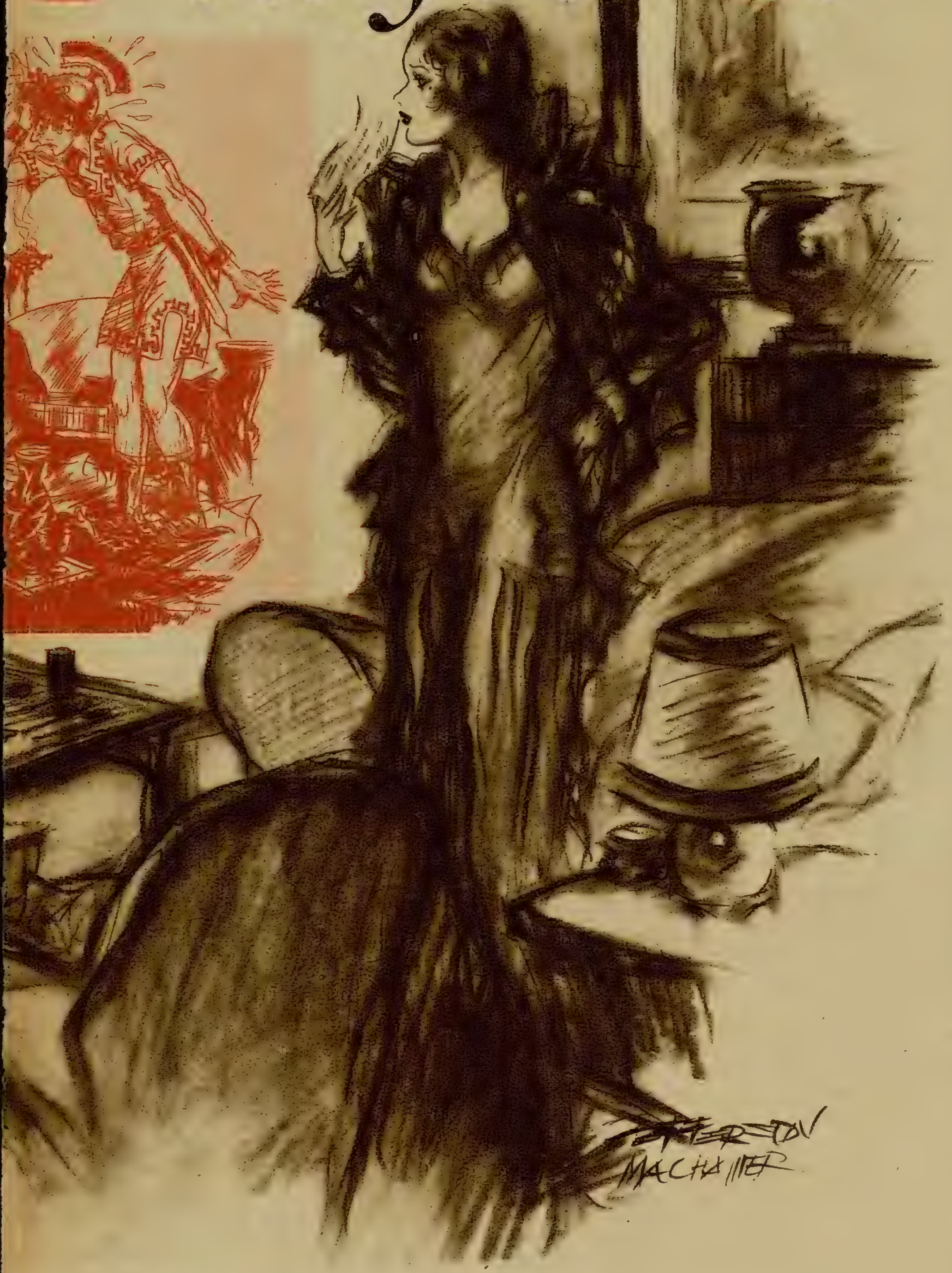
At one o'clock she was eighty-four dollars ahead

"It may sound simple, doctor, but I don't think I can arrange to do it."

"Why not? Business? What do you do?"

"Real estate. But I'm not very active. I only spend two or three hours a day at the office. That's not it. I just think I'd rather keep the ulcer than do all that.

Played It



He gave her a check and made ready to depart sorrowfully.

What would happen if I didn't subscribe to your treatment?"

The doctor shrugged expressively. It was as if Amos an' Andy had refused to brush their teeth.

"Nothing may happen. Your discomfort will probably continue. You know more about that than I do. Again, your ulcer may perforate at any moment and you would die of peritonitis unless a surgeon operated immediately, and did a resection or a pyloraplasty or a gastroenterostomy."

"I think I'll try the diet a while. When do I start?"

"Right now. Here're three prescriptions: one before and one after meals, and one in case of acute distress. Remember now, no tobacco, alcohol, rich foods, coffee, salad dressings, acids, relishes, or sauces. We'll check up on your progress with the stomach pump every three weeks."

"Er-er-er-you mean that I've got to have that test meal again?"

"Exactly. We must check up on your hyperacidity."

"AND how long does this sort of thing go on?"

"Perhaps two months, perhaps six months, perhaps a year. It depends on you. We'll see how you are getting on later and tell you something more definite. I can promise you improvement immediately if you will follow instructions. Don't worry about it. That's the worst thing you can do."

"No, doctor, I won't worry! The thought of that fancy hemstitching you mentioned won't bother me at all! And I shall look forward each morning to having that fire hose poked down my gullet every three weeks. Are you sure I can't have a cocktail occasionally to get my mind off that?"

"Quite sure, if you want to get well. You can undo six months' progress in a few minutes. There's no use starting if you aren't going to finish. Just steel yourself from the first and it will be easy."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Waring meekly and took his departure. That was all he cared to hear at the moment. Why did he ever go to see a doctor? He might have gone on for years under the pleasant delusion that he had nervous indigestion. Well, yes, it had gotten pretty severe lately. He had only sought the doctor because he was in considerable pain. Now he was committed to the constant fear of internal combustion—just like an auto-

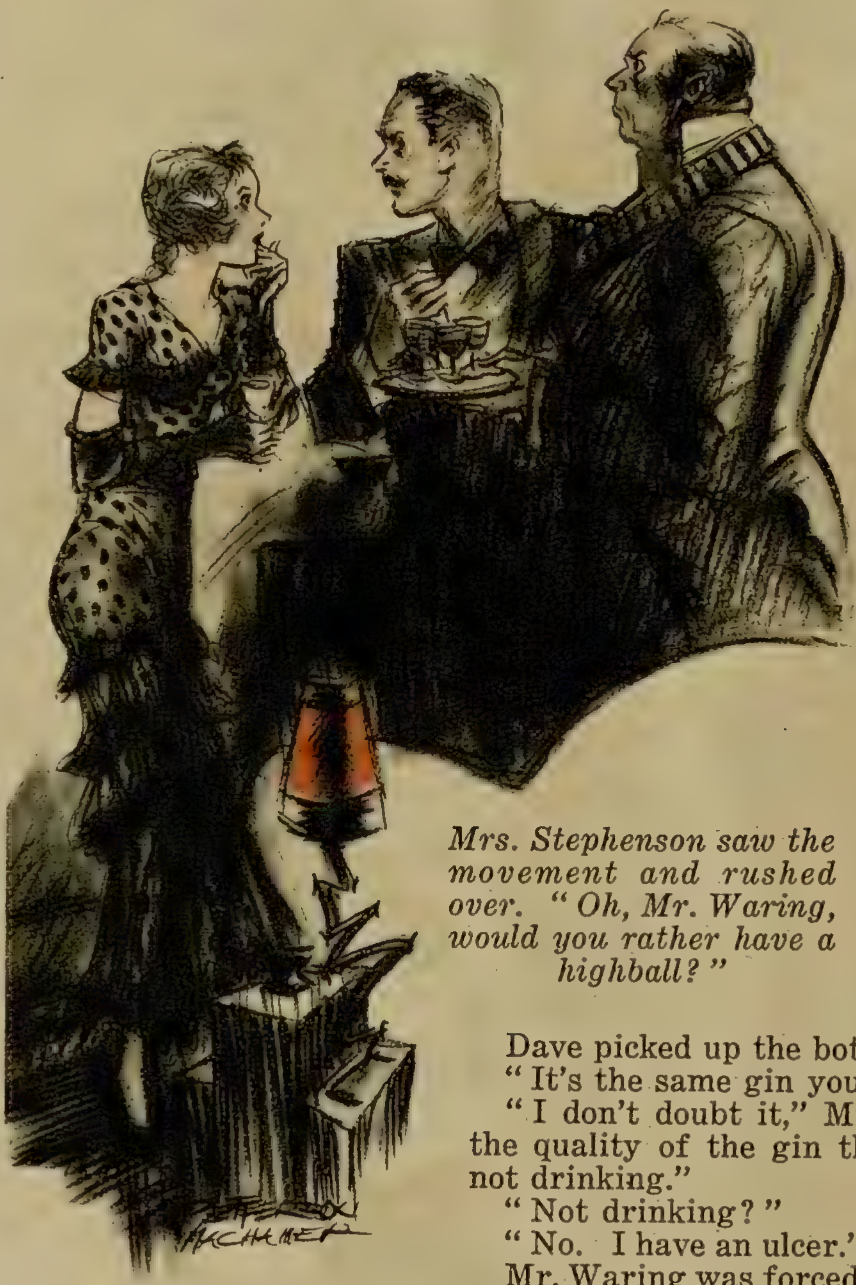
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EGYPTIANS PLAYED IT
Continued from page sixty-five

mobile. At any moment he might find himself full of hems and tucks. They might even leave a thimble in him. He'd heard of such things. Already he could feel peculiar sensations beneath his vest. He must make a will before it was too late.

He sought the quiet of his apartment just off Park Avenue and took out pen and paper to write it

"I, Herbert Waring, being of sane mind and sound body—" No, that wasn't right! He had anything but a sound body.



Mrs. Stephenson saw the movement and rushed over. "Oh, Mr. Waring, would you rather have a highball?"

How would he leave his estate? He had neglected to select a beneficiary.

There was Cousin Ethel in Philadelphia. Cousin Ethel was president of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U. She wasn't going to get his money to turn over to a dry bishop to blow on the stock market.

There was Cousin Agatha in Boston. Cousin Agatha was a vegetarian. He'd nearly starved when he visited her five years before. No legacy to Cousin Agatha. She'd only use it to endow a farm for spinach or broccoli.

Then there was Cousin Abigail in Syracuse. He had not seen her since she put him out of the house for smoking. Well, he wouldn't be spending any more money for cigarettes, but he'd make sure Cousin Abigail didn't profit by his saving.

What would he do with his money then? There were no other close relatives. He'd leave his fortune to build a hospital for other sufferers and endow a school to find a less objectionable cure—THE HERBERT WARING MEMORIAL ULCER HOSPITAL. He had enough to build a good one. The patients would all have cocktails before dinner and the food would be prepared by a French chef with sauces made from the medicinal liquor. He'd see his lawyer and have the will drawn up properly.

He glanced at his watch and noticed that it was five o'clock, time to get to the club for the afternoon game of backgammon. Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor would be waiting for him. For ten years he had never missed his afternoon backgammon unless otherwise definitely engaged, and as he hurried to the club he mused that this was the only form of amusement the doctor had left to him.

AT the club he found Frank and Harry shaking the dice cheerfully across the board. He joined them for chouette and won the first game, taking his place at the table. The ulcer was forgotten for the moment.

Just then Jack Brown joined them. He had a bottle of gin and a bottle of vermuth.

"Cocktails?" he questioned. There was no reply. None was expected. "One, two, three, four," he counted. "Oh, George, a shaker and glasses for four."

"None for me, thanks," said Mr. Waring without pausing in his play.

The other three looked at him sharply. Jack turned the label of the gin bottle around so he could see it.

"It's good gin," he announced in a hurt tone. "It had a Quebec Liquor Commission wrapper on it."

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Waring.

"Would you rather have some Scotch?" offered Harry. "I have some good Scotch. I made Tony take a drink out of the bottle before I bought it."

"No, thank you," Mr. Waring persisted. "I'm not drinking."

"Not drinking?" all three echoed.

"No. The fact is I have an ulcer."

"So have I," said Jack. "I bought it in London and brought it in without paying duty on it. Has big checks."

"An ulcer. Not an ulster!"

"Oh. Well, paint it with iodine."

"It's in my stomach."

"A good doctor and a long stick—"

The game was halted while he repeated what the doctor had said.

"I knew a fellow who had one of those things," said Frank. "He used to put bicarb of soda in his cocktails."

AFTER mixing three drinks, Jack picked up his bottles and departed for more congenial surroundings. The game continued while Frank and Harry emptied their glasses and blew smoke in his face.

Then Dave Pendleton came over to the table with another bottle of gin.

"George," he called without any preliminaries, "a shaker and glasses for four."

Mr. Waring looked up from his dice sorrowfully.

"None for me, thanks."

Dave picked up the bottle and smelled it.

"It's the same gin you've been drinking," he insisted.

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Waring conceded. "It's not the quality of the gin that prompted my refusal. I'm not drinking."

"Not drinking?"

"No. I have an ulcer."

Mr. Waring was forced to repeat his symptoms and the doctor's orders.

"Joe Gish had one," Dave said. "He used to carry lime water around with him in a gin bottle. If he picked up the wrong bottle it was a hoss on the doctor."

He mixed three cocktails and departed.

A few moments later Ray Gould approached the table with the same proposition. Mr. Waring had to repeat his previous confessions. A crowd gathered around the table and more cocktails were mixed. The empty glasses interfered with his play, and the smoke blurred his vision.

Mr. Waring became dizzy. His backgammon was terrible and he lost four games in succession. He became angry and threw two-and-one three times in succession. Then he had a run of four-and-ones.

He gave up the game in disgust. The room was full of people mixing cocktails, exhaling clouds of smoke, and eating cold shrimps and smoked ham. Mr. Waring's soul was filled with disgust. He'd resign from the club! What was the use of a place where you couldn't find any congenial companionship?

He went back to his apartment and dressed. He was due for dinner and bridge at the Stephensons'. Well, he always enjoyed an evening there. It would take the taste of the club out of his mouth.

He arrived just as the cocktails were being served. He was about to take one from the tray when he suddenly remembered and drew back his hand.

Mrs. Stephenson saw the movement and rushed over to him.

"Oh, Mr. Waring, would you rather have a highball?"

"No, thank you," he declined.

"Perhaps an old-fashioned?"

"Not a thing, thank you."

"This is some very good Bacardi that Charley smuggled in from Cuba himself."

"I don't doubt that it is excellent."

She glanced at him suspiciously. No, he was quite sober. Her brow was troubled as she paused for breath. The shock had made her gasp.

"But, Mr. Waring—"

He must make some explanation of his strange conduct.

"The fact is, Mrs. Stephenson, I have an ulcer."

"Dear me! How interesting! Can you really wipe the windshield by sticking out your tongue?"

"Not an Austin. An ulcer."

"Oh. What's that?"

He attempted to pass it over lightly. Mrs. Stephenson would not permit it. He had to repeat the doctor's words. Mrs. Stephenson was horrified. Her party would be ruined. She really couldn't serve milk toast in courses. Mr. Waring assured her that it would not be necessary. He could eat any plain, wholesome food.

He was limp when released. So was Mrs. Stephenson.

His dinner partner was a visiting widow from the west. Conversation with her was slow until the wine was poured. Then she clinked glasses with him and prepared to step on the accelerator.

MR. WARING liked what he had seen of the widow and he warmed momentarily to the invitation. Luncheon tomorrow was clearly forecast. Then he caught himself.

"I'm not drinking," he explained.

The widow put her glass down and stared, wondering if her ears had deceived her. She tasted her wine.

"It's very good," she insisted.

"No doubt," said Mr. Waring.

The widow's eyes and attitude were questioning. She demanded an explanation. What was such a man doing at this party?

Mr. Waring weakened before the inquisition and confessed. The widow was interested and sympathetic. She had a cousin in Denver who had the same trouble. He was a splendid young man. He must have gotten it from bad food in the army. He was in France with Pershing. Anyway, he died very suddenly. Just like that! He was visiting in the mountains and before they got him to a doctor he was dead. Just a small ulcer it was, too.

Mr. Waring felt a slight buzzing in his ears and turned away. So far he had nibbled at a little celery and a few crackers. The crab meat had a rich sauce poured over it and he had been unable to dig out any that wasn't thoroughly seasoned. The green-turtle soup was beyond the pale—full of sherry.

THE fillet of sole had a white-wine sauce and was covered with truffles and mushrooms. He shuddered at the sight of it. Next was venison steak with chestnut dressing. So far he had eaten two rolls and was considering trying to purloin another from the widow. Everyone else was full of bright chatter, good wine, and delicious food.

Mrs. Thomas on his other side noticed that he was not enjoying his dinner.

"You don't seem to have any appetite," she said. "Better try this salad. I love Roquefort dressing."

Mr. Waring winced and made no move to do so. The lady insisted. She told him that she always had to force her two boys to eat their dinner. Children would fill up on ice cream during the afternoon, but that was no reason why they shouldn't eat their dinner, anyway. Everyone should eat a good dinner. Now, breakfast wasn't so important.

Mr. Waring was forced in self-defense to tell her that he was on a diet. This led to further explanation and he found himself fighting a losing battle. The whole table listened in and offered sympathy. The pudding made him shudder.

After dinner there were cordials and Mr. Waring

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE EGYPTIANS PLAYED IT
Continued from page sixty-seven

sneaked away to take some of the medicine the doctor had prescribed. What he needed was a good strong drink and a telephone call that his apartment was on fire.

Bridge and highballs followed. Mr. Waring suffered in silence. The aroma of a Corona Corona caused him to trump his partner's ace. Everyone else was hilarious and instead of sympathy and advice, he got wise cracks and dirty digs. His sincerity was questioned and it was suggested that he had been tight the night before or was expecting to get tight later that night. He played badly and lost money. His partner suggested that he take a drink and see what would happen. It couldn't do anything more than kill him.

About one o'clock it was decided that the party should move to a night club for dancing. Mr. Waring would fain have called it an evening, but that would have left the widow with no escort. An extra woman ruins any night-club party so he had to stick it out. The widow cared no more for night clubs than she did for her right leg. Armed with sufficient bottles and flasks, the party set out.

It had been many years since Mr. Waring had tried to dance without more stimulation than the natural buoyancy of youth. He found it practically impossible now. The music was never in time with his feet, and he found that he and his partner were always swaying in opposite directions. This was no fun for anybody, but he preferred to stay on the dance floor to sitting at the table and watching others pouring drinks.

The rest of the party were just feeling their oats and letting down their hair. He tried to distort his death mask into the proper registration of joy, but it was hard work. He even told a few jokes, to show he had the right spirit, but they didn't stop the show.

The widow was kittenish and insisted on addressing him in baby talk. He tried it, too, and the result was ghastly. Even the widow drew the line at that.

He could see that he was spoiling the fun. When anyone said anything silly they looked at him resentfully, as if afraid he might remember it. None of the others would. No one could cut loose with him observing them and doing nothing to incriminate himself. The party calmed down and had more food. The smell of Welsh rarebits and steaks Tartar made his scrambled eggs taste like sawdust.

He got back to his apartment after three, waterlogged with ginger ale, and firmly determined to dine out no more.

The next morning he called up and canceled all further dinner engagements. He hoped they would realize that he was doing them a favor. . . .

The widow called him. She was so distressed about his condition.

THE widow called him. She was so distressed about his condition that she had talked to a friend of hers who was a nurse and had taken care of several patients who had ulcers. She'd been with one of them steadily for two years and knew all the proper treatments. She wouldn't be at liberty now except that the poor fellow had perforated and passed on two weeks ago. So she was going to bring her friend the nurse over to his apartment right away and see that he was made comfortable. Did he have any mustard there? No? Well, they'd bring some ready-made plasters.

Mr. Waring protested, but soon realized that he could not thwart the maternal instinct when fully aroused. So he called up the Sanleys and asked if he could come out to Long Island and spend the week-end with them. Alice said she would be delighted, so he grabbed a bag and fled, leaving word for the widow that he had gone to Rochester, Minnesota. He arrived at the Sanleys' just as a crowd came in looking for a drink. In less than an hour he was cornered and forced to explain his abstinence. There was nothing in his glass but ginger ale. He had to repeat his litany and sneak away.

They were all dining out that night and he had to beg off the cocktails from his new hostess. There was going to be no peace for him that week-end. If he could just have a cigarette! It would be something to occupy his hands. They made him feel so awkward.

Through a long Saturday he suffered and recited his afflictions. There was a young doctor on the party at the dance who told him he was following the wrong treatment. He should give up the bromides and have his teeth taken out. Probably he didn't have an ulcer at all. A chronic appendix would make him feel the same way. Anyway, there was no use in worrying. An Indian was shot in the stomach and lived for fifteen years with a big hole in his diaphragm. Died a drunkard. Mr. Waring had to go outside for air.

Sunday morning he was desperate. Also thirsty. One drink, he felt, would relieve the situation and restore him to his position in society. One cigarette and he would regain his self-respect. Perhaps it would do no harm. The doctor might be mistaken about his ulcer after all.

When Mr. Sanley got out a bottle of Rum Charleston the die was cast. Mr. Waring forgot that rum never did agree with him, even when he was in his prime. He had four cocktails before lunch and became the life of the party. Everyone cheered.

AT the Piping Rock Club he found the finest collection of highly seasoned food west of the Bois de Boulogne. He delved into sauces and relishes and had two plates of oysters Rockefeller.

All afternoon he played backgammon and consumed highballs. He lighted one cigarette from another and occasionally switched to cigars. At dinner he was tight and ate three helpings of lobster salad. All evening he reveled in his emancipation and retired for the night triumphant and cockeyed.

He awoke at dawn in terrific pain. It required no expert to tell him that this was no ordinary hangover. There was something epic in his convulsions. The doctor had been right, after all. He got up and took a double dose of all the medicines and caught the bed again as it sailed by. For two hours he lay in agony and cursed every mouthful of food individually. It would be a long time before he'd even want another drink.

Certainly this was his last week-end visit whether he lived or not. Hereafter he'd spend them in the public library where no smoking was allowed.

His pain increased. Something had given way. Had his ulcer perforated? He was sure of it! He could feel it! Quick, he must get to the operating room!

He dressed and went downstairs. Without waking the household he telephoned for an ambulance and sped toward the city.

He was waiting when the doctor arrived at his office.

"Hurry, doctor!" he begged. "Get busy and open me up. I'm perforated!"

The doctor examined him gravely and smiled.

"You've been dissipating," he reproved him, "and are paying the penalty. I told you that it wouldn't do. There's nothing seriously wrong. What have you been eating?"

Mr. Waring confessed like a small boy caught in a green-apple tree. The doctor ministered to him with drastic measures and sent him home to bed.

In two days he was up again and reconciled to the life of an outcast. There was no place he could turn for companionship and relaxation.

He ate alone at his favorite cafés. The chefs wept when he insisted on plain food. They had never heard of such dishes as he ordered. The head waiters put him in far corners so no one could see what he was served. Before the week was up he was eating at one-armed lunch counters. At least the food was unseasoned there.

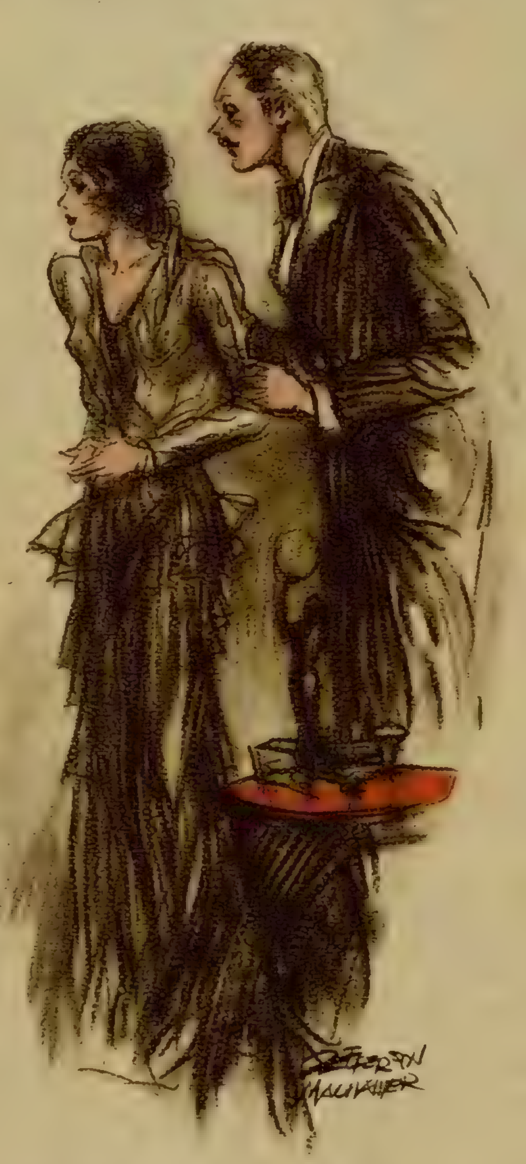
Mr. Waring was despondent. Melancholia was fast possessing him. He had his private telephone number changed and avoided all his familiar haunts. He tried reading to while away the time, but even the newspapers dripped with liquor and the cigarette advertisements taunted him. Two thousand cases of vintage champagne had been seized on a barge in the East River! Vermont had a surplus of Thanksgiving turkeys! A new way of cooking rice had been discovered in Charleston!

Then he caught at a straw. There was an advertisement in the paper:

> Wanted. Instructor to teach the new society craze: backgammon. Gimsak's Department Store is operating a backgammon school to teach those who do not know this most ancient of all games. The Egyptians played it in the shadows of the Pyramids; Joseph played it with his jailer; Cleopatra taught it to Caesar; Caligula cheated at it. Now it is replacing contract from Bar Harbor and Newport to Southampton and Palm Beach. Fifty dollars a week salary and percentages. Apply in person for examination.

Mr. Waring was electrified. Anything to play backgammon! He hastened to Gimsak's.

Society was certainly taking up backgammon. A huge room was filled with expensive boards, tables, and dice cups.



She dug her elbow into his ribs under cover of turning around. "So," she whispered, "you've been having sport with me."

At last backgammon was coming into its own. He beamed with delight.

A young lady took his name and asked questions. How long had he played? All right. Which rules did he follow—the French, Italian, or Russian? Did he play the modern doubling game? Good! Did he move according to Mr. Nicholas' new book?

Mr. Waring assured her that he did. He might have added that he had helped Grosvenor Nicholas to write the book, but he refrained lest his sincerity as an instructor be questioned.

HIS answers seemed satisfactory and the young lady consulted an engagement book. They agreed on five to six and nine to eleven as his hours. She gave him an address and told him to present himself at five o'clock for a lesson.

"We make the collections," she told him, "and pay you directly. Any tips that you may receive you can keep."

He blushed and departed. Here was a profession straight from heaven. Wouldn't the boys at the club laugh when they heard about it? No, they must not hear about it! He'd lose his amateur standing as well as his credit.

At five o'clock he arrived at a house in the East Eighties and announced himself as the instructor from Gimsak's. He was shown upstairs to the drawing-room, where a backgammon table was ready for him. He inspected it carefully. Yes, it was the correct size. He glanced underneath. Yes, it was designed by Grosvenor himself. The men were properly ridged and the dice cups silenced. He was fingering them lovingly when he heard a step behind him.

He turned and saw a lady enter the room. She was young and pretty. He bowed and she greeted him with a disarming smile.

"I'm Miss Thorne," she said. "You're from Gimsak's, aren't you? Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon. I came to give you a backgammon lesson."

"Fine. Let's sit down here at the table."

Mr. Waring sat down in a trance. How long had this sort of thing been going on?

"I'm not exactly a beginner," Miss Thorne explained. "I've played some. What I want you to teach me is the advanced strategy. Suppose you explain the best original moves first."

MR. WARING laid the dice on the table to indicate the throw.

"The double six is played this way or that way," he explained, moving the men on the board to illustrate. "The six-and-five is always played so. The six-and-four either here or here. The six-and-three there. The six-and-two can be played a number of ways. I usually play it into my inner table."

"Why?"

"Mainly because all the other ways have more disadvantages. This way you prepare for your next move. The chances of being taken up by your opponent are only fifteen out of thirty-six."

"Oh, you know the odds on each throw?"

"Certainly. You should learn them immediately. They will guide you in doubling or taking a double."

"Oh."

Mr. Waring continued his exposition down to double ones.

"All right," said Miss Thorne. "I think I follow you. Suppose we try a game. You play a back game and I will play a forward game."

A butler came in with a decanter, ice, and glasses.

"Would you like something to drink?" she invited.

Mr. Waring winced. Here was the fly in his coffee. Well, he certainly wasn't going to explain his weakness to a stranger.

"I think not," he said. "But I will be delighted to fix one for you."

"No, thank you," she told him. "I don't indulge. It was brought for you. If you change your mind, go ahead."

Mr. Waring was delighted. That was the easiest time he'd ever had passing a drink.

"I won't," he assured her and rearranged the men for play.

The hour passed quickly. Mr. Waring regretted the time for departure, thankful for the smiles from his pupil. He was sure he had given her a good lesson.

For the moment his ulcer was forgotten and he regarded his new profession highly.

Back at his apartment he found a message from Gimsak's to be at a certain apartment at nine o'clock for two lessons. He arrived promptly, confidently expecting another Miss Thorne, and found an elderly couple who had never seen a backgammon table before except on the back side of a checkerboard. For two hours he placed and replaced the men and tried to give them a faint inkling of the game. Neither of them could remember which way they were moving. It was a laborious task and he departed exhausted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Sold by all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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THE EGYPTIANS PLAYED IT
Continued from page sixty-nine

The next morning Gimsak's called him and gave him two engagements, one at five and one at nine. Neither of them was for Miss Thorne. He suddenly felt a tender regard for Miss Thorne's technique. Someone might teach her to play the six-and-two from the opponent's inner table!

At five he gave a lesson to two children of twelve or fourteen. They ate candy continuously and got the men sticky. Mr. Waring hoped that some day he would meet their mother socially. He would spill tea down her back and step on her toes.

That night he arrived to give a lesson to a débutante. She had a cake-eater in attendance and it didn't take him long to realize that he had been engaged merely to act as a blind.

The rest of the household had gone to the opera and the youngsters had no intention of playing backgammon. They spent the two hours in the pantry while Mr. Waring tried to see how many double sixes he could throw. He could hear them cracking ice and opening ginger ale. Their laughter grew louder and he could tell the gin was going to their heads. By the noise he judged they were playing catch with the ice box. At least they were considerate enough not to offer him a drink, and except for that concession in their favor, he left in complete disgust.

He knew the girl's father slightly. Some day he'd tell him what a young hellion he had in his family. No, he'd hardly care to admit his connection with the evening.

THE next morning he was given two more new engagements. He began to worry about Miss Thorne again. Full of anxiety he went over to Gimsak's and sought the backgammon secretary.

"I have two new appointments for lessons," he explained. "Isn't it possible for me to keep the same pupils?"

"Not unless they keep to the same hours each day. We have to send out whoever is available. You told us when you would be available, so you have to take pupils who call for those hours."

"But what about Miss Thorne?" he asked.

"She has another instructor this afternoon at four thirty."

"Couldn't I swap with him? I'd just as soon change my time. You see, I started her out along certain lines and it would really be doing her an injustice to change her tactics. I think I had better instruct her regularly."

The secretary smiled. In fact, she almost laughed in his face.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be arranged. Miss Thorne has another instructor and you must take your pupils."

"Then I'll resign. I won't teach any more!"

"Very well. The cashier will give you your check. You must understand that we are running a backgammon school, not playing post office."

Mr. Waring paused and considered. He was throwing away his last chance to see Miss Thorne again. Perhaps he might get an engagement with her again. He reached in his pocket for his bill fold.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the secretary. "I didn't mean to be so hasty. Here is a hundred dollars. I want you to fix it up for me to give Miss Thorne her lessons."

The secretary's eyes bulged and her mouth watered.

"Really," she gasped. "Really! I'm awfully sorry, but it simply cannot be arranged. Really, it can't."

"A hundred dollars," repeated Mr. Waring.

"Really, it can't."

"A hundred dollars!"

"Just a minute and I'll speak to the manager."

She returned with a smile and accepted the money.

"At four thirty," she said. "Be sure and improve her tactics."

Mr. Waring blushed and departed hastily.

At four thirty he was sitting opposite Miss Thorne again and basking in the warmth of her smile. What more could any backgammon teacher ask?

Her game improved remarkably under his guidance and he almost exhausted the difficult points of the game. He was afraid she would not need any more lessons and hung back with his pointers.

This time the butler brought in a tea service. Mr. Waring was delighted and grateful. He kept the conversation strictly impersonal and indefinite. He was afraid to say anything that would lead her to believe he was not a bona fide instructor of backgammon. He must not lose the precious chance to see her again.

Miss Thorne was sobbing against his shoulder. He must do something about that. He did.

Miss Thorne, on her part, did not treat him like the hired help he was.

She was deferential and even encouraging. Her formal manner of the time before had thawed.

Mr. Waring far overstayed his time. Miss Thorne seemed in no hurry to have him go. Clearly this situation called for finesse.

“It is so kind of you to invite me to tea,” he told her in parting, with emphasis on the “invite.” “It is more than kind. I feel the obligation heavily. Would I be presuming if I invited you to dine with me some evening in return?”

“Really, I couldn't,” she declined. “That is, I don't think I could go out. No, I couldn't.”

She seemed reluctant to make it final.

“I'm sorry,” said Mr. Waring. “I shouldn't have asked.”

“Oh, that's not it,” Miss Thorne assured him quickly. “I was thinking of something else. I would love to have dinner with you, but would you just as soon come here for dinner with me?”

“Well, er-er—that is hardly what I had in mind—”

“Oh, please do it!” she insisted with a charming smile. “I'm dining alone tomorrow night. You'll come, won't you? Just a simple dinner; nothing fancy.”

Mr. Waring knew he should decline. Dinner engagements were poison ivy to him. He could take her to a place where there were no drinks served and order simple food for himself. At her table he might have to eat pressed duck with cucumber salad.

“You won't fix anything special for me?” he asked feebly.

“Not a thing,” she agreed. “I live very simply. Of course you'll come!” And she gave him a smile that would have taken him into the Fiery Furnace in a coonskin coat.

MR. WARING walked home on the clouds. He didn't mind missing his cocktail before dinner now. He didn't even need it. He made a mental note to have his will changed. He would leave his money to endow a backgammon school.

That night he gave a lesson to the wife of a chain-store magnate who had seen other days. She couldn't count and seemed to hold him responsible for it. She insulted him freely and denounced the game. Someone had told her it was simple. Well, it wasn't as simple as the other dice games she knew.

Mr. Waring aimed to please, and they spent the second hour on the floor, shooting crap. He departed fifty dollars poorer.

The next afternoon he drew a couple of ducoed ladies who saw in backgammon a way to raise the rent. They had two gentlemen friends who were fond of the game. Mr. Waring gathered that the gentlemen friends could be counted on to pay if they lost—but just let them try to collect if they won! They inquired if he could supply them with the right kind of dice. He finally caught the names of the intended suckers. Well, well! He'd have to speak to the boys when he went back to the club. He spent a bad hour with the ladies.

Miss Thorne made it up to him with a smile when he arrived for dinner. He was proud of his profession then.

He was relieved when no cocktails were served and tearful with gratitude when the dinner lived up to her promise. It was good plain food, and he could eat heartily.

After dinner she said, “Suppose you give me a backgammon lesson now.”

“Oh, really, I couldn't do that,” he protested. “But I will be delighted to play.”

“All right. Then we can play for a stake.”

“Certainly, if you care to.”

“Well, I'll let you fix the stake.”

“Anything you please,” he said, forgetting that his finances were not supposed to be elastic.

“All right. A dollar then, with obligatory and free doubles.”

“But do you think this is fair to you? I should give you a handicap,” he offered.

“Do you think I need it?”

“Probably not,” he admitted graciously.

“Then we'll play even.”

AT one o'clock she was eighty-four dollars ahead. He gave her a check and made ready to depart sorrowfully.

“I suppose this means that you won't need any more lessons.”

“I might take this out in trade,” she suggested, fingering the check.

“There's nothing more I can teach you,” he admitted truthfully. “In fact, I think I should ask you to give me some lessons.”

“But don't you want your revenge?”

He brightened up at that.

“Certainly. Won't you dine with me tomorrow night? I know a quiet little place in the neighborhood where there is excellent food, though nothing fancy.”

She agreed and Mr. Waring departed in high spirits.

For two weeks they alternated. One night he dined at her home and one night she dined out and with him. Their tastes in food were so similar that Mr. Waring suggested they extend the arrangements to lunch. She pleaded other engagements, except for Sunday.

Meanwhile they nearly wore the spots off the dice. Mr. Waring gradually cut down her lead and slowly forged ahead.

His doctor informed him that his condition was improving and advised him to continue whatever he was doing.

He still gave lessons in the afternoon, but kept his evenings free. Time no longer hung heavy on his hands.

One evening, while they were playing as usual, the butler entered to announce a telephone call for Miss Thorne. She returned in a moment and said to him:

“That was the backgammon department manager at Gimsak's. She was looking for you. One of the instructors was taken ill and she wants you to go to this address at once.”

“I'll do nothing of the kind. I hope you told her so.”

“No. I told her you'd go.”

“Well, I won't.”

“You'll have to. You'll lose your job if you don't.”

“All right. I'll lose it then. But I'm going to stay here and play with you.”

“But this is a tournament. They have to have a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EGYPTIANS PLAYED IT
Continued from page seventy-one

referee. It's for high stakes and you'll have to go."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will. You'll have to!"

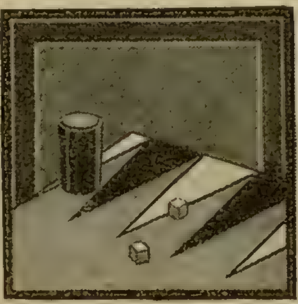
"No, I won't!"

"Come on and I'll go with you. They may want two."

Still protesting, he allowed himself to be dragged out.

When he arrived for the tournament the first two persons he saw were Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor.

"Hello, Herbert!" they called to him. "Where've you been? We thought you'd left town. How are you? And what are you doing here?"



Mr. Waring blushed. It mustn't be known that he was a backgammon instructor and had come like a professional entertainer.

"Oh, I er-er-brought over the backgammon instructor to referee for you."

"Good. None of us would trust each other—you least of all."

Mr. Waring saw Miss Thorne just behind him and blushed even deeper. He must get out of here. She had heard him call her an instructor. How would he explain that?

Frank and Harry bowed to her.

"Hello, Ann!" they both called. "Going to mop up tonight?"

"I'm not playing."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to referee."

"You?"

"Sure. Haven't you heard? I'm an instructor now."

Good girl! Mr. Waring was overcome with gratitude. Quick wit, that! She had seen his predicament and saved his face.

"You don't tell me! Well, have you been giving Herbert lessons? He hasn't been in the club in weeks. We were afraid some siren had lured him on the rocks."

"Mr. Waring, you mean?"

"Sure. He disappeared over a month ago. We were about to send out a Saint Bernard with a little keg of Martinis under his chin to look for him."

She gave Mr. Waring a dirty look and dug her elbow into his ribs under cover of turning around.

"So," she whispered, "you've been having sport with me."

THE tournament began. Miss Thorne acted as referee and Mr. Waring was invited to enter the tournament. He did so and soon found himself playing with his hostess.

"Isn't it wonderful what Ann Thorne's done for this game?" she said.

"Er-er-yes," he agreed. "What's she done?"

"Haven't you heard? I thought she came in with you. She's been running a backgammon school at Gimsak's. Has a department of her own. Sends instructors out to teach anybody that wants to learn. Has forty of them now and needs more. I'm thinking of applying for a job. Why don't you? It ought to be loads of fun."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Waring, "it ought to be!"

Whereupon he moved a six-and-two wrong and lost the game.

On the way home he gave voice to his protest:

"Why did you make a fool out of me?"

"I didn't," Miss Thorne denied. "I didn't think you knew any of those people. I had to send someone, and there was no one else available. When you refused to go, I had to take you. You see, I got up the tournament. When I saw you were ashamed to let your friends know what you were doing, I took your place."

"Why did you let me give you lessons?"

"I didn't. I have to take the first lesson from a new instructor to make sure he knows the game and behaves correctly. I couldn't send out someone who would teach the game wrong and be diverted by a drink. I accepted you and that's all I had to do with it. You applied for the position, didn't you?"

"Yes. But you took another lesson from me."

"Didn't you insist on that? Didn't you give my secretary a hundred dollars to fix it up?"

"Yes, but-er—"

"WELL, I couldn't take the money out of the poor girl's hands. She needed it, so I let her earn it. Don't blame me for that."

"But you let me keep on telling you how to play."

"Why not? Didn't you tell me correctly?"

"You ought to know. You run the school."

"While we're on the subject: why did you pass yourself off to me as an instructor?"

"Well, I thought I knew enough about the game to instruct."

"That isn't what I meant. Why did you apply for such a position?"

Here came that ulcer! He wasn't going to bring that up again.

"I er-er-needed the money."

"Liar! How about the hundred dollars you gave my secretary? I knew there was something wrong then, but I couldn't see any harm in humoring you. You seemed to be a gentleman. When you played a six-and-two as you did, I should have known you played with Frank Vaughn and Harry Victor, but I never connected you with that crowd until I saw you deny your profession."

"Well, why are you running the department, then? Answer me that!"

"My family are in Europe and I had to have something to do while they were gone. Everybody thought I went with them."

"Well, why didn't you go with them?"

"Because—because— Well—because—if you must know, I have an ulcer! I can't take anything to drink or eat rich food, so I don't like to go out. It just embarrasses me to death to have to explain it to everybody, and it's no fun being with a bunch of people who have nothing to worry about but a good time."

Mr. Waring had a queer feeling somewhere down near his ulcer. He observed that Miss Thorne was sobbing against his shoulder. He must do something about that. He did.

"When are you due for your next test meal, dearest?" he asked.

"Not for three weeks."

"Good. I've got eighteen days before mine. Yes, that's why I disappeared from the club. We'll just have time to run out to Battle Creek for our honeymoon. Won't that be splendid?"

"Yes," she agreed as he dried her tears. "And we can take a backgammon board along with us. I know damn' well I can beat you."

"No, we won't. This is going to be a vacation and we'll leave our business behind," he insisted. "Besides, there is another game that was played in the shadows of the Pyramids. We'll stick to it."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Hard to Get Down the Chimney

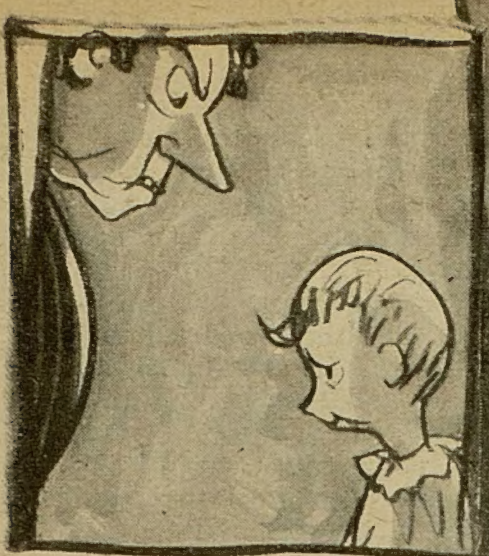
A little southern girl was asked what she would like Santa Claus to bring her. Without a moment's hesitation she answered:

"A ten-cent store."—A. J. Martin, 3122 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

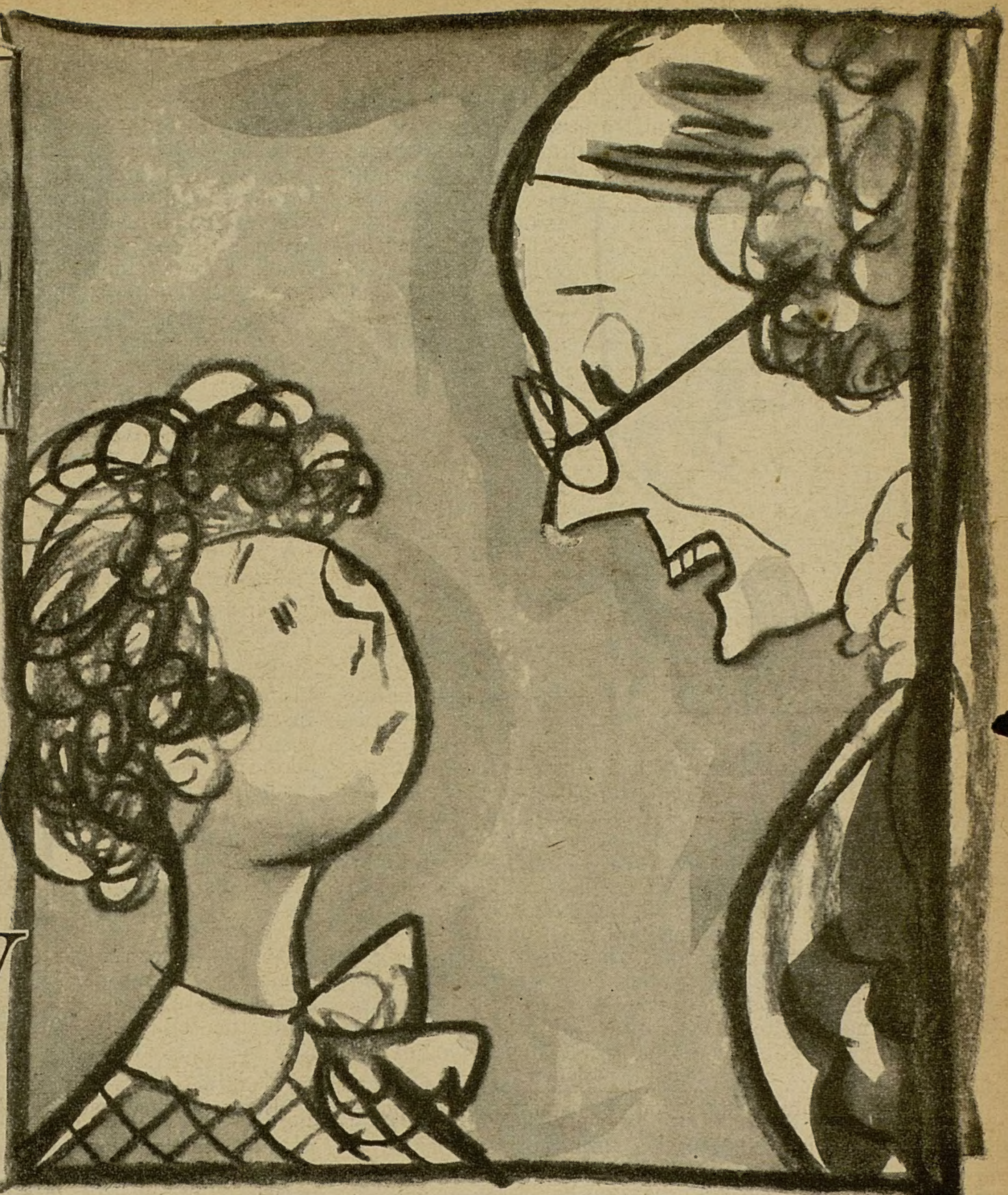
A Feast of Reason

Jean had been given a dime to buy candy, but every time she ate candy she got hives. After thinking it over, she said to her mother:

"I'm going to keep the money, because if I buy candy Jones and Miller's will have the money and I'll have the hives."—Vance Miller, 815 Fifth St., Marysville, Calif.



NOW they have begun to examine children to see why they say " I wont!"



How the Doggie Goes

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 11 sec.)

A WELL KNOWN goldfish once referred to someone as having no more privacy than Irvin Cobb, but I would like to bet that the most publicly mauled and openly examined human being in the country today is the child of three. A child of three cannot raise its chubby fist to its mouth to remove a piece of carpet which it is through eating, without being made the subject of a psychological seminar of child-welfare experts, and written up, along with five hundred other children of three who have put their hands to their mouths for the same reason, in a paper entitled: The Ratio of Mouth-Thumbing in Children of Sub-School Age in Its Relation to Carpet-Eating.

Now they have begun to examine children to see why they say " I won't! " when Mummy asks them to tell nice Mrs. Kalbfleisch what the mooley-cow says. Up until now when a child has said " I won't! " to such a demand it has seemed merely that it was the only possible reply to make.

Just why a person, simply because he is only two years old, should feel any obligation to tell Mrs. Kalbfleisch what the mooley-cow says, is a mystery which any open-minded observer has difficulty in fathoming.

Who wouldn't say " I won't! " and pretty sharply, too, if asked to say " Moo-oo! " to Mrs. Kalbfleisch? Is there anything strange in a child's making the same reply?

But the child-welfare people seem to think that the matter has to be gone into. They took children ranging in age from eighteen to forty-eight months (who probably, in the first place, were pretty sore at being dragged in from the sand pile and old fish just to answer a lot of

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

questions) and subjected them, according to the report, to "2,352 items of a verbal nature and 2,057 requiring some degree of physical reaction." That must have taken the best part of an afternoon and I guess that along about four thirty there must have been quite a bit of snarling and sulking going on, even among the examiners. I know, if I had been on the grill, what *one* of my 2,057 physical reactions would have been and it would have landed squarely between somebody's eyes.

"In each case," continues the report, "the child's resistance to the test was carefully recorded as one of the four criteria. Some children simply ignored the question." (Those children will go far. They are the white hopes of the future generation.) "Others verbally resisted with a shrill but determined 'I won't tell you!'" (The more excitable type, on the right track, but using up too much nervous energy in making their point. They should be told to watch the ones who simply ignored the questions and pattern after them.) "A third group resisted physically by running from the room or scampering into a corner." (This would have been my own personal reaction as a child, or even now for that matter, and it is a trait which has got me nowhere, as you have to come back sooner or later and there they are with the question again.) "Still others indicated inability to answer by whining 'I can't' or 'I don't know.'" (This was probably a lie on the part of the children, but it is a pretty good way out. You get the reputation for being stupid, but after a while you are let alone. I would say that the best methods were the first and the last, either ignoring the thing entirely or saying "I don't know." If you say "I won't" or scamper into a corner it just eggs the examiners on.)

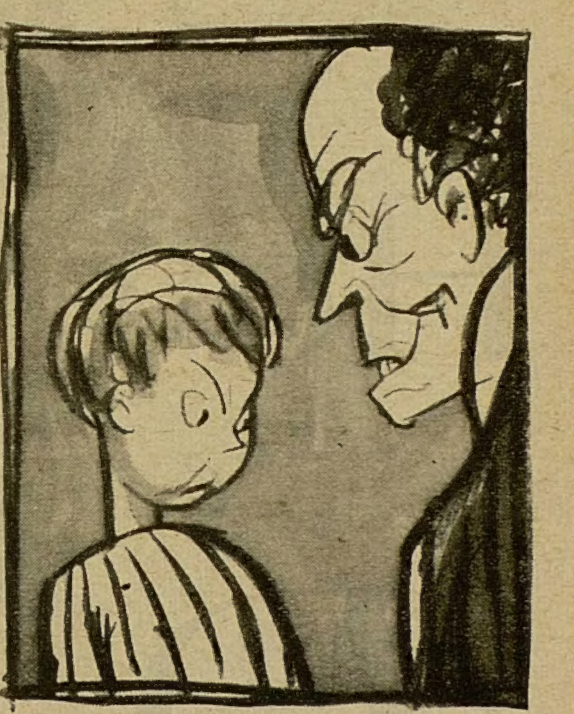
THE tests included the fitting of geometrical figures into a special form board ("I can't" would be my answer right now); attaching limbs to the body of a manikin; putting square and round pegs into a perforated board; responding to such commands as "Stand on your left foot" or "Cross your feet" (to be ignored unless the examiner added "please"); recognizing one's self in a mirror (a great deal of fun could be had with the examiner by saying "I never saw this person before in my life," and sticking to it); fitting a nest of cubes together (Oh, hell! You might as well do that one for them!); and answering "What does a doggie say?" and "What mews?" To the question "What mews?" you could kid along and say you haven't seen a mewspaper that day, adding that no mews is good mews. This would confuse the examiner and perhaps make him discouraged enough to go home.

Such questions as "What does the doggie say?" and "How does the mooley-cow go?" come in a group by themselves. In the first place, any self-respecting child should insist that the question be rephrased, using "dog" instead of "doggie" and "cow" instead of "mooley-cow." This is only simple justice. Then, if any answer is to be given at all (and I recommend against it), it should be delivered with considerable scorn as follows: "The dog doesn't *say* anything. It barks, if that is what you mean."

Presumably the child, while it is at the business of learning to talk, is supposed to be learning the kind of talk it will have some use for in after years, otherwise it would be taught only to make gargling noises in its throat and phrases like "Glub-glub." Now the chances are very small of its wanting ever to say "Bow-wow" in ordinary conversation unless it is going to give imitations when it grows up or else is planning to drink heavily. So why make it say "Bow-wow" in answer to the dog question, especially as that isn't what a dog says anyway? No child should allow itself to be made a fool of like that.

I personally was made to see the error of this system by a very small child who took matters into his own hands and made a fool out of me even before I had begun to do it for myself. When I would ask him what the dog said, he would reply "Moo-oo," and when I persisted, he would change it to "Toot-toot" and "Tick-tick."

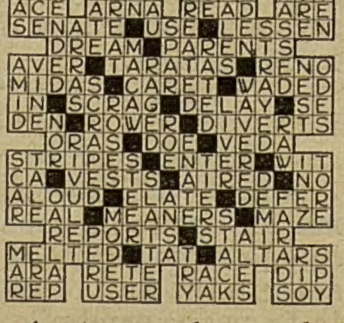
AT first I thought that I had a cretin on my hands and got to brooding over it. Then one day, when I had got "Bow-wow" as an answer to what the "choo-choo train" said, I detected a slight twinkle, not unmixed with scorn, in the child's eye, and as he walked off, a trifle unsteadily, I was sure that I heard a hoarse, guttural laugh, not unlike what the goat says. So I stopped asking him to imitate animals and machines and took him to ball games instead. It has since transpired that he knew what he was doing and was planning to start throwing things at me if I had gone on much longer.



I *will* say this for the Child Development Institute, however. The conclusions which they made from their investigations were that the children had been asked to do so many things during the day, usually prefaced with "Come on, Junior. Won't you, please?" or told to "say please" or "say thank you," that they just simply got so damned sick of the whole silly mess that they refused to do anything. Or, in the words of the report, "a total of 161 resistances were noted. . . . The specific question, 'What is your name?' was resisted nine times out of a hundred, probably because the child's previous experience in being asked his name on each and every occasion by well meaning adults has already conditioned him negatively to this question."

Although the wording of the foregoing is a bit formal, it is very sensible. It says "conditioned him negatively" instead of "pretty damned sick of it," but the meaning is the same. Sometime I would like to get a group of children to ask a lot of silly questions of one grown-up at a time, such as "What is your name?" and "How does the bossy go?" and see just how long it would be before the grown-ups were down on the floor kicking and screaming, or, along with me, scampering into a corner. Then perhaps we would all begin at scratch again and live and let live.

Mr. Benchley will continue his observations of current culture in an early issue of Liberty.



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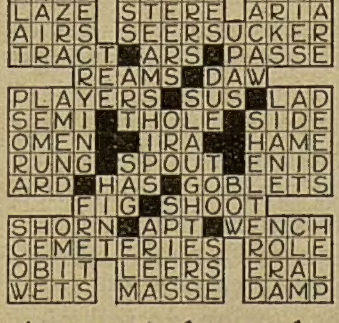
Answer to the puzzle on page 54



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REAMS DAW
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RUNG SPOUT ENID
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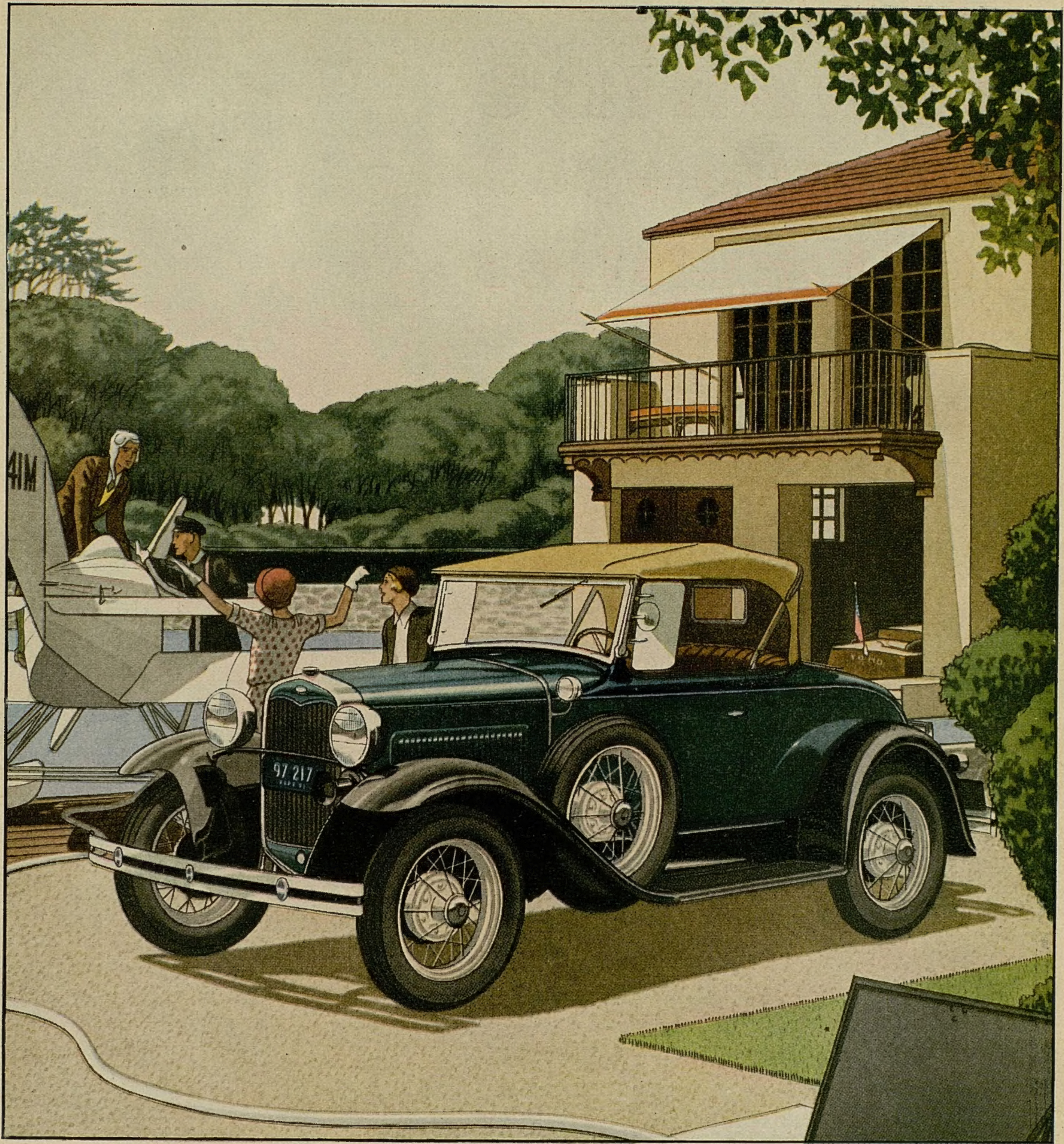
SHORN APT WENCH
CEMETERIES ROLE
OBIT LEERS ERAL
WETS MASSE DAMP

Answer to the puzzle on page 55



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Heat Purifies

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CIGARETTES
TWENTY

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